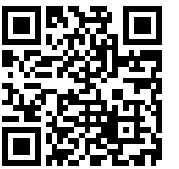
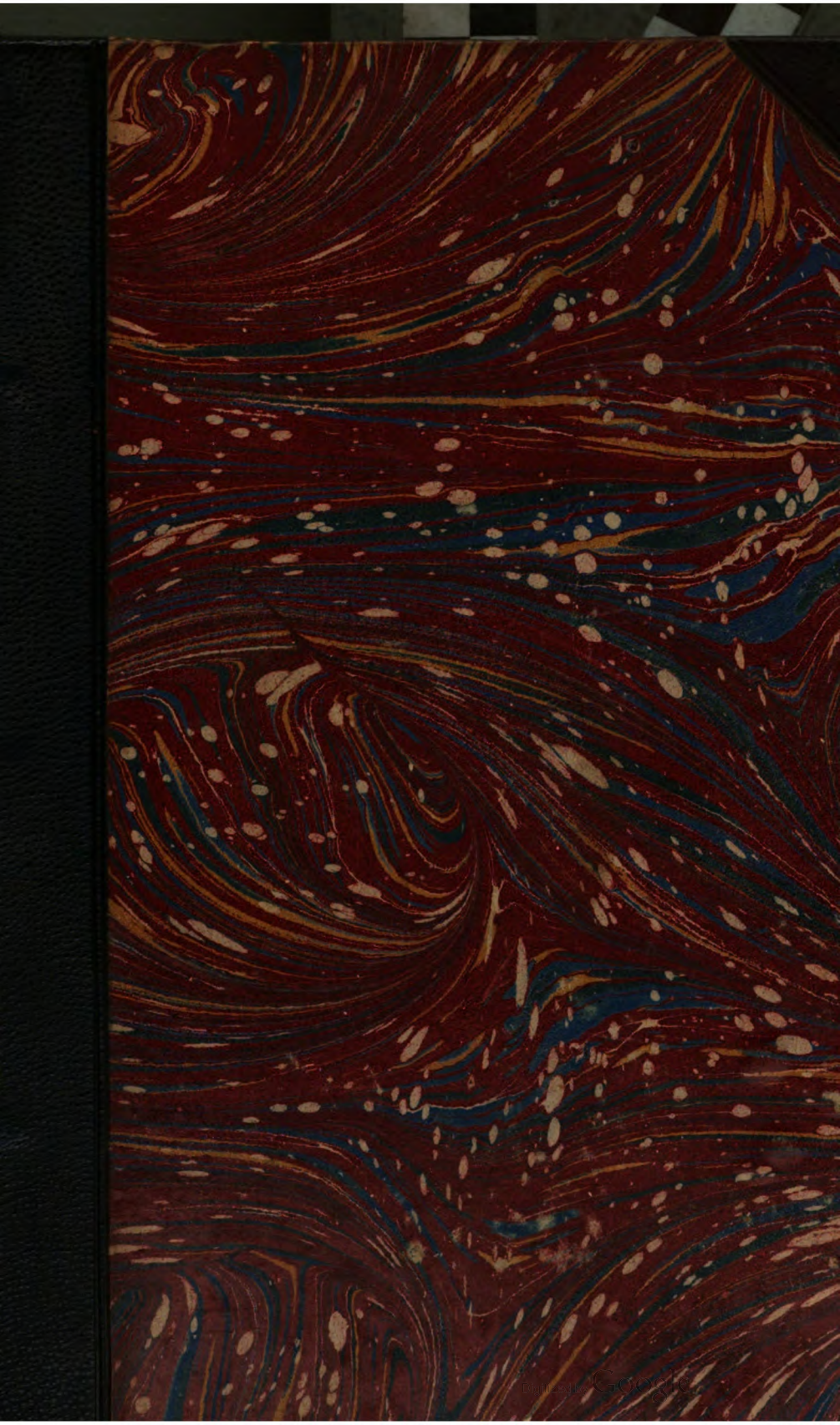
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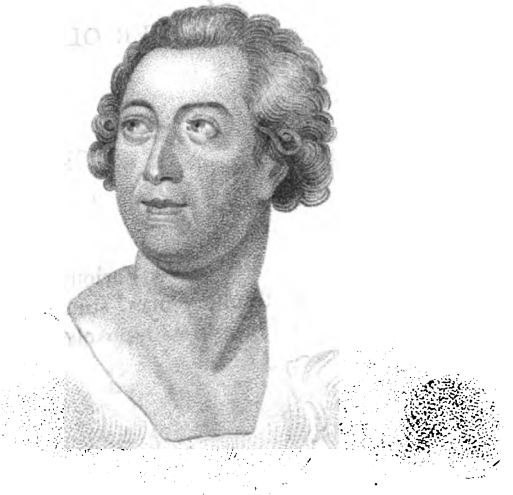
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Anthony Laurence Lavoisier

Born August 26.th 1743 - Guillotined May 8.th 1794.

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THE

PORT FOLIO.

NEW SERIES.

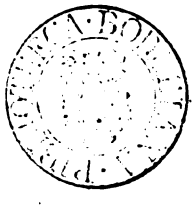
BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VOL. I.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.

COWPER.





PHILADELPHIA:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE EDITOR,

BY JOHN WATTS,

1806.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

No. 1.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, January* 11, 1806. [Vol. I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 153.

First with nimble active force
He got on the outside of his horse!
For, having but one stirrup ty'd
T' his saddle on the further side,
It was so short h' had much ado
To reach it with his desperate toe;
But after many strains and heaves,
He got up to the saddle-eaves.
But now we talk of mounting steed,
Before we further do proceed,
It doth behove us to say something
Of that, which bore our valiant Bumkin.
He was well stay'd, and in his gait
Preserv'd a grave majestic state;
At spur or switch no more he skipt,
Or mended pace, than Spaniard whipt;
And yet so fiery he would bound,
As if he griev'd to touch the ground,
That Cæsar's horse, who, as fame goes,
Had corns upon his feet and toes,
Was not by half so tender hooft,
Nor trod upon the ground so soft.
HUDIBRAS.

IN my last Lounger, I exhibited a sort of wood-cut of a Virginia knight and squire. But I could not find room, even in a corner of the piece, to introduce the picture of that prancing palfrey, which makes so gallant a shew in their adventures. This omission it is now my business to supply. GOLDSMITH assures us that in an old romance, a certain knight-errant and his horse contracted an intimate friendship. The horse most usually bore the knight, but, in cases of extraordinary dispatch, the knight returned the favour, and carried his horse. I am determined to rival this redoubtable cavalier, and, as the reader will perceive in the sequel, have as much strength as he to support a steed.

BUTLER, in a poem, which will not soon be forgotten by cavaliers, has very minutely described the *points* of that miserable jade which bore Sir Samuel Luke to the civil wars. The wit of CERVANTES has immortalized Rozinante, and in the poetical journal of the gay Charles Cotton he has not omitted to record the excellences of a certain creature, though not a zebra, which bore him over the mountains of Wales. But neither the author of Hudibras, nor the biographer of Don Quixote, nor the burlesquer of Virgil has surpassed in picturesque description our accurate advertiser from Virginia. As in the most delightful of romances, all our attention is awakened by the titles of its chapters, "The adventure of the windmill," "The stupendous combat with the sheep," "The parliament of death," and "The encounter with the lions," so, we doubt not, after ages will peruse, with a more than ordinary degree of curiosity and rapture, that section of this enchanting history, which is intitled,

A description of the horse, saddle, and bridle.

His strutting ribs on both sides shew'd
Like furrows he himself had plough'd.

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This sprightly courser, to a list of whose perfections we are now summoned to attend, is, in fact, notwithstanding the reader has been prepared to consider the beast as another Bucephalus, "a small *chunky* bay horse, about four feet, four or five inches high." We lament that the first feature of this description is rather obscure. When we read of a small bay horse, about four feet four or five inches high, we have a most accurate perception of a Virginia poney. The idea is vivid as a rainbow, clear as the sun, and "round as the shield of my fathers." We instantly figure to ourselves a horse in miniature, a tiny tit, on whose gentle back we might, in spite of all our equestrian terrors, mount securely, and ride undauntedly over all the rough roads, and through all the cursed ruts of Virginia, or any other mountainous region. Animated by so pleasing a picture, we sigh for the possession of such a pacing poney, by whose benignant aid we might amble along, indulge all the ease of a Lounger, rouse our torpid faculties by the stimulus of pure air and rural scenery, and, when flight was necessary, gallop away from Care and his myrmidons! But the brightness of the dazzling vision is completely overshadowed by a black mist, engendered by all the murky powers of Obscurity and Confusion and Night. The luckless epithet *chunky*, like a deformed urchin in the dreams of the night-mare, comes cowering over the disturbed fancy. Our view of the little poney in the back-ground becomes indistinct, and we awake from our trance, as the prophets used sometimes to awaken from theirs, with our thoughts *sore troubled*.

The word *chunky*, however current in the speech or writings of Indian scholars, is so little to our taste, that we would not use it, if we might receive "a bay horse" in reward for our pains. Independently of our scepticism, respecting the legitimacy of this word, it is unfortunately but ill adapted to represent the meaning of the advertiser. We read, it is true, and with staring eyes, of a *chunky* horse; but when we have finished the paragraph, we find ourselves enquiring whether this horse is a war-horse, like Job's, or a race-horse, like the famous Eclipse, or a dray-horse, like alderman Mashtub's, or "a genteel and agreeable horse," like those depicted by Geoffry Gambado. Of our interrogatories there is no end. We throw down the paper. We run to the barn, we run to the stable, we call the ostlers, we catch each nimble jocky by the sleeve, and implore them in the name of Ignorance to tell us whether such a horse be square or round; whether he flies, like Pegasus, or stumbles, like dame Dobbins's blundering mare.

We are now informed of a very wonderful circumstance in natural history, that the mane of this stupendous steed, a few months since, was cut close, but now considerably grown out, and stands erect. We are unalterably of opinion that a memoir, respecting this phenomenon, ought to be drawn up by the Virginia philosopher, that the curiosity of the learned world might be more fully gratified concerning all the particulars of this *Lusus Naturæ*.

We now arrive, but not without streaming eyes, at a very melancholy description in this unparalleled advertisement. For Mr. B, in that plaintive and tender tone which graces the subject, and which would do honour to that unfortunate peasant in Sterne, who so pathetically bewailed his dead ass, proceeds to declare that the shoes of his steed are lately worn off and his hoofs ragged; the front one longer and *coaser* than the others, with some old nails remaining in the edges, his legs rather shaggy and dirty, not having been trimmed since I had him. We defy a compassionate man to peruse this paragraph without the rising sigh, and the starting tear. Nothing can be more forlorn than the appearance of this neglected and maltreated steed. "Babylon in ruins is not a more mournful specta-

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cle." We feel inclined to write an Elegy, or compose an entire chapter of Lamentations, when we reflect upon the sinister fate of this *chunky* horse. Without shoes, without boots, and without stockings, squalid in his whole attire, no tokens of his former strength and splendor remaining, except a few old nails, he stands a melancholy monument of human ingratitude; and we cannot help sorrowing for those gloomy vicissitudes of fortune incident both to sovereigns and steeds.

With a frankness, however, which we could scarcely expect, Mr. B. satisfactorily explains, in part, the cause of this dismal plight of his injured poney. It seems he has not been trimmed since he came into Mr. B.'s possession. Thus neglected, who would not make as sorry a figure? Let us imagine Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Edward the Black Prince, or Louis the Fourteenth, uncombed, unwashed, untrimmed, "unhousel'd and unanel'd" and how will their towering pride dwindle! Dazzling as their forms may appear, when varnished by magnificence, yet the imposing air and the sovereign state will be lost, if the robes of royalty, like the hoofs of this horse, are suffered to become ragged.

Among other whimsical peculiarities of this extraordinary animal, we learn that not only his left hind foot is white, but his hinder hoofs are white. This is what is termed, in the schools, an identical proposition, and Mr. B., who, from the judicious employment of the phrase, "*I think*," convinces us that his powers of perception and apprehension are singularly acute, leaves us admiring him, not less as a logician, than as a painter and a poet.

The case of this pitiful palfrey appears to be singularly deplorable. He is not only ragged, and shaggy, and dirty, and forlorn; but, like a disabled soldier, has been grievously wounded. Two large spots attest that he has been a very severe sufferer, either in some charge or some retreat; and although his owner makes a "*feint*" to amuse our Apprehension, it is very evident that the undaunted breast of this *chunky* charger has been galled not less than the rear of Sir Peter Parker in the attack on Sullivan's Island, or the rear of the duke of York's army, in the campaign of 1794.

But to relieve the humane reader from those agonizing sensations, which the contemplation of such complicated wretchedness must excite, the scene is now suddenly changed to the familiar and the playful. In the judicious use of the figure contrast, Mr. B. is not inferior to Ovid himself. After we have been tortured with a doleful recital of the evils, moral and physical, which *begirt* this ill-starred steed, after the passions of pity and terror have been fully rouzed and fairly exhausted, Mr. B. kindly steps in to the aid of our fainting nature, with a gay smile and a jocund note, and diverts our imagination by that airy assertion, that this is the same little horse he purchased of Joe Childress in Richmond. My paragon of a predecessor, Addison, in his elegant criticism upon the ballad of Chevy Chace, mentions it as honourable to the author, that he has followed the example of the ancients, in the easy familiarity of the subsequent lines.

Sir Charles Murrell of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved could not be.

But neither the ancients nor the ballad-maker can compare with our advertising author, who possesses, in a surprising degree, the interesting power of describing with such vivacity, as to bring the object immediately before the eye. Moreover, the ingenious painter, having enlarged his canvass, presents us not only with the picture of his horse, but introduces in the fore-ground a certain Mr. Childress, in such playful guise, that we immediately become anxious to be acquainted with the original. We have always entertained a very

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profound respect for the name of Joseph. The premier of Egypt, who was literally the *first* of his name, was, as the religious reader may remember, one of the most exemplary characters recorded in the rolls of history; and fortunate it would be for some of his descendants and namesakes, if they more accurately copied certain of his virtues. Joseph Addison is a name dear to Wit and the Graces, and Joseph Mede, a name not less dear to Learning. Joseph Spence has immortalized himself by his illustrations of the ancient mythology; and Joseph Butler by his admirable Analogy and original sermons. One of our best friends and most animated advocates is a gentleman with this prænomen, and from our earliest childhood we have cherished an attachment to a certain individual, thus called, whom we love as tenderly as we love ourselves, and with such constancy of friendship, that like the conjugal affection of the happy couple in Horace,

Quos irrupta tenet copula
Nec malis divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

To this catalogue of Josephs we are naturally studious to add Mr. Childress of Richmond, especially as he dances before our delighted optics in the fairy and gamesome guise of Joe. We long to take him by the hand, to call him by this elegant and endearing abbreviation of his baptismal name, and to sit down on the same bench in the same tavern with such a fine familiar fellow, memorable in the archives of Virginia, as the sometime owner of the little horse, whose fairy figure makes so delectable an appearance in this miscellany.

Once more, Mr. B. returns to his proper subject, and resumes and finishes his description of the wonderful poney. When he gallops, he lifts his feet very high and throws them down very hard, and is a coarse gaited horse. This is a picturesque passage, and we can almost hear the clatter of this horse's heels, not less noisy than the heels of that horse which ran away with Gilpin.

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit
ungula campum.

For ourselves, studious of ease, and lolling much on sofas, and in the embraces of an arm-chair, we cannot help commiserating the *case* of the luckless rider upon this dashing devil of a horse; who, what with his coarse gait, and legs now sublime in air, and now violently thrust to the ground, must agitate the hapless victim astride, with a concussion not less than that which convulsed Ætna and the Sicilian shores, when the giant Enceladus turned his weary side.

Fama est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
Urgeri mole hâc, in gentemque insuper Ætnam
Impositam ruptis flammam expirare caminis,
Et fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam.

The furniture of this Virginia Rozinante is not less remarkable. The saddle, gorgeously garnished round the edges with all the brilliancy of red plush, must beam effulgent, like Milton's moon,

——whose orb
Thro' optic glass the Tuscan artist views
At evening, from the top of Fesolé
Or in Valdarno.

Though the beauty of the bridle is rather injured by a piece of twine string, yet courage, ye ostlers and ye jockies, for the buckles are roundish, like

—the great globe itself,

and are rather fluted, like the fascinating Corinthian column; and if they be not quite so large as a dollar, exceed in splendor a Roman, yea an American, eagle.

The amusing ambiguity of the colours of the head-stall is not less pleasing than the dubious tints in some of the paintings of the Flemish school. The head-stall, says our inimitable describer, is *done around* with white and green, or yellow and red ferreting. Here we have four of the colours of the prism, and the reader may take his choice. In this rainbow of various hues his curious eye may rove from the mild and modest

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lustre of white and green to the dazzling glories of yellow and red.

Finis coronat opus.

Mr. B. in his peroration returns to his little horse,

"With him my song began, with him shall end,"

and, with a valuation proportionate to the diminutiveness of this tiny animal, offers *twenty* dollars for the horse, saddle and bridle, inclusive. We conclude our remarks with a wish, inspired by a love of justice, and of elegant composition, that Mr. B. may not only recover his horse, but his knowledge of pure and harmonious English. For if the first has been stolen, the last, it is manifest, has strayed.

For the Port Folio.

ON THE REVIVAL OF LETTERS.

From the French of La Harpe.

We have traversed the illustrious ages of Greece and Rome, which were those of the glory of human genius; we have walked amidst those grand monuments of which time has spared at least enough to fill us with endless regret for what we have lost; our eyes have followed the bards of Achilles and Æneas along the immense career of the epopee, and we have joined in the plaudits of assembled Greece, when she crowned, in the theatre, her Euripides and Sophocles, and when, at the Olympic games, she bestowed palms on the boldness, the skill, the strength, and the music of the lyre of Pindar; the lyre that we have afterward discovered in the happy favourite of nature and Mæcenas; him who could so easily pass from the sublime to the gay, and from the morals of the portico to those of Epicurus. We have thought ourselves, for the moment, Greeks or Romans, when Eloquence herself, under the features of Cicero or Demosthenes, has ascended the tribune of Athens or of Rome, with that air of grandeur which distinguished her in the ancient republics, and that lofty and energetic character so naturally imprinted on the forehead of the orators of liberty, and so ridiculously counterfeited since, on those of factious servitude or hypocritical tyranny.

The muse of history has discovered herself under an appearance not less majestic, surrounded by all the heroes upon whom she bestows immortality; but, in descending to the succeeding age, the decline has already betrayed itself. The brilliant strokes of Lucan, all the wit of Pliny and Seneca, and all the points of Martial, have only served to teach us more profoundly, what men Cicero, Virgil, and Catullus were. Greece had nothing to glory in, except her Plutarch, who is still numbered among the classics. Rome had her Quintilian, who defended the good taste of the past age against the corruption of his own; and, more fortunate than Greece, she could still hold up to posterity a man with whom none is to be compared, Tacitus, who, alone equalling in height those who had gone before him, remained erect, like a column amid ruins.

Beyond the point at which we have stopped, what is to be seen? A desert and night!

The irruptions of barbarians spread and thicken more and more the shades of ignorance and false taste; and if, in this long interval, we descry some men, through natural endowments, superior to the rest, even these were unable to restore degraded literature and the corrupted arts. Charlemagne, a conqueror, politician, and legislator, connected the sciences and arts with the vast plan of government by which he hoped to establish an empire that, however, did not survive himself. He founded the university of Paris; but it was not till long after him that it acquired a splendor worthy of its origin; and became, to all the nations of Europe, a model, and an object of emulation.—Here I involuntarily stop, my eyes fixed on the past, the present, and the future. That university no longer exists; that learned and noble seminary, the most ancient in the world, the

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mother of sciences and arts, is now no more! Twenty other universities, daughters worthy of their illustrious parent, honoured and instructed France: they too are no more! and, for a long while past, whenever my pen happens to touch on one of those innumerable ruins by which we are surrounded, I bow myself in idea, and pay to their sad and venerable memory that tribute which every one owes them who labours under no default of reason. For, what remains to us now, of all that is holy and venerable, but ruins; whether we begin with the altars, which are ruins; with the temples, where God is adored on ruins; with the tombs, where tears fall for the dead on ruins; with the retreats of virtue, knowledge and humanity, where we tread only on ruins? And I say to myself, with a sigh, Here, a new race, and strangers to mankind, have passed; and what have they left behind them, except a new chaos, and the genius of evil, still hovering over that chaos, and smiling on the general overthrow?

This universal destruction is the work of the barbarians of the eighteenth century, who are called *philosophers*. Every thing has been pillaged, ransacked, carried off; and bandits, unable to read, have set up for sale whatever they have seized and not understood, selling it in the name of the *nation*; as if the nation could have avowed this infamous prostitution. No! she has not avowed it; and she would see with pleasure the re-establishment of those universities, the existence of which may evidently unite with that of the republic. I return to their founder.

Charlemagne retarded, perhaps, the progress of the French language, by causing the public acts to be written in Latin, in which they remained till the time of Francis I. If we cast our eyes on the neighbouring nations, we see them, during nearly six hundred years, buried in the shades of the most profound ignorance; and if we have preserved a part of the scattered materials which have served, in succeeding times, for the reconstruction of the fabric of human knowledge, we owe those precious materials, those manuscripts (our only treasures before the invention of printing), to the studies and labours of the clergy; we owe to them the perpetuation of the Greek and Latin languages, without which those treasures would have become useless. The greater part were discovered, at different times, amid the libraries of the monasteries.

The middle of the fifteenth century was the memorable epoch of the invention of printing, that new art, of which the effects have manifested themselves so rapidly, and to such extent. Hence, by multiplying with the greatest facility the images of thought, there is established, from one end of the world to the other, a continual and speedy correspondence of reason and genius. The first works to which the press gave birth were dictated by the Latian muses, who, returning with pleasure beneath Ausonian skies, breathed once more the air of their ancient country. Vida, Fracastor, Angelo Politian, Sadelet, Erasmus, Sannazar, and a crowd of others, again displayed in their writings, not indeed the genius, but the taste and elegance of antique latinity; and it was only just, that Italy should become the seat of this happy revolution. It spread itself through every department, thanks to the beneficent influence of the Medici, who, all-powerful in Florence and Rome, collected the arts that were banished from Constantinople by the Ottoman arms, and by that phantom of an empire which had long been circumscribed by the walls of Byzantium.

The Medici had the glory of marking with their name (ever dear to letters and the arts!) this great epoch of the sixteenth century, the rival of the age of Augustus.

Italy grew rich in those masterpieces of all kinds, which still draw into her bosom strangers of all countries, and which she shews with a sort of national pride. She came from

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the shades, and appeared still living; as statues which, buried for ages beneath the rubbish of earthquakes and commotions of the globe, still appear, at the moment in which they are restored to life, fresh from the workman's hands. Hence that species of idolatry which they inspired at first, and which approached fanaticism; so difficult is it, in every direction, to regulate the movements of the human understanding! Scholars and commentators became a people devoted to their superstition. But is it for us to insult the memory of those learned men of the sixteenth century, the fruits of whose labour we enjoy?

Under this description are not to be placed Ariosto and Tasso, who, though sufficiently versed in the ancient language of the Romans to have written it with success, preferred adorning that of modern Italy, in which they still hold the first rank. Italy is divided in opinion between these two great men, like France, between Corneille and Racine; for genius, like all conquering powers, divides while it subjugates mankind. We shall not examine the titles of the two candidates, but only cite them as the two writers who have given to the Italian language all the grace and all the force of which it appears to be susceptible.

This was the era when that supple and flexible language took all tones, and acquired, in each department of letters, its pretensions to the admiration of succeeding ages. The author of the Pastor Fido rivalled that of Aminta, in the pastoral drama. Guichardini reached the dignity of history; Fra-Paolo supported the liberties and the constitution of his country with the pen and the courage of a citizen, against the artful policy of the Roman pontificate. Machiavel belongs to this period, though his comedy of the Mandragora, which, in his day, enjoyed great reputation, and which, in spite of its imperfections, gave the first idea of intrigue and comic dialogue, as the Sophonisba of Trissin was the first tragedy composed after the rules of Aristotle. But dramatic poetry remained in its infancy among these same Italians who, in the other arts, were the tutors of Europe.

It took, however, a higher bound among the nations which Italy regarded as barbarous. Spain had now her Lopez de Vega, and subsequently her Calderoni, who displayed the invention and exuberance of the theatrical genius. It was now that the English had their Shakespear, who had the beauties and defects of the Spanish tragedians, but who rose above them by natural talent, and sometimes attained the sublime in thought, the eloquence of the stronger passions, and the energy of tragic characters.

Portugal could then boast of having given to the epopee one poet more. This was Camoëns, who, it must be confessed, had very little invention, but who, in more than one part of the Lusiad, displayed the elevation of Homer, and, in the episode of Ines, the moving expression of Virgil.

The North had not yet produced any thing in the imitative arts; but she signalized herself in another manner, by the services she rendered to the sciences.

France was at this period far from able to stand a comparison with so much splendor. Descartes was not yet born, and the language had neither purity nor correctness. The best productions in prose and verse were insufficient to give French literature that reputation which spreads abroad when a language is nearly fixed. The French theatre, since become the first in the world, was not in existence. Amyot in prose, and Marot in verse, distinguished themselves, it is true, by a character of *naïveté*, for which their writings are still admired. But nobleness and regularity of style were merits then unknown. The stage, the bar, and the pulpit, had but one style, equally unworthy of each.

But our attention is chiefly excited

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by two great men, Rabelais and Montaigne. The first naturally sprightly, the second naturally thoughtful; Rabelais, almost always abusing his vivacity; Montaigne suffering the indolence of reason to reach the excess of scepticism. The author of Pantagruel, amid much trash and filth, has passages abounding in satire, original and striking, which charmed our honest Lafontaine. As to Montaigne's Essays, on which is stamped his soul and character, it is a book esteemed by all who read, and even by those who do not.

We approach the seventeenth century, when France at length obtained a name. The language now began to grow pure; it acquired harmony in the prose of Balzac, and in the verse of Malherbe; but Balzac, less occupied with things than with words, fell into neglect as soon as he ceased to be useful; while Malherbe, more fortunate, animating his works with the fire of poetry, and adorning them with imperishable beauties, has maintained his claim to immortality.

Good taste, nevertheless, had considerable difficulties to surmount. Our progress was retarded by that spirit of imitation which is necessary to the resuscitation of the arts, but which has its inconveniences as well as advantages. Amatorial poetry seized on those points of Italian wit, called *concetti;* and hence that deluge of elaborate trifling, in which the lover who is least understood, is esteemed for having expressed himself well. Dramatic poetry had the same ambition; and the authors most esteemed in this department made Melpomene declaim in epigrams and a play on words. Comedy, alike formed on the Italian model, was only a kind of dialogued romance, a series of incidents at once destitute of probability and decency.

At last, good taste opened her school at Port-Royal; and from this school came Pascal and Racine: Pascal, who gave us the first work in which the language appeared to be fixed, and in which it took all forms of eloquence; Racine, the eternal model of French poesy. These names characterized the epoch which we still call the age of Louis the Fourteenth.

For the Port Folio.

ANECDOTES

Relative to J. J. Rousseau, and Mr. Gibbon.

From the French.

Madame Genlis, when young, had much curiosity to see J. J. Rousseau, who was even at that time much of a recluse: he refused all visits, and paid none. Madame Genlis relates that her inclination put it into the head of M. de * * (M. de Genlis, apparently) to impose upon her. She was forewarned that he designed to introduce to her, at the first opportunity, M. Preville, a celebrated actor, who was to be disguised as J. J. Rousseau. But this project probably encountered difficulties, for it was never executed.

At the end of three weeks, however, M. de Sauvigny, whom she believed to be in the plot, informed her, with great earnestness, in the presence of M. de Genlis, that Rousseau was extremely desirous of hearing her play on the harp; and that he would bring him the next day. Knowing Madame de Genlis's wish, he had contrived to excite in the celebrated author of Emilius, a disposition to see and hear her; but Madame de Genlis, who thought that it was Preville was to come, could scarcely keep a serious countenance; she pretended however, to be duped, and wore the best air she could. The next day, Rousseau arrived, in his chesnut-coloured clothes and chesnut-coloured stockings, his bobwig, and all his well-known costume. We may easily imagine the unrestrained behaviour of Madame de Genlis, who took the whole for a jest: she assures us that she was in the most agreeable humour, which we can readily believe; and that Jean-Jacques was in the same, which was not always the case.

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He talked, and said many good things on youth and music; and she gave Preville credit for playing his part with talent, with admirable nature and simplicity, but rather giving to the character too much urbanity and cheerfulness.

When he was gone, an explanation took place, and Madame de Genlis, in great confusion, promised the two gentlemen who had been witnesses of the scene, never to inform Jean-Jacques of her mistake. Madame de Genlis speaks of him in the following manner.

"I never saw a literary man less affected and more agreeable. He spoke of himself without affectation, and of his enemies without malice. He rendered entire justice to the talents of M. de Voltaire. He even said, that it was incredible the author of Zaira and Merope could have been born without a soul of sensibility; but added, that pride and flattery had corrupted it. He talked to us of his Confessions, which he had read to Madame d'Egmont, and told me that I was too young to receive from him the same proof of confidence.

On this occasion, he thought proper to ask me whether I had read his works. I answered, with some embarrassment, that I had not. He desired to know why; my embarrassment encreased; and this so much the more as he fixed his eyes upon mine. He had little eyes, sunk in his head, but very piercing, and which seemed to penetrate into and read the bottom of the soul of the person with whom he spoke. I thought that he would instantly discover a falsehood or a subterfuge; so that I had no merit in telling him frankly, I had not read his works, because I was informed they contained many things contrary to religion. You know, replied he, that I am not a Catholic, but no person has spoken of the gospel with more conviction and warmth: these were his own words. I thought myself released from his questions; but he asked me further, with a smile, why I had coloured when I spoke. I replied ingenuously, that I had been afraid of displeasing him. He bestowed immoderate praise on the artlessness of this reply. It is certain, that, in every thing, he was particularly charmed with nature and frankness. He told me, that his works were not adapted to my time of life, but that in a few years, I might do well to read Emilius.

"He told us a good deal about the manner in which he composed his new Eloisa. He said that he wrote all Julia's letters upon pretty, little, ornamented paper, such as is made for letters and notes; that he afterward folded them as for delivery, and then read them again and again as he walked, with as much delight as if he had received them from an adored mistress. He recited his Pygmalion by heart and on his legs, with moderate gesticulation, and in a chaste and animated manner, perfectly to my taste. He had a very agreeable smile, full of sweetness and grace. He was communicative, and I found him very cheerful. He conversed in a superior style upon music, and was a real connoisseur.

Madame de Genlis does not, however, leave this eulogium unaccompanied by observations of a different kind.

M. Sauvigny produced a comedy, called *Le Persifleur*. On the evening of its first performance, a box was lent to Madame de Genlis, who prevailed on J. J. Rousseau to accompany her. He consented to go, only upon being assured that it was a grated box, on a level indeed with the pit, but near the stage. Madame de Genlis accuses Rousseau of having had no motive for attending this representation except that of making himself an object of public attention. She founds the charge upon this, that when he had seated himself in the box, he would not suffer the grate to be shut, and that, sitting at the further end of the box, and in the shade, he several times leaned forward.

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Be it as it may, Jean-Jacques was seen and recognised; it was repeated from one to another, in the pit, That is Rousseau! that is Rousseau! On leaving the theatre, he gave his hand to Madame de Genlis with cold politeness, and refused to get into the carriage with her.

The next day, he told M. de Sauvigny, who had been sent to find out the cause of his behaviour, that he would never in his life see Madame de Genlis again, because she had taken him to the theatre only to *make a show of him*, and to *exhibit him to the public, as wild beasts are exhibited at a fair.*

Assuredly, we have here a morose and ridiculous character, and a fair occasion for declaiming against the pride of a philosopher; but if, by chance (for it is not rigorously impossible), Madame de Genlis were not, on this occasion insensible to the honour of having tamed so uncouth an animal; and if, through a degree of vanity very pardonable in a young woman, she did any thing by which Rousseau came to be recognised in the box, whether by making any remarkable gestures herself, or in pronouncing his name a little loud, would it be very extraordinary that Rousseau took offence? In order to have been remarked, was it necessary that he should go to the Theatre, or could he not have gone alone? Whence came it, on the contrary, that he so carefully avoided all opportunity of receiving applause, whether at home, in company, or in public places? It is difficult to reconcile this with the imputations of Madame de Genlis, who accuses perhaps the sincerest man that ever used a pen, of being wanting in sincerity, and going to the play only in *the hope of exciting a strong degree of attention*, and of having fallen into ill-humour only *through vexation at the failure of his design.*

Madame de Genlis relates an anecdote relative to Gibbon, the historian, which, if not literary, at least excites a smile.

"Mr. Gibbon is a little man, enormously fat. His face is extraordinary. It is impossible to distinguish clearly a single feature. He has no nose whatever, almost no eyes, and very little mouth. His two fat cheeks fill up the whole space. They are so large, so protuberant, and so prodigious in their proportions, that one is perplexed to see them where they are. Mr. Gibbon's face would be easily described, were we to speak the truth, and *without figure*, ..."

M. de Lauzun, who was very intimate with him, took him to visit Madame du Deffant. This lady, who is blind, has a custom of feeling the faces of the celebrated persons who are introduced to her, in order, she says, to form an idea of their features. She did not fail to shew Mr. Gibbon this piece of flattering curiosity, and the latter eagerly offered her the satisfaction she wished, extending his whole face, with all the good nature possible. Imagine to yourself Madame du Deffant moving her hands gently over this large face, searching in vain for a single feature, and meeting with nothing but the astonishing cheeks!—During the examination, you might have seen successively painted on her countenance, amazement, doubt, and at length, a sudden burst of the most violent indignation: "Here," said she, abruptly withdrawing her hands, "here is a most scandalous jest! . ."

Si non è vero—

For the Port Folio.

THE GRUMBLERS.

A Dialogue between a ci-devant Dealer in Hoop-petticoats and a Stay-maker. The scene is in the gardens of the Tuilleries, at Paris.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Dealer. (*Taking a seat, and addressing herself to the Stay-maker, with whom she is unacquainted.*) You live in this part of the town, sir?

Stay-maker. Yes, madam; and you, I presume?

Dealer. I was well acquainted with it formerly: I kept the sign of the Golden Hoop.

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Stay-maker. That great shop on the right, where they used to sell hoop-petticoats?

Dealer. We lived there, father and son, for fifty-six years; and since the revolution——

Stay-maker. O dear, aye! *Adieu paniers, vendanges sont faites*, as the song says. I have suffered the same. I was a stay-maker, and my wife sold skeleton-bonnets.

Dealer. (sighing) When we compare those days with these!

Stay-maker. There is a difference, indeed!

Dealer. (looking at a young lady, who is walking in the gardens.) Good heavens, what a figure!

Stay-maker. That young lady in the white dress?

Dealer. Aye, in the month of October!—nothing but linen over her shift—

Stay-maker. Excellent! and they will dress in this manner till January.

Dealer. How she is dressed! and how she draws her petticoats round her!

Stay-maker. It is worse than a pair of smallclothes.

Dealer. (putting her fan before her eyes) O fy upon her! shocking!

Stay-maker. It is to shew the shape —not the stature,—but,—

Dealer. Fy for shame!

Stay-maker. The children, even the children, have caught the rage. —I have a little girl of six years old, who, playing yesterday with her sisters, suddenly took the tail of her frock, and afterward that of her shift, and threw them both over her head: —What are you doing, child, cried I?—Papa, said she, I am *draping* my self.

Dealer. Well, I should prefer that! That were coming at once to what they mean.

Stay-maker. Meanwhile what is the world come to? Our daughters and our young wives apologize for every thing, by saying that they are making themselves *Greeks* or *statues*, and that they *drape* themselves. They wear nothing but clear muslin, and without starch.

Dealer. Yes, the age of starch is past! And yet it was so beautiful! What is to be compared with a gauze or a linen, well starched, and that will stand out like paper?—I have a cousin-german, that starched for the ladies of the court, and now, with all her skill, she has not a trade to live by.

Stay-maker. May I never speak, but the ladies now-a-days want above all things, that their clothes should look like wet linen.

Dealer. Wet! that is beautiful, indeed!

Stay-maker. Yes, wet; because it falls the better; and you will see the day come, when they will not begin the toilet with the bath, but finish it. When they are completely dressed, they will plunge into a tub of water. —Already, instead of curling their hair, do they not wash their heads? —They will not stop there, I answer for it.

Dealer. True, true! the head will carry the rest. When we shall wear nothing but a shift, there will be no great matter in taking a dip in the water.

Stay-maker. Do you foresee the consequence? There will be nothing for the laundress to do.

Dealer. Alarming!—I have two daughters settled at Rapee, where they get their bread as laundresses.

Stay-maker. Think of me, then! My son is a hair-dresser. You may imagine how the *Brutuses* help his trade! and my son-in-law is a perfumer.

Dealer. And they wear no powder!

Stay-maker. You will allow that things cannot long remain thus?

Dealer. But what is the government about?

Stay-maker. How should I know? But if stays and hoop-petticoats are not restored, there is an end of morals in France.

Dealer. That's as clear as daylight.

Stay-maker. The old fashions, the old fashions, or all is lost!

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Dealer. I would wager that they were invented to keep the women in order.

Stay-maker. There is no doubt of it. When a young lady wore two large pockets, of the weight of five or six pounds; when she had heels four inches high; a good hoop properly busked, which formed a strong cuirass about her; when she had a hoop-petticoat of six ells; when she had a head-dress two feet high, and a gown of solid materials, as thick as leather; and when she wore, for a walking dress, a calash that put her face in a box, and prevented her from turning it from right to left; a bouquet larger than one's head; and, in her ears, girandoles of diamonds, larger than my hand; when, I say, a lady was dressed in this manner, I could have defied her to be as light in her gait, and as giddy in her manners, as the ladies of these days.

Dealer. In the middle of all this, a woman was as in a citadel. The most forward kept the men at such a distance!—

Stay-maker. Add to all this, that a woman in neglecting the gravest propriety, ran the risk, 1st, of breaking her neck; 2d, of rumpling her starched lace; 3d, of shaking out the powder, and deranging the edifice of her amazing head-dress. Instead of which, now—

Dealer. Oh! they may commit every folly that comes into their heads; they are not dressed at all. Could you have believed that fathers, and mothers, and husbands, would have suffered them to appear in this manner?

Stay-maker. For my part, I have nothing to reproach myself with on that head. When I saw corsets come in, instead of stays, I had but too clear a foresight of the revolution.

Dealer. And I too.—I had terrible presentiments, when they diminished the size of the hoop-petticoats. What is the worst, the multitude is depraved enough not to be afflicted at all this!

Stay-maker. Alas! There are no more stay-makers; hoop-petticoat makers, ancient hair-dressers, or trimmers of skeleton-bonnets. All these good citizens are reduced to so small a number!

Dealer. Never mind. Let us assemble in a mass, to lay the matter before government.

Stay-maker. Our *mass* is so terribly reduced, and we are so old!

Dealer. But we should have such things to say!

Stay-maker. And it would be so evident that we have nothing but the public good in view!

Dealer. That will move them!

Stay-maker. Let us go; let us try the experiment, and if it do not succeed, the government is mad, and France is lost!

For the Port Folio.

A short Account of the Academy at Brahetrolleburgh, in Denmark.

The late Count *Louis Reventlow*, a nobleman, who, in the most eminent degree, contributed towards the amelioration of schools, and the introduction of an improved system of popular education in Denmark, established, about eight years since, at his barony of Brahetrolleburgh, in the Danish island of Fionia, an academy for the education of boys, to which he gave the name of Bernstorffminde, in honour of his friend, the great and wise late Count *Bernstorff*. It is the purpose of this paper to convey to foreigners, by a succinct account, an adequate idea of the nature of this establishment, as it is supposed that parents or tutors, even in distant countries, if well-acquainted with its peculiar advantages, may become convinced that no other similar establishment on the continent of Europe would be better adapted to the education of their sons or pupils committed to their charge, and facilitate at the same time the acquirement of the German language.

Every thing in the local situation combines to afford those fundamental points of education, health, and cheerfulness. The buildings are new and

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commodious, situated in a most pleasant country, agreeably diversified by hills, woods, and lakes, which give an opportunity for bathing and swimming: the country enjoys a pure air, salubrious water, and a fertile soil.

The Reventlow family conducts itself the direction of this academy, and nominates the trustees. These are at present the professors OEST and VILLAUME (both advantageously known by several publications on education), and the Rector of the parish, a respectable clergyman. The teachers are carefully chosen. The boys are divided in classes, as well with regard to education as to instruction: their proficiency is examined publicly twice every year. They are taught whatever belongs to a genteel education, and is necessary to prepare them for any particular way of life in riper years. The Latin, English, French, German, and other modern languages; history, the elements of natural philosophy, arithmetic, practical geometry; besides writing, drawing, music, dancing, &c. Many different kinds of gymnastic exercise may be enjoyed, and there are abundant means to become acquainted with every branch of farming. The German is the common language spoken at the Academy.

Careful to cherish a warm sense of piety, combined with the fundamental principles about which all the protestant churches agree, the clergyman, who delivers the lessons and teaches the tenets of Religion, avoids to inculcate, in the minds of those who are not born in the established episcopal church of Denmark, such doctrines as might alienate them from that particular sect to which their parents may belong.

But one of the most eminent advantages peculiar to this academy will be found to be an early introduction into the best society. To this the nobility and gentry of the neighbourhood contribute; and during winter the pupils frequently assemble in the evening at the castle of the countess dowager, who superintends and watches over the whole with the tenderness and solicitude of a kind mother.

Boys not under eight nor above twelve years of age may be received at this academy at any time of the year, as soon as sufficient security is given for the annual renumeration of 350 rix-dollars, Danish currency—about 60*l.* sterling, payable in yearly or half-yearly instalments. Of this sum 200 rix dollars are paid as a yearly pension. The remainder is employed to defray the expenses of cloaths, books, instruments, amusements, excursions, &c. and is duly accounted for to the parents or relations.

It is needless to add, that the strictest care is taken of the health of the pupils, as well by wholesome and nourishing food, as by the most watchful attention to their morals, to order, and to cleanliness; and in case of sickness, by the aid of a skilful physician.

Letters on the subject from those who might desire to place their children at this academy, instituted and conducted solely for the purest ends, may be directed to Doctor Schmidt, at the house of his excellency, count Schimmelmann, Copenhagen, or to Mr. I. F. ECKARD, at Philadelphia, and will be answered with punctuality and dispatch.

For the Port Folio.

VARIETIES.

Horace, in memorable words, lays it down as a sort of canon-law to the conduct of every ambitious youth, that arduous toil and patient sufferance are essential to the winning of Fame's chaplets, and that the racer for such prizes must relinquish the extacy of Love, nor become giddy by the fumes of wine. COWLEY has some extremely pertinent and beautiful lines on this subject.

Some men are Fortune's jewels, moulded bright;
Brought forth with their own fire and light:
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look,
Out of myself it must be strook.

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Yet, I must on; what sound is't strikes mine ear?
Sure I Fame's trumpet hear:
It sounds like the last trumpet; for it can
Raise up the buried man—
Unpast Alps stop me; but I'll cut them all,
And march, the Muses' Hannibal.
Hence, all the flattering vanities, that lay
Nets of roses in the way!
Hence, the desire of honours or estate,
And all that is not above Fate!
Hence, Love himself, that tyrant of my days!
Which intercepts my coming praise.

The following sentence from Addison resembles the elegant and balanced antitheses of Dr. JOHNSON.—Our author, in his Commonwealth of Amazons, observes, In short, after a few years, conversing together, the women had learnt to smile, and the men to ogle; the women grew soft, and the men lively.

The wags of Paris say that the ladies there shew every part of their person but their face; while those beauties that used to be covered are displayed, the face is hid by a thick veil.—We suppose that these elegantes shew so much that they are ashamed to shew their faces.

A punster observing a person folding some bank bills a few days since, remarked, "You must be in excellent business, for I see you *double* your money very easily."

It can hardly be conceived how life, short as it is, can be passed without many intervals of tedium, by those who have not their bread to earn, if they could not call in the assistance of our worthy mute friends, the *Books*. Horses, hounds, the theatre, cards, and the bottle, are all of use occasionally, no doubt; but the weather may forbid the two first; a kind of nonsense may drive us from the third; the association of others is necessary for the fourth, and also for the fifth, unless to those who are already sunk into the lowest state of wretchedness and degradation. But the entertainment which *books* afford can be enjoyed in the worst weather; can be varied as we please; obtained in solitude; and, instead of blunting it, sharpens the understanding; but the most valuable effect of a taste for reading, is, that it often preserves us from bad company. For men are not apt to go, or remain with disagreeable people abroad, who are always certain of a pleasant party at home.

In a recent record of a New-York marriage, we find the following application of four lines from the celebrated elegy of Mr. Jago, entitled "The Blackbirds:"

He led her to the nuptial bower,
And nestled closely to her side;
The fondest bridegroom of that hour,
And she the most delighted bride.

This is certainly a picturesque description of the *attitude* of the happy pair on the bridal night. But soft—this is a dangerous subject; for

"Higher far, and of the *genial bed*
With most *mysterious reverence* I deem."

To Readers and Correspondents.

Our friend W. will be welcomed, whether he chuses to satirize like Boileau, or write love verses, like Suckling. We call to him with the voice of CATULLUS,

Quare quicquid habes boni, malique,
Dic nobis volo te, ac tuos amores
Ad cœlum lepido vocare versu.

The young gentleman, who has occasionally furnished "The Lounger" with a paper designated by the letter J, is requested to write again. We perceive distinctly that he is conversant with polite writers, and that, in no servile spirit, he copies their style.

To "A Story" from the French, written in a different style from that of French gallantry, the translator should have prefixed the ensuing motto:

Now prove your patience, gentle ladies all,
Nor let on me your heavy anger fall:
'Tis truth I tell, though not in phrase refin'd,
Though blunt the tale, yet honest is my mind.

R. L. is urged to proceed in his poetical career.

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POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

TO ——

My sweetest! let this verse proclaim
At once my love, and thy lov'd name!
Refuse why should I to impart
In song what blessed she thou art
(And boast it too) that keep'st my heart?

Keep it, love! within thy bow'r,
Ever subject to thy pow'r;
Never loose it; it would die,
Deserted by thee, in a sigh!
All its pride is loving thee;
Loving whom, it honours me!

Enough! thy name is told, and here,
Dare I not make more appear!—
Weaving, yet, the humble line,
Aim I now at giving mine,
Rhyming thus, while far away,
Dear love, I pass thy natal day!

December 25, 1805.

Why should I refuse to tell
Her name to whom my heart is giv'n?
Proud, with MARY doth it dwell;
And, lodg'd with her, is lodg'd in heav'n!

If the maid my babble blame,
Why let her, in a spiteful line,
Write of him she loves the name;
But then that name,—O be it mine!

[The old and popular ballad "Ye Gentlemen of England," is more remarkable for the agreeable character of its tune, than for novelty or sublimity of sentiment. But, the following spirited imitation, by the author of "The Pleasures of Hope," is greatly superior to the original, in fancy, in fire, in dignity, and in grace. We deem the insertion of it peculiarly proper at this time, when all the clarions of Fame are sounding the glorious names of Nelson, Collingwood, and Strachan.]

A Song, by Thomas Campbell.

Ye mariners of England
Who guard our native seas,
Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.
Your glorious standard launch again
To watch another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow:
While the battle rages long and loud
And the stormy tempests blow

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from ev'ry wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And the ocean was their grave;
Where *Blake* (the boast of freedom) fought,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As you sweep through the deep, &c.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep:
Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her *home* is on the deep;
With thunder from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore, &c.

The meteor flag of England,
Must yet terrifie burn,
'Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return;
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the tempests cease to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the tempests cease to blow.

A FRAGMENT.

Yes, undisdainful, join the lighter throng;
To Chloe's dimples give the gallant song;
Aim, sweet ambition, at some lucky verse
The nymphs may long on holidays rehearse;
Some tuneful madrigal, that, dear to love,
Colin may sing, and Phillida approve:
Enchanted numbers! that the weeping maid
Shall murmur soft, beneath the willow-shade,
With sighs responsive, and too true a tone,
Adding fresh sweetness, make thy voice her own;
Or, link thy name with her's that charms an age,
And Stella's eyes shall sparkle in thy page;
Pour thy warm sighs through love's impassion'd lay;
Or, blest with beauty, thy full tribute pay:
Yet guard thy tongue, nor with too bold a lyre
Th' unveiled Venus to expose aspire!
O cool devotion! O profaned charms!
Would'st try to paint the heav'n of MARY's arms?
Enough for thee, if but thy finger bring
Some kindred rapture to the trembling string!
Enough for thee, if thy too happy line
But breathe the kisses of those lips divine!
Bland Zephyr thus, upon some balmy day,
Sheds, as he flies, the odours of the May;
Around we gaze, with keen impatience fir'd,
And wonder whence such fragrance was respir'd!

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Clement Marot, du ris de Madame d'Allebret.

Elle ha très bien cette gorge d'albastre,
Ce doulx parler, ce clair teinct, ces beaulx yeux;
Mais en effect, ce petit ris follastre
C'est à mon gré ce que luy seid le mieux!

Imitation of the above.

Yes! she has a breast of snow,
The sweetest voice, and brightest eyes;
But it was that little smile
Made my foolish heart her prize!

Air.—Des Trembleurs.

Ecoutes, vieille Coquette,
La petite chansonette
Où ma Muse, trop discrète,
Ne te peint qu'en racourci.
Ne vas point faire d'esclandre,
Avant tout tache d'entendre,
Puis .... de rage vas te pendre
Je m'en moque, Dieu-merci.

Peut-on trouver à la halle
De poissarde qui t'égale,
Quand, dans ton humeur brutale,
Les deux poings sur les rognons:
Comme un spadassin en garde
D'une voix rauque et criarde,
Tu provoques la nazarde,
Et menaces les chignons.

Sur ta platte et large trogne,
Jamais on ne vit vergogne,
Trop impudent Carogne;
Car si par fois tu rougis,
Semblable à veille futaille,
Qui ne tient à clou ni maille,
C'est le vin que travaille,
Qui chez toi sort en rubi.

LES FRAISES.

Hommage à la Mode.

J'aime tous les dons du printems;
J'aime les grâces du jeune âge.
L'un et l'autre ont des fruits charmans
Dont j'ai toujours chéri l'usage.
Quand je vois dans notre cité
Des fraises reprendre la mode,
Des caprices de la beauté,
De bon cœur j'approuve le code.

La fraise orne un chapeau galant:
La fraise entoure un col d'albâtre;
Elle circule mollement
Autour d'un sein que j'idolâtre.
Des fraises l'effet est heureux
Sur un chapeau, sur une robe.
Mais rien n'en peut égaler deux
Que la gaze à mes yeux dérobe.

Premier présent de la saison,
Trésor de la beauté naisssante,
Quand la fraise ou certain bouton
Tombe sous ma main caressante;
Je suis heureux et j'applaudis
A la mode une fois sensée,
Par qui le nom de ces beaux fruits
Est reproduit à ma pensée.

La fraise m'offre un bon repas
Dans la corbeille de Colette:
La fraise m'offre mille appas
Quand elle orne sa colerette.
Belles! multipliez pour nous
Ce fruit charmant, cette parure.
Mais croyez qu'on préfère en vous
La fraise enfant de la nature.

[*Translations are requested.*]

EPIGRAM.

Joe Sprightly once courted a beautiful maid,
She ask'd, "Had he form'd a connexion in trade?"
"Not yet," he replied, "but I have one in view,
For I hope to become *sleeping partner* with you."

Martial, ii, 5.

Believe me, old acquaintance, with delight,
I'd sit and chat with you from morn to night,
But from my humble lodgings to your door,
Are two good miles, two back again make four:
I often find you absent when I come,
And often too your man says, "Not at home;"
Two miles to see you I would gladly trudge,
But four to miss you I confess I grudge.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per Annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

No. 2.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, January* 18, 1806. [Vol. I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"My head, my head."

DURING the pious pilgrimage of the prophet Elisha, he was hospitably entertained by a Syrian matron of distinguished rank. In requital for many signal acts of kindness, the grateful prophet predicts that she shall be blessed with a darling son, the solace and support of her declining age.

In the inimitable language of sacred simplicity, when the child was grown, it fell on a day, that he went out to his father to the reapers,

And he said unto his father, "My head my head."

The tender youth, who, probably from the affection and opulence of his parents, had been educated in all the softness of Syrian luxury, went out unadvisedly, during the fervid season, to visit the reapers. Whatever was the object of this excursion, whether to cheer the labourers by his bounty, or to cheer his imagination by contemplating the beauties and beneficence of Nature, displayed in all the exuberance of an Eastern harvest, it had a melancholy termination. A stroke of the Syrian sun burns his throbbing temples, and the fainting victim exclaims to his father, in the pathetic tone of exquisite anguish, My head, my head.

This is an exclamation, which authors may make with as much propriety as the son of the Shunnamite.

When I am standing not exposed to the fervors of a torrid noon, but at my desk, in the shady cloister, if my thoughts be tardy, and my expressions feeble, then, half angry, and half ashamed, I exclaim, my head, my head.

Bitter complaints have been uttered, by saints of yore, against that lawless member, the tongue. But it has fared with that engine of speech, as with any other mere tool, it has frequently suffered for the faults of its principals. The tongue is an active agent, but quite harmless, unless set in motion, or instigated to evil by the head.

When Job had been maltreated by a foe, probably some Jacobin of Uz, who might wish to harass private virtue and disturb the public peace, the wish of Job, "O that my enemy had writen a book!" though apparently enigmatical, is one of the most pertinent and least absurd wishes recorded in history.

Profound knowledge of the world taught him to pray that his foe, by some sudden impulse, or some sanguinary passion might render himself obnoxious to justice. He knew that in Mercy's code there was perpetually a saving clause, in favour of the errors of the heart, but that for the deliberate effusions of the head there was no proviso. He knew that to pronounce his enemy a knave, though it might put the wary Jews on their guard, when he proffered a pledge, or proposed a bargain, would, among an usurious tribe, noted for the spirit of trade, render him an object of

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respect, rather than of contempt. The irritated man of Uz, therefore, with singular sagacity, implores that he *might write a book*. The vanity of authorship, Job probably argued, will induce the scribbler to publish ideas crude or absurd, and criticizing Uzzites will then ridicule the fool. His neglected volume, not even "way-faring men" shall peruse, and its leaves shall curl the hair, or cool "the crisping pins" of the oriental maiden.

From the above history of what probably passed in Job's mind, it will appear that it was his decided opinion nothing could be so injurious to his enemy as a bad head, if its owner should hazard a public exposure of its thoughts. So few heads are capable of framing useful books, that the chance was, that a foolish one would be produced by that author, who, in opposition to all the East, was presumptuous and depraved enough to be the avowed "enemy" of a popular citizen. Such an arrogant scribbler would either compromise himself by dogmatical assertion, or alarm others by libertine argument; his book would be too trite for the wise, or too obscure for the simple.

Thomas Paine, could he survey that numerous herd transformed from credulous Christians to infidels, by his "Age of Reason," and, from good subjects to revolters, by his "Common Sense," would sigh for the mischief he had wrought, and even at the ninth *hour*, before he was drunken, exclaim, My head, my head.

Were not the subject almost too serious to allow the sportive style, we might indulge it, and hint that some of the *revolutionary* legislators of France, sensible of the many evils of heads, invented a summary mode of lopping off those excrescences. King, noble, and priest, have been visited by a malady, similar to that which vexed the Shunnamite's son, and each has ascended a sanguinary scaffold, ejaculating, My head, my head.

Daring and impudent as it may appear, in this levelling age, to avow respect for birth or talents, I confess, as a little of the aristocratical leaven has possibly leavened the whole lump, that my notions on this subject are very old-fashioned. My own head is so weak, that I cannot help fancying some difference in the capacity of those of other men. I shall not, therefore, say a word to the prejudice of the ancient and honourable families of Longheads, or Wiseheads, but shall wish them a quiet repose on their ancient foundations, and that neither a fanatic, nor a rebel, may abridge their immunities, nor disturb their possession. For the head of Genius, whose ancestry can be traced beyond William the Conqueror, and whose talents are brilliant like the most splendid of the stars, I feel peculiarly solicitous. I, at first, thought of wishing it a place in the Museum of Mr. Peale, but was apprehensive, that either the Prairie dog, or the vasty Mammoth, might intercept the view. I therefore consign it to the munificent patronage of British generosity, and instantly it seems to exhibit all the glorious lineaments of classical statuary, and we exclaim with the enraptured Hamlet, when surveying the miniature of the royal Dane:

> See what a grace is seated on that brow;
> Hyperion's curls, THE FRONT OF JOVE HIMSELF.

THE DRAMA.

For the Port Folio.

From the Theatrical Censor.

DIMOND'S "HUNTER OF THE ALPS."

THE plot of this little piece is simple, and soon told. It opens with a chorus of vassals and dependants assembled in the great hall of a castle in Savoy, formerly belonging to a Noble, but lately purchased by *Felix*, returned from India with a large fortune. *Felix*, it seems, was a military adventurer, and had quitted his family at Turin, when very young. On his arrival, after an absence of twenty years, he found his parents in the grave, and his only brother gone away, no one knew whither. *Felix*, having made every enquiry for him in vain, makes up his mind to divide his wealth with every child of necessity; and is welcomed to his newly-purchased estate by a chorus of rustics.

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Genevieve and *Claudine*, two maidens of the village, sing the following duet:

Thrice welcome, signor, to the bowers of Savoy,
In the prayers of its natives for ever live blest,
Each morn may the sun freshly wake you to joy,
And leave you unchanged when it rolls down the west!

Belov'd and beloving, the light-footed hours
With step that is heard not, here laughingly pass,
Old time hides his scythe under fillets of flowers,
And scatters in air the dull sand from his glass!

High Alps gleam around us—a rampart of rocks,
On whose white dazzling summits the tempest oft roves,
Yet peacefully bleat in the valley our flocks,
And the murmur of ring-doves is heard in our groves.

Then welcome, signor, to the bowers of Savoy,
In the prayers of its natives for ever live blest,
Each morn may the sun freshly wake you to joy,
And leave you unchanged when it rolls down the west!

Felix being one day on a hunting-party, accidentally loses his attendants, and is attacked by a man who is driven to the rash act by the extreme distress of a wife and children, starving in his cottage. This man proves to be *Rosalpi*, the brother of *Felix*, who had been forced from Turin by the cruelty of his creditors, and had taken refuge, with his family, among the Alps, where he embraced the employment of hunting, for support. The *denouement* is of course happy.

—

COLMAN'S "WAYS AND MEANS," OR, "A TRIP TO DOVER."

This *petite* comedy continues to be a favourite, although certainly not the best of Colman's productions. When it was first published, some very severe attacks appeared against it in the newspapers, which provoked the dramatist to a petulant and illiberal reply. He complained of its having been

Winnow'd with so rough a wind,
That even its Corn has seem'd as light as Chaff,
And good from bad found no partition.

"Laugh and whim," he observes, "were his objects;"—and therein he has in great measure succeeded.

To judge of "Ways and Means" by the stricter rules of criticism, little indeed can be said in its praise. *Peery* is a second *Boniface;* and the rest of the *Dramatis Personæ*, with the exception of *Sir David Dunder*, have been long known, and hacknied on the stage. Nor do we perceive in him much originality, when he is plucked of his favorite expression, "Be quiet; I know it;" which forms a great part of the *wit* of the piece. The plot is bad; the incidents improbable. Mr. Colman seems to have imitated some of the absurd Italian operas, which are intended merely as vehicles for music, and where the performers frequently sing and grope about for half an hour within arm's length of each other, to make the audience believe (to whom they are visible enough) that they are in the dark. The gallery-scene, in the third act, is a striking instance of this ridiculous *stravaganza*.

The character of *Sir David Dunder* seemed better adapted to Mr. Harwood's talents than that of *Goldfinch*. The latter is sure to suffer in the hands of a man of taste; as there is no model for it in all Nature's works, even where she is most fanciful—on the course of Newmarket or in the hundreds of Drury.

Blisset might be more happy in his drunken scene, were he to study the graces. Strange as it may appear, there is a grace to be observed even in drunkenness. Garrick being asked by a French actor, how he liked his performance in a certain play, replied, "You "did the part of the drunkard with much "judgment, and, what is extremely dif-"ficult in such characters, with much "grace. But permit me to make one "observation:—your left foot was per-"fectly *sober* all the time." So admirable was the conception of this inimitable actor, that at a single glance he could discover the most trifling defect; and what he has applied to the left foot of the Frenchman, we may apply to the legs, arms, and even heads of many of our performers. When we see a lover

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heaving his chest, distorting his countenance, and "sawing the air" with his hands, it is frequently found that the other parts of his body are in profound apathy. Physical inebriety affects the whole nervous system, from the head to the foot; and the moral inebriety of the affections, in our opinion, must act in the same manner and degree. Action, as we have before observed, is the true language of nature; and we scarcely ever find a performer who pays a proper attention to it. Provided he remember his *cue*, and stand not in need of the prompter's aid, he conceives he has done his duty to the manager and the public, without considering that action will say much more than words, and that the time he passes at billiards or other amusements should be devoted to the study of the effects of passions on the human frame.

Macrobius relates a circumstance which may, in some measure, elucidate our remarks.—Hylas, a pupil of Pylades, who had made so great a progress in his profession as nearly to excel his master, was one day playing a part, the last words of which were, "Agamemnon the Great." Hylas, to convey the idea of *greatness*, stretched out his body, as he would have done in describing a tall person. Pylades, who had placed himself amongst the audience, could not contain himself, and exclaimed, "Thou art representing him *tall*, and not *great*. The people, forcibly struck by this critique, desired Pylades to mount the stage, and play the part himself. He obeyed; and, coming to the speech in question, he represented Agamemnon *pensive*; for, in his idea, nothing could better express the situation of so great a king, and so celebrated a general, than *thinking* for all those whose welfare depended on his conduct.*

* Saturnal. lib. ii, c. 7. Nec Pylades histrio nobis omittendus est, qui clarus in opere suo fuit temporibus Augusti et Hylam discipulum usque ad æqualitatis contentionem eruditione provexit. Populus deindè inter utrumque suffragia divisus est. Et cum canticum quoddam saltaret Hylas, cujus clausula erat, Τον μεγαν Αγαμεμνονα, sublimem ingentemque Hylas velut metiebatur. Non tulit Pylades, et exclamavit e caveâ, Σὺ μαχρὸν ἀ μέγαν ποιεῖς. Tunc populus eum coëgit, idem saltare canticum. Cumque ad locum venisset, quem reprehenderat, expressit cogitantem, nihil magis ratus magno duci convenire, quam pro omnibus cogitare.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

It is a circumstance not less true than curious, that the author who subscribed himself *Modestus* in the public papers, and whom Junius combatted in his celebrated Letters, was no other than John Cleland, author of one of the most licentious books in the English language. One cannot repress a laugh at this discovery. Had the pungent, arch and satirical Junius been *au fait* of this, what a subject would it have been for indulging his bitterest sarcasms; his shafts would not only have galled Cleland the voluptuous, but he would have have found a new position from which to have directed the thunder of his artillery against the ministry, whom he hated with such a deadly hatred.

Cleland was the son of Colonel Cleland, that celebrated fictitious member of the Spectator's club, whom Steele describes under the name of Will Honeycomb. He was educated at Eton, went a consul to Smyrna, and afterwards visited the East Indies. He wrote his Mulier Voluptatis in a London jail, and was allowed a pension of one hundred pounds by government, to bridle the looseness of his imagination. This pension he enjoyed till his death. He died about ten years ago, in Petty France [London] at the advanced age of 82.

I am, &c. C. D. E.

Mr. Oldschool,

Peter Pindar, after prostituting his talents to the infamous purpose of calumniating his sovereign, has permitted his favorite artist to hand him down in his true colours to posterity. In two historical pictures by Opie, representing the death of James I of Scotland, and the murder of Rizzio, in the presence of the unfortunate Mary, Peter Pindar is drawn as the assassin!

Yours, X. Y.

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Mr. Oldschool,

April the 23d, 1789, universal joy and loyalty pervaded the cities of London and Westminster at the entry of the beloved sovereign of a free and great people, to return his public and grateful thanks to the Omnipotent Being who had preserved and restored him. The front room of the house of Newberry, the bookseller, let that day for one hundred guineas.—The following very curious notice is exactly transcribed from the original, which was stuck in a window, at the corner of Fleet Market and Ludgate Hill.

"To be seen here the 20 third of this month the King and his Crown and Dig Nighty in a percession to Sint Pals Cusshe.

"Frunt parlore 2*s.* 6*d.*—Dining room 5 shillings, too pare Staires 3*s.*—Garret 1*s.*—Gutter 6 pence.

"N. B. I wont have no more nor ten in the Gutter,* nor no Money returned in case as how it rains."

I am, &c.

An Englishman.

* Alluding to the gutter on the top of the house.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[The life of Dr. Donne, succinctly and agreeably written by a Scottish Biographer, Dr. Anderson, who has copiously added to the stores of literary information, will please, if not *the million*, at least the lovers of ancient poetry. But, exclaims the fastidious hunter after novelty, why fatigue your readers with the memoirs of an *old* divine, whose satires, like his sermons, are rambling, quaint and austere? To this captiousness of objection it is answered that to many old writers we wish to recal vagrant attention. Donne, if his versification be harsh, and his style uncouth, has so much Genius, "wild Wit, and Invention ever new," that his works and character deserve some of our regard. His faults are the faults of his age. They are the faults of Cowley. But let it always be remembered that originality of thought in literature, like Charity in life, "covers a multitude of sins." The works of that writer which Pope studied and imitated must be considered a *mine*, replete with the solid and sparkling diamond, however incrusted or unpolished.]

THE LIFE OF DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London, in the year 1573. His father was an eminent merchant, descended from a very ancient family in Wales; and his mother was descended from the family of Sir Thomas More, Chancellor of England. His grandfather, by the mother's side, according to Jonson, in his "Conversation with Drummond," was Heywood the Epigramist; so that, as he observes, "he was originally a poet."

He was educated at home till the eleventh year of his age, when he was sent to the University of Oxford, and entered a Commoner of Hart Hall, where, it was observed of him, as of John Picus Mirandula, that "he was rather born wise, than made so by study."

He continued three years at Oxford, but declined taking his first degree, by the advice of his relations, who, being of the Romish religion, disliked the oath required to be taken upon that occasion.

He afterwards removed to Trinity College, Cambridge, and from thence, about three years after, to Lincoln's Inn, London, where he prosecuted the study of the common law, with sufficient appearance of application and success.

He seems, however, to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for, about this time, he composed most of his love poems, and other levities and pieces of humour, which sufficiently established his poetical reputation, and procured him the acquaintance of all those of his own age, who were most distinguished for acuteness of wit, and gaiety of temper.

His father dying when he was about nineteen years of age, and leaving him 3000*l.* he relinquished the study of the law, and devoted himself to a diligent examination of the controversy between the Protestants and Roman Catholics, which ended in a full conviction of the truths of the reformed religion, and his conversion to Protestantism.

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About the twenty-first year of his age, he resolved to gratify his desire of travelling; and in the years 1596 and 1597, he accompanied the Earl of Essex in the expedition against Cadiz, and staid some years in Spain and Italy, where he improved himself by conversing with men of learning, and gained a perfect knowledge of the Spanish and Italian languages.

Soon after his return to England, he was made secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, in whose service he continued five years, and who had so high an opinion of his abilities, as to declare that "he was fitter to serve a king than a subject."

In 1502, he married privately, without the consent of her father, Anne, daughter of Sir George Moore, Chancellor of the garter, and lieutenant of the tower, who then lived in the lord keeper's family, and was niece to his lady.

Sir George Moore resented his marrying his daughter, without his consent, so highly, that he procured his dismission from the lord keeper's service, and had him committed to prison.

He soon obtained his liberty; but was obliged to be at the expense of a tedious lawsuit, to recover the possession of his wife, which involved him in great difficulties.

His wants, however, were in a great measure prevented by the kindness of his relation, Sir Francis Wooley, who entertained him and his family several years in his house, at Pilford in Surrey, and at last effected a reconciliation between him and his father-in-law, who engaged to pay him 800l. as a portion with his wife, and 20l. quarterly till it was paid.

After the death of Sir F. Wooley, he took a house for his wife and children at Mitcham, in Surry, and lodgings for himself near Whitehall, where he was much visited and caressed by the nobility, foreign ministers, and other persons of distinction.

Some time after, he removed his family to apartments in the house of his friend, Sir Robert Drury, in Drury-lane

In 1610, he was incorporated Master of Arts at Oxford, having before taken the same degree at Cambridge.

About two years afterwards, he accompanied Sir Robert Drury to Paris; and not long after his return he entered into holy orders, by the persuasion of King James, who had a high opinion of his abilities, and often expressed great satisfaction in having been the means of introducing so worthy a person into the church.

He was ordained by his friend, Dr. King, bishop of London, who had been chaplain to the lord-keeper Egerton, at the same time that he was his secretary. He was immediately after made one of the chaplains in ordinary to his majesty, and, about the same time, attending the king to Cambridge, he was created doctor in divinity by the University, on the particular recommendation of his majesty.

On his return from Cambridge, he had the affliction to lose his wife, who died on the seventh day after the birth of her twelfth child, August 15, 1617. Soon after the death of his wife, he was chosen preacher of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and two years after, by his majesty's appointment, attended the earl of Doncaster in his embassy to Germany. In 1621, he was advanced to the deanry of St. Paul's. Soon after, the vicarage of St. Dunstan in the West was given to him by the earl of Dorset, and another benefice by the earl of Kent.

In 1623-4, he was chosen prolocutor of the Convocation, and appointed by the king to preach several occasional sermons at Paul's-cross.

In 1630, he was seized with a fever at the house of his eldest daughter, Mrs. Harvey, at Abery Hatch, in Essex, which brought on a consumption, of which he died on the 31st of March, 1631, and was buried in the cathedral church of St. Paul, where a monument was erected to his memory.

Sometime before his death, when he was emaciated with study and sickness, he caused himself to be wrapped up in a sheet, which was gathered over his head in the manner of a shroud; and,

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having closed his eyes, he had his portrait taken, which was kept by his bedside as long as he lived, to remind him of mortality. Dugdale says, that the effigy on his monument in St. Paul's church, was done after this portrait.

Donne is better known as a poet than as a divine; though in the latter character he had great merit. His prose writings which are chiefly theological, are enumerated by Walton, who has written his life, with a just admiration of his talents and virtues, but with unnecessary prolixity and amplification, and in a strain of vulgar credulity and enthusiasm, peculiar to the productions, of the last century.

His "Pseudo Martyr," in which he has effectually confuted the doctrine of the papal supremacy, is the most valuable of his prose writings. His sermons abound too much with the pedantry of the times in which they were written to be at all esteemed in the present age.

His poems, consisting of "Songs and Sonnets, Epigrams, Elegies, Epithalamions, Satires, Letters, Funeral Elegies, Holy Sonnets," &c. published at different times, were printed together in one volume 12mo. by Tonson, 1719, and reprinted by Bell, in three vols. 12mo. 1781, with the addition of Elegies on his Death, by Jonson, Carew, King, Corbet, and other contemporary wits, a specimen of which is given in the present edition.

All his contemporaries are lavish in his praise. Prejudiced, perhaps, by the style of writing which was then fashionable, they seem to have raised his performances beyond their just value. To the praise of wit and subtility his title is unquestionable. In all his pieces he displays a prodigious richness of fancy, and an elaborate minuteness of description; but his thoughts are seldom natural, obvious, or just, and much debased by the carelessness of his versification.

Dryden has very justly given him the character of "the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of our nation." In his dedication of Juvenal to the earl of Dorset, he says: "Donne, alone, of all our countrymen, had your talent, but was not happy enough to arrive at your versification; and were he translated into numbers and English, he would yet be wanting in the dignity of expression. You equal Donne in the variety, multiplicity, and choice of thoughts; you excel him in the manner and the words. I read you both with the same admiration, but not with the same delight. He affects the metaphysicks, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign, and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with speculations of philosophy, where he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love."

Pope, probably taking the hint from this passage, has shewn that Donne's satires, which abound with so much wit, assume more dignity, and appear more charming, "when translated into numbers and English."

Dr. Johnson, in his "Life of Cowley," has displayed his prodigious genius and extensive learning, to great advantage, in characterising the metaphysical poetry of Donne, and his imitators.

"This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge.

"The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to shew their learning was their whole endeavour; but, unluckily, resolving to shew it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry, they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear, for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

"In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; either something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed, and, in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown

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together, genuine wit, and useful knowledge, may be sometimes found buried, perhaps, in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value, and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety, though less copiousness of sentiment."

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

At No. 42, Walnut-st. is just published, in a very neat manner, a pamphlet on a topic not a little interesting at the present juncture. This work, which, from internal evidence, appears to be written by a Frenchman, perfectly well informed, is a formal comparison, or rather a sort of Plutarch parallel between the political character and military adventures of Bonaparte and Moreau. The spirited defence made by the latter, on the day of his trial, at Paris, and added to this pamphlet, will be perused with additional interest, when we remember that the injured Hero has reversed the well-known line of Tully,

Cedant arma togæ *concedat laurea linguæ*,

that he exchanged the pleader's robe for the soldier's uniform; and, as was wittily observed, at a late entertainment, given him by the gentlemen of the bar, in this city, he was famous for his knowledge, both of the civil, and *canon* law. The additional circumstance of the Hero of Hohenlinden being exiled to this country, and residing in this city, will cause men to peruse with eagerness a memoir of one, brave and cool, like Cæsar, but unfortunate and persecuted, like Pompey.

Messrs. Munroe and Francis, the well-known printers of that elegant miscellany, The Monthly Anthology, and other valuable works, honourable to their choice and to their care, have issued proposals, at Boston, for publishing, by subscription, in two octavo volumes, The Poem of Madoc, by Robert Southey. We have not had leisure, of late, to peruse to the finis, a poem, which, perhaps, the nature of his subject, perhaps the vain-gloriousness of an author, and perhaps his tediousness, has lengthened to as many books as that worthy whig John Wilkes, published papers, in defence of the charmer, Liberty. But we have inspected so much of this curious volume as to justify an opinion, favourable to the genius of its author, though hostile to his peculiarities and his principles. It will be perused with considerable interest, on this side of the Atlantic, because the fable is grounded on a certain tradition of a very early emigration of Welsh adventurers to the banks of the Missouri. Mr. Southey's Invocation to the attention and patience of his readers, we cannot refrain from copying and admiring, because the author, who, with all his faults, is certainly a young man of fine talents, speaks of himself in the clear, yet modest tone of conscious worth.

Come, listen to a tale of times of old!
Come, for ye know me! I am he who sung
The maid of Arc; and he who framed
Of Thalaba the wild and wonderous song.
Come listen to my lay, and ye shall hear
How Madoc from the shores of Britain spread,
The adventurous sail, explored the ocean ways,
And quelled barbarian power, and overthrew
The bloody altars of idolatry,
And planted in its fanes triumphantly
The Cross of Christ. Come listen to my lay!

All who have been amused and instructed by that elegant and popular work, "The Stranger in France," will learn, with pleasure, that Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, bookseller of this city, has just published another entertaining Journal, by the same ingenious author, entitled, "A Northern Summer, or Travels round the Baltic, through Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Prussia, and part of Germany." The popularity of this republication has been attested by the rapidity of its sale. It was very recently undertaken, and an impression of a thousand copies is already exhausted. With the exception of a few instances of literary foppery, and an unlucky habit which the author indulges of quoting, with a squanderer's profusion, some of the tritest passages in SHAKESPEAR, this volume may be safely recommended to every inquisitive student, who does not think a book the worse for being spangled with metaphor and sparkling with allusions.

Mr. N. G. Dufief, a French gentleman, resident in this city, who has in the course of his literary avocations, displayed much industry and much ingenuity, proposes to put to press immediately, under the care of Mr. Watts, of the Polygott office, a new edition, with considerable additions and improvements, of "Nature displayed in her mode of Teaching Language to Man, or a new and infallible Method of acquiring a language in the shortest time possible, deduced from the analysis of the human mind," &c. This popular treatise was fostered by a very liberal subscription, and experienced a very rapid sale. Criticism, from the most respectable sources, has declared in its favour; and on the whole, notwithstanding the multitude of French Grammars,

Thick as autumnal leaves, that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa—

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this has been, by no means, superseded by the labours of prior philologists. It certainly is a perspicuous system. To him, who is blessed with a retentive memory, the acquisition of an elegant language will not be difficult, with this volume in his hand. The collection of Gallic idioms and phrases, is one of the most copious we have ever perused, and the collateral version of them is faithful and neat, neither tamely literal, nor loosely paraphrastic.

The comparison of the Genius of the two languages, thus arranged, is one of the first exercises of Grammatical speculation.

Mr. Fessenden, a native of America, who, by a series of poems in the manner of Hudibras, has, in the estimation of British critics, of the soundest judgment and the purest taste, rivalled in all instances, and surpassed in many, the muse of Butler himself, has with no less diligence than success, published a *third* edition of "Democracy Unveiled." This poem, in direct warfare with some of the most infamous and execrable principles that ever disturbed the repose of mankind, abounds sometimes in the severest satire, and sometimes in the most lively jokes, at the expense of a dull and ferocious party, who have all "the malice of a Monk," without his literature, and all the sedition of Tiberius Gracchus, without his eloquence. Mr. Fessenden, by taking a wide survey of American politics, by tracing the poison of Jacobinism to its source, by portraying the characters of all our demagogues, and exposing the depravity, and absurdity of a vulgar and short-sighted system, has so greatly enlarged his canvas as, in fact, to make it an entirely new picture. When we perused the first edition of this Satire, agreeable as the topic was to our principles and our wishes, we thought that the management of it fell in some degree, below the author's powers; and that his political friends, his political zeal, and his staunch heart, had urged him to a hurried, though lively, glance at an object at once enormous and hateful, like Ætna or Vesuvius, too vast and too gloomy to be surveyed by a single inspection. But this new and greatly improved edition of his work convinces us that his accuracy and diligence keep pace with his wit, and that by a careful revision and elaborate augmentation of the volume, he has been anxious to repay the public favour he has experienced. On the literary merits of this work it would be superfluous to enlarge. The author's powers of Invention and Humour, his felicity in the double rhyme, the smoothness and fluency of his versification, and the archness and poignancy of his notes and allusions, are familiar to the polite reader. Mr. Fessenden, when temporary topics have vanished, and all the prejudices of party are no more, will by impartial Criticism be assigned a place by the side of Samuel Butler, Charles Cotton, and George Huddesford. Matthew Prior will not blush to arrange "Terrible Tractoration" on the same shelf with "Alma;" and Charles Churchill, without a murmur, might acknowledge that some stanzas of Mr. Fessenden were not inferior in caustic effect to the most satirical passages of "The Duellist, and, The Ghost."

For the Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

Two pictures of the stupendous cataract of Niagara have been lately published in London, on a scale of 30 by 24 inches, by Vander Lyn, a native of New York. This ingenious artist, patronized by men of discernment and munificence, has obtained abroad and at home a very high degree of celebrity. He is now making the tour of Europe, under the auspices, as we are informed, of the lovers of the Fine Arts in New York. Mr. Vander Lyn devoted much time and talent to this delineation, taken on the spot. The connoisseurs speak highly of the beauty and accuracy of the picture, and the plates are very correctly and elegantly engraved by artists of reputation.

For the Port Folio.

EPISTOLARY.

[The following curious letter from the gay Prior to the splenetic Swift, is an *original* from Dr. Birch's MSS. in the British Museum. The reader will perceive from internal evidence, that this letter is genuine.]

"*To the Rev. Dr. Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's, in Dublin, Ireland.*"

"*Westr. 25th April,* 1721.

"DEAR SIR,

"I know very well that you can write a good letter if you have a mind to it; but that is not the question—a letter from you is sometimes what I desire. Reserve your tropes and periods for those whom you love less, and let me hear how you do, in whatever humour you are, whether lending your money to the butchers, protecting the weavers, treating the women, or construing *profria quæ maribus* to the country curate; you and I are so established authors

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that we may write what we will, without fear or censure, and if we have not lived long enough to prefer the bagatelle to any thing else, we deserved to have our brains knocked out ten years ago. I have received the money punctually of Mr. Daniel Hayes, have his receipt, and hereby return you all the thanks that your friendship in that affair ought to claim, and your generosity does contemn; there's one turn for you—good! The man you mentioned in your last, has been in the country these two years, very ill in his health, and has not for many months been out of his chamber; yet what you have observed of him is so true, that his sickness is all counted for policy, that he will not come up till the public distractions force somebody or other (whom God knows) who will oblige somebody else to send for him in open triumph, and set him *statu quo prius:* that in the mean time he has forseen all that has happened, checkmated all the ministry, and, to divert himself at his leisure hours, has laid all these lime-twigs for his neighbour Coningsby, that keeps that precious bird in the cage, out of which himself slipped so cunningly and easily.

"Things, and the way of men's judging them, vary so much here, that it is impossible to give you any just account of some of our friend's actions. Roffen is more than suspected to have given up his party as Sancho did his subjects, for so much a head, *l'un portant l'autre.* His cause, therefore, which is something originally like that of the Lutrin, is opposed or neglected by his ancient friends, and openly sustained by the ministry. He cannot be lower in the opinion of most men than he is; and I wish our friend Hal—were higher than he is.

"Our young Harley's vice is no more covetousness than plainness of speech is that of his cousin Tom. His lordship is really *amabilis*, and lady Harriet *adoranda*.

"I tell you no news but that the whole is a complication of mistake in policy, and of knavery in the execution of it; of the ministers (I speak) for the most part, as well ecclesiastical as civil; this is all the truth I can tell you, except one, which I am sure you receive very kindly, that

"I am, ever, your friend and
"Your servt.
"M. PRIOR."

"Friend Shelton, commonly called dear Dick, is with me. We drink your health.—Adieu."

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

From the Port Folio of a Man of Letters in England, we sometimes derive something to add to our own. In a late number we find that, in a recent collection of engravings from antique gems, occurs a sort of winged Bacchus, called Acratus, a genius, or spirit of the god of the grape. Might not this hitherto neglected Divinity be employed as the emblematic or allegoric personification of brandy? An *acratism* was the old name for a whet or cordial. There is this use in an euphemism, that it facilitates sincerity: one cannot say of any woman that "she drinks drams," but one might hazard "she is a worshipper of Acratus." He was, no doubt, the son of Bacchus and of Vesta.

A classical enamorato in the State of Pennsylvania, in which there are several branches of a very respectable family, by the name of *Dick*, paid his addresses to a young lady of this family, whose christian name was Lydia. The lover, who remembered HORACE as well as Ovid, could not forbear one day addressing his mistress in a line from his favourite author, *Lydia Dic*, per omnes te deos oro.

M. Poulleau has invented a musical instrument which he calls the orchestrino, which professes to unite the brilliancy and expression of the harpsichord and piano-forte, with the softness of the human voice.

The continued good fortune and signal courage of Bonaparte remind one of Falstaff's description of Poins. "This is the most *omnifiotent* villain that ever cry'd Stand, to a true man."

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Miss Baillie, a Scottish lady of letters, has lately published several volumes of plays, the diction of which is sometimes a professed imitation of Shakespear. She is sometimes happy in her attempts to interest our feelings and soothe our ears. But, alas! in her walk after this mighty Magician, she is sometimes hobbling, "lame and impotent," and forces us to exclaim, in the phrase of Colman's ballad,

O Miss Bailey! unfortunate Miss Bailey!.

Carpocrates, a heresiarch of the second century, thought that all things ought to be in common, and that it was a tyranny for laws to abridge the *natural rights of men*. This famous disciple of the Devil and Democracy, not only allowed his followers a full liberty to sin, but recommended a vicious course of life to them, asserting that salvation was only attainable by those, who had committed all sorts of crimes, and filled up the measure of iniquity.

When we listen to some of the affectations in fashionable pronunciation, we cannot help remembering and applying a passage from an old poet.

I abhor such fantastical phantasms, such *point* devise companions; such readers of orthography; as to speak *dout*, fine, when he should say doubt; *det*, when he should pronounce debt, d,e,b,t; not *det;* he clippeth a calf, *cauf*, half, *hauf;* neighbour, vocative *neibor*, neigh, abbreviated *ne*. This is *abhominable* (which he would call abominable), it insinuateth me of insanie.

SHAKESPEAR sometimes, without intending it, describes the imperfections of a bad actor.

An he had been a dog that should have howl'd thus, they would have hang'd him, and I pray God his bad voice bode no mischief. I had as lief have heard the night-raven, come what plague could have come after it.

DR. JOHNSON, in one of the most lively and sprightly letters he ever addressed to Mrs. Thrale, relates an anecdote of the colloquial powers of Edmund Burke and himself, which shews, in an admirable light, the Magic of Genius, when supported by all the strength of the head, and assisted by all the fluency of the tongue.—

You have had, with all your adulations, nothing finer said of you, than was said last Sunday night of BURKE and me. We were at the bishop of —— and *towards twelve* we fell into talk, to which the ladies listened, just as they do to you, and said, as I heard, *there is no rising, unless somebody will cry fire.*

Southern, in his play of "The Disappointment," has introduced a passage not very favourable to the sex. But, alas! this splenetic poet saw them during an age of gallantry and voluptuousness, and not as they appear in all the spotless purity of virgin innocence in a chaste Commonwealth, whose republican virtue "may be assailed, but never hurt."

I've made
A study of the sex, and found it frail:
The black, the brown, the fair, the old, the young,
Are earthly minded all: There's not a she
The coldest constitution of her sex;
Nay, at the altar, telling o'er her beads,
But some one rises on her heavenly thoughts,
That drives her down the wind of strong desire,
And makes her taste mortality again.

A Walpole wag observes that, a duel was fought in Fincastle, (Vir.) by J. *Risque*, esq. and Mr. Thomas Beale.—The former received the ball through his side. They exchanged but one shot; and it is said that there is a *chance* of Mr. *Risque's* recovery.

MODERN EDITORS.

They have lived long on the alms-basket of words. They are too spruce, too affected, too odd as it were; perigrinate, as I may call it. Their words are a very fantastic banquet, just so many strange dishes.

The following is an interesting specimen of Scottish hospitality.

Lord Aberdeen's Birth-Day.

Monday, the 28th January, being the Earl of ABERDEEN's birth-day, when his lordship came of age, was celebrated at Haddo-house, his lordship's seat in this county, with every demonstration

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of joy. The day was announced by the ringing of bells at the neighbouring churches. In the forenoon, the volunteers on the Earl's estate paraded on the lawn, and fired three volleys with great accuracy; and at one o'clock, his lordship's numerous tenantry assembled, many from the most distant parts of the county, along with the volunteers of the neighbourhood, in a building erected for the occasion, and sat down to a plentiful dinner, where true Scotch hospitality prevailed, while a band of music added to the entertainment, by playing several favorite tunes. A select party, consisting of the Marquis of Huntly, the Earls of Errol and Kintore, and several gentlemen of the county, were with his lordship at the mansion, where an elegant dinner was prepared, and the day spent in the most cheerful and harmonious manner. In the evening there was a brilliant display of fireworks, and bonfires were raised on every hill and every farm on the estate, to evince the attachment to the proprietor, and joy which the inhabitants felt on the occasion of this amiable young nobleman's succeeding to his extensive property. The company who dined at Haddo-house on that day amounted to upwards of eight hundred, and the provision for the entertainment was in proportion. The tenants danced to the Scotch bagpipes, and continued in the highest glee till seven the next morning, when they returned to their homes, delighted with the entertainment. It must have been highly gratifying to his lordship, as well as every one present, to see so numerous a body of respectable tenants and neighbours made happy under his roof. The scene brought to mind the festivity of ancient days, and will, no doubt, be a theme of grateful recollection for many a year to those who witnessed it.

The ingenious Mr. Jenyns thus fancifully contends for the truth of a strange doctrine:

That mankind had existed in some state previous to the present, was the opinion of the wisest sages of the most remote antiquity. It was held by the Gymnosophists of Egypt, the Brachmans of India, the Magi of Persia, and the greatest philosophers of Greece and Rome. It was likewise adopted by the Fathers of the Christian Church, and frequently enforced by her primitive writers. Why it has been so little noticed, so much overlooked rather than rejected by the divines and metaphysicians of later ages, I am at a loss to account for, as it is undoubtedly confirmed by reason, by all the appearances of nature, and the doctrines of revelation.

We have often sneered at that affectation of excessive sensibility which characterizes the German writers of the New School, and which sits very awkwardly upon the uncouth Kotzebue. In his "Remarkable Year," the following passage occurs, to republish which is a sufficient satire upon its author.

On my former journey, I had been allowed to purchase at Moscow a few bottles of Burgundy to *strengthen my stomach*. I *paid at the rate of four rubles* a bottle. The state of my finances not permitting me to indulge in extravagance, I had only purchased three bottles: two were emptied on my arrival at Tobolsk; the third accompanied me to Kurgan. I had preserved it as a treasure, and destined it for the celebration of my wife's arrival. I now *drew the cork* in *the face of this post*, with *the assistance of a cork-screw my dear mother* had *given me, last new-year's day*, and which I *now used for the first time*. I *drank* several glasses. I shed tears of joy. I made the courier and the driver drink with me, and then broke the empty bottle against the post!!! after which, with a light heart, as if I had nothing more to fear, I gaily cried "Drive on, Postilion."

The style of Lord Chesterfield in many of his Letters, not to be found in the principal collection, which bears his name, is remarkable for all the correctness of a scholar, and all a courtier's ease. The following sentence, written when he was Viceroy of Ireland, will justify the position:

"The triumph of the Patriots is complete, and the power is now theirs; with all my heart, let them but use it well.

There is a great deal of money lying dead in the treasury; let them apply that to real public uses. Let them encourage the extension and improvement of their manufactures, the cultivation of their lands, and, above all, the Protestant charter schools. Let them people and civilize the country. Let them make Connaught and Kerry know that there is a God, a King, and a Government; three things to which they are at present utter strangers.

In a thousand instances this witty nobleman expresses a compliment with a union of politeness and archness, peculiar to himself.

"But deafness makes me loquacious; so a good night to you with Madame Daytolles; and I think that is wishing you both very well."

So, in a letter to Edward Jerningham, he gaily says, in his wonted manner, "If you stray among the hills, vales, and purling streams, it is to make your court to the Muses, who have long had such an affection for you, that they will meet you whenever you please to appoint them. If to these nine ideal ladies you add a tenth of real good country flesh and blood, I cannot help it, though God forbid that I should admire it."

An *idle* club has been lately established at Wolverhampton. Every member is allowed *two* chairs, and the president *three*.—*Speaking* is their only employment, as being *next to nothing*.

Lon. paper.

There are at present in Paris, 455 booksellers, 340 printers, 138 bookbinders, 327 engravers, 85 copper-plate printers, 49 print-sellers, and 71 old book shops, 240 sellers of lemonade, 900 keepers of cook shops, 630 wine-merchants, 146 perfumers, 154 lottery-office keepers, and 975 actors, actresses, singers, dancers, *et id genus omne*. *Ib.*

The American papers say that a lady of Franklin was lately taken up by the wind during a storm, and has not been heard of since. If it should be once established that Mr. Eolus can commit rapes in this manner, we shall soon hear some very plausible excuses offered for the accidents that happen to light women. *Ibid.*

A Rhetorician, in a recent treatise upon his art, after recounting some of the most common errors in elocution, proceeds, "to avoid these inconveniences, you ought to have a *clear, strong voice.*" This, the monthly reviewers say, reminds them of a recipe in an old book on the art of cookery: "How to dress a dolphin, first *catch a dolphin*, &c."

Captain Kerr Porter's admirable picture of *The Battle of Agincourt* is now exhibiting. It is a performance that will support the high reputation which the artist has so deservedly obtained in performances of this description. The subject is dear to Englishmen, and the scene is altogether conceived and executed in a style highly creditable to the present state of the arts. The hostile groups are most happily disposed; and the grandeur of the Castle of Agincourt forms a fine contrast to the sylvan landscape of the Banks of the Somme.

The following Stanzas were found in the hand-writing of Petrarch, inclosed in a leaden box, in the coffin, containing the remains of Laura, at Avignon; a circumstance which must render them peculiarly interesting to the lovers of that amiable and accomplished writer. The translator has made occasional deviations, being rather desirous to preserve the spirit than the letter of the original.

QUI reposan qui casti e felici ossa,
Di quell alma gentile, e sola interra,
Aspro, e dur sasso, hor ben teco hai sottera
Et vero honor, la fama, e belta seossa
Morte ha del verde Lauro scelta, e seossa
Fresca radice, e il premio di mio guerra
Di quattro lustre e piu, se ancor non erra
Mio pensier tristo, et il chiude in poca fossa;
Felice Pianta in Borgo di Avignone
Nacque, e mori, e qui con ella giace
La penna, et stil, l'inchiostra, e la regione;
O delicati membri, O viva face!

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Che ancor me cuoci, e struggi; in ginnochione
Ciascun preghi il signor te accepti in pace.
OSOXO.

Morta bellizza indarno si sospira;
Le alma beata in ciel vivra in eterno;
Pianga il presente, e il futur secol privi
D'una tal Luce, ed io di gli occhi e il tempo.

Translation.

HERE sleeps intomb'd within this humble stone,
A form where beauty's choicest gifts combin'd;
A form, alas! where erst etherial shone
The soft attractions of no vulgar mind:

With thee, my Laura, still belov'd, is flown,
The boon that Fancy's fav'ring hand assign'd,
Dissolv'd the charms that fill'd her lofty throne,
The bays relinquish'd, and the harp resign'd.
O more than beauteous, more than mortal fair!
Reft is the pride of Gallia's pensive plains.
I weep the hand that once dispell'd my pains,
While each kind bosom joins a tender pray'r,
And sighs a requiem o'er thy lov'd remains.
OSOXO.

Though shrin'd in earth, each mortal charm decays,
The soul exulting, mounts etherial spheres,
And leaves an object of their fondest praise,
A friend, a lover, and a world in tears.
R.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Gentleman, who has translated the Greek Ode, written by Moore, and prefixed to his version of Anacreon, is thanked both for the article and for the obliging manner in which it is transmitted.

The elegant compliment from "Amicus" to an eloquent orator is received and admired.

A series of very amusing and instructive Essays, pertinent to the history of the healing art, will shortly appear.

A course of lectures comprising some of the most interesting and elegant topics in literature, and the elaborate production of a critic, whose taste was at once delicate and correct, is preparing for publication in this Miscellany. These Lectures will edify and delight every classical scholar in the country.

"A Constant Reader," who dates his letter on the banks of the St. Lawrence, is assured that his Verses are not col or dreary. The author appears to r spire the air of pure Bermuda or Mon pellier. Genius glows with fire u quenchable; it is not damped by th fogs of Holland; it is not chilled by th cold of Canada.

Our friend in Boston, who, in a ma ner so obliging as to enhance the fav lately transmitted a Valuable Paper, requested to accept our thanks; a to remember how much *regular* co tributions of this character contribu to the success of a Literary Journal.

The Gentleman at New York, w many months since promised us Manuscripts, the value of which have sufficient reason to appreciate v highly, is urged to comply with engagements.

'Juvenis' is as mad as a March ha His thoughts are turbid, and his st is disjointed and desultory.

He must be one
Who, lock'd from ink and paper, scraw
With *desperate charcoal* round his darke
walls.

We shall soon illuminate our pa with 'the New Moon' of 'Ithacus,' hope that through his poetical persp tive we may have more than a glim of Venus, or the evening Star.

'Investigator' is fruitlessly emp ed. He is absurdly digging in all darkness of occult causes, and sh abandon the unprofitable task, not w out repeating from PRIOR:

'The longitude uncertain roams
In spite of Whiston and his bombs,
What system, say, has right averr'd
The cause, why woman has no beard
Or why, as years our frame attack,
Our hair grows *white* and teeth grow
In points like these we must agree:
Our *barber* knows as well as we.'

Our various correspondents are more strenuously urged to send essays promptly, and in a charact legible as possible. The season vourable to mental exertion, and t dium of winter is successfully beg by the alternate employment of the and the pen.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

AN ODE,

Commemorative of the deaths of Lieutenant Somers of the American navy, and his brave Companions, before Tripoli, in the summer of 1805.

[Commodore Preble, with a view as much as possible to harass the enemy, ordered the ketch Intrepid to be filled with materials for a destructive explosion, and gave the conduct of her to Lieutenants Somers, Wadsworth, Israel, and a few others.—Their orders were to approach, under cover of the night, as near as they could, to the town and batteries, and after firing a train, provided for that purpose, to make their escape to the fleet in boats. A premature discovery of them by the enemy, rendered it impossible for them, either to reach the station which they contemplated, or to make their escape; and these brave men, with an intrepidity almost beyond parallel, preferring death to an ignominious servitude, set fire to the train, and were blown with their enemies into the air. This catastrophe is made the subject of the following Ode. B.]

——evehit ad deos—
Aget Penna metuente solvi
Fama superstes—
——— ibi tu calentem
Debita sparges, Lacryma favillam.
HORACE.

Chorus.

And must the mem'ry of the brave
Sleep in the slumbers of the grave?
Wake the golden string of Fame!
Heroes wake, your meed to claim,
Offspring of alarms!
Rear'd mid the tumults of the brave,
No pillow choosing but the wave,
No music, but of arms!

Recitative.

Dark is the night, and deep and low'ring
Hang its shadows o'er the main;
On the billow awful tow'ring,
Yonder glide the warrior-train!
Not a star betrays their motions,
Hush'd, unseen, they hold their way;
Sullen as the calm of ocean,
At the lurid close of day.
Lo! the fleet with valor teeming.
Dimly skirts the westward sky;
Hope and doubt alternate beaming
From the war-instructed eye.
Preble there serene presiding,
Distant marks the floating death,
Toward the castle darkly gliding,
Aided by the breeze's breath.

Air.

Chief of daring! thine is glory
Far beyond the reach of Fate;
Slain—immortaliz'd in story,
Living—valorous and great!
Thine the calm heroic spirit,
Firm to act, and bold to dare;
Or to grasp the meed of merit,
Or the Hero's grave to share!

Recitative.

Now the bark in distance fading
Glooms beneath the turret-steep,
Not a sound the ear invading
Save the murmur of the deep!
Surely she has gain'd her station,
Lost in distance and in gloom—
'Tis the pause of expectation!
'Tis the silence of the tomb!

Air.

Warriors rue the gale that bore them!
Rue the gloom that wrapt the skies!
Never shall the sun restore them
To your valour-weeping eyes!
Shield them, Heav'n, amid th' explosion!
Quickly waft them from the shore—
Who can bear the swift concussion?
Who can list the sudden roar?

Recitative.

See the flash, one moment shining,
Ocean, earth, and heav'n illume!
Now again 'tis lost! resigning
Heav'n and earth and sea, to gloom.
Horror all, and wild commotion—
Shrieks of millions from the shore—
Gleaming on the sulph'rous ocean,
Cannon burst with rapid roar.
Atlas trembling, hears the thunder
Bellow thro' his shores below;
Sees his tawny sons of plunder
Frighted fly, without a foe.

Air (by the Turks).

Allah! whence this dire undoing
Rushing thro' the troubled air?
Save, oh save thy race from ruin,
Shield the faithful from despair!

Recitative.

O'er the scene, at length, reposing,
Wrapt in desolation's reign;
Morn reluctantly disclosing,
Faintly gilds the eastward plain.

Chorus (by the Crews).

Rise in haste, oh God of splendor!
Valor bids thee swiftly rise;
Triumph to the deeds we'll render
Veil'd by midnight from our eyes.
Hail the wave that to our wishes,
Proudly wafts the daring few!
Hail the dawn that bears propitious
Fame and Somers to his crew!

Recitative.

Morning breaks—but ah, to languish!
Lurid was the light it shed
O'er th' enquiring eye of anguish,
For the warrior-train are fled.

Air (1st.)

Gallant Warriors! well attended
Rush'd your valor to its grave;
Many a foe convulsive rended,
Grimly sank beneath the wave.
Well aveng'd, ere long you'll number,
Victims welt'ring, pale and low;

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Many a Turk, in icy slumber,
Soon shall knit the savage brow.
Gen'rous Youths! your story telling,
Tho' a sigh suspend the breath;
Ev'ry nerve to frenzy swelling
Claims a victory from death.

Air (2*d.*)

Heralds of your Country's glory,
Dawning on the path of time!
Age shall kindle at your story,
Cherish'd oft in future rhyme;
For the Bard, on fame attending,
Shall, enraptur'd by the tale,
O'er his harp of legends bending,
Give your glories to the gale.
Beauty, too, a wreath bestowing,
Bids it flourish round your bier;
Ever in remembrance glowing,
Ever water'd by her tear.

Air (3*d.*)

Often shall the Arab wander
From his hills of sunny sand,
On your deeds of fame to ponder,
Circled by his list'ning Band—
"Perish'd here," he'll say, "the stranger,
"When the star of night was high;
"Like thee, Christian, braving danger,
"Be it mine, like thee to die!"

LODINUS.

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Sir,

The following was written at the request of a Committee, appointed by the St. Andrew's Society of this city, for the purpose of erecting a monument on the place where Gen. Hamilton fell. The spot on which this interesting event took place is peculiarly rude and solitary; and the pyramidal monument, to be erected on it, will be seen distinctly from the river, through a natural vista of unusual wildness. Future generations will tread lightly on the earth, which has been hallowed by the fall of so great a man; and the tear of patriotism will bedew it, when monuments have mouldered into ashes. I shall only add, that the author, having been led by personal interest in the deceased, to a warmth and pointedness of expression, which might perhaps endanger the existence of the memorial; and being unwilling to *modify* or *obliterate*, the Society have relinquished the idea of an Inscription in verse, and contented themselves with the bare mention of the age, manner of death, &c. of the deceased. If you think, however, the following lines, which are enlarged and corrected from the copy originally submitted to the committee, worthy of insertion in your Port Folio, you are at liberty to use them.]

INSCRIPTION,

Designed for the Monument to be erected on the ground where Hamilton fell.

Go, Stranger, to the *Man of Honor*, say
That these rude solitary haunts beheld
The saddest comment on his creed of blood.
Say that thy step explor'd the shadowy cliff
Whose bosom, shudd'ring at the deed, receiv'd
The first of Heroes when *he* fell—And oh!
If honor leave its votary a pulse
That yet can kindle o'er his country's fate—
Say that the living lip is mute, whose force
Arraign'd Ambition on her wildest wing,
Or sooth'd the lawless frenzy of the throng!
Now awful as the voice of thunder; now
Persuasive as the sigh of youthful love.
Tell him; the Beacon, by kind Heav'n ordain'd
To hold its lofty vigils; and await
The fearful crisis of the coming storm,
Flings its broad beam no more; while Freedom sits
Disconsolate; and heav'nward sighing, veils
Her form in sackcloth, and her face in tears.
Then ask—if in the arms of victory
Her Hero fell—or in the gradual lapse
Of Nature; or bereavement's anguish, to
The languid ebb of being gave repose—
Or if 'twas not th' unbending majesty;
Th' indignant brow; the bold unvarnish'd mien
Of persecuted Greatness, that provok'd
The practis'd aim of Jealousy, and wove
The sable mantle of a nation's woe.

LODINUS.

New-York, January, 1806.

EPIGRAM.

Sir Prim, a doughty man of war,
Who lik'd to see the foe from far;
Once being in a lonely place,
Shew'd signs of fear in limbs and face:
His friend, perceiving him look pale,
Cries, "Captain, does your courage fail?"
The hero stiffly does deny
The charge, and makes this bold reply—
"I dread not man, nor sword, nor gun,
"But zounds! I'm lame, and *cannot run*."

The Price of the Port-Folio is Six Dollars per Annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

No. 3.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, January* 25, 1806. [Vol. I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 154.

The mighty Tottipottimoy
Sent to our leaders an envoy.
BUTLER.

AMONG the other loves and attachments, for which I have been signalized, I should do great injustice to the tawny natives of my incomparable country, if I did not enumerate my fondness for the various Indians, who adorn the wigwams, or rove the forests of this western wild. My first effort in the imitative arts was to mimic the guttural accent of an Oneida chief. The initial pages of my copy-book will demonstrate that my rudiments of penmanship exhibited a very accurate resemblance of the Indian character; and the partners of my juvenile frolics can testify with what delight I used to bound through the glade, to meet some Shawna, or to raise the war-whoop, in emulation of Little Billy.

When, a victim to the prejudices of refinement, I was sent to the university, I did not waste my time in groping amid the darkness of the dead languages, I did not yawn among the metaphysicians, nor bawl among the orators; I neither looked at a diagram nor at a star. I made no syllogisms. I calculated no eclipses. I would neither grovel among the roots, and chips, and saw-dust of grammar, nor climb the trees of natural philosophy. Solitary, sullen, taciturn, I used to sequester myself in the gloomiest nook of my cloister, and, while others were perusing Livy and Sallust, Hume and Robertson, I was committing to memory Hubbard's History of the Indian Wars, and the Twenty Removes of Mary Rowlandson.

Among the archives of my college, there were innumerable Indian manuscripts; and whole alcoves in the library were devoted to pamphlets and tracts in the Indian tongue. To these I confined myself. With these I used to stray to the banks of the river, or to the bounds of the pasture, and amused myself sometimes with tracing the fortunes of king Philip, and sometimes with the adventures of the sachems of Massasoit. The memoirs of the Pequod and Narraganset tribes were familiar to my recollection; and I devoured the story of Wittuwamat. While the declaimers and the rhetoricians were drowning the college-bell, and deafening the chapel with their noisy speeches from Tully, or Mr. Webster's Selection, I was more profitably and more pleasingly engaged in acquiring the Indian vocabulary, and tiring all the echoes of Cambridge, while I repeated aloud the flowing and harmonious words of Hobbamock, Wessagusset, Mohekunah, Awasuncks, and Umbagog.

After I had received what are commonly called the honours of the university, after I had paid my fees, and taken

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the last kiss of my bedmaker, I mingled with the American world at large, and instantly found reason to congratulate myself on the judicious direction of my studies. I found the Indian language pretty generally spoken.—Most of the classics of the New World were written in some of the aboriginal dialects. Indian manners were fashionable. Men drank and smoked like Indians. At the commencement of the last war, at Lexington and many other places, men fought gallantly, like Indians, behind walls, beside trees, and beneath coverts. Whenever I had the happiness to peruse a sermon of New England, or a letter from a Committee of Correspondence and Safety, or a Humble Remonstrance and Petition, or a Non-importation Agreement, or the divine speeches of Samuel Adams and of John Hancock, or the diviner Declaration itself, I could not help observing, with the most pleasurable emotions, how finely the savage style was copied. Whenever it was my rare good fortune to talk with some of our politicians, and to mark the course of their policy, I could not help discerning, with admiration, that, as Mr. BURKE says somewhere, their scheme was adopted on Indian principles, and for an Indian interest. Whenever I went to a town-meeting, or what the French more elegantly call the Primary Assemblies, I used to mark the fierce gestures, and learn the bold metaphors of the very *natural* orators, who used to harangue the multitude. Surely, I cried, this is a wigwam, and this is nothing but an Indian talk. Though I cannot discern here the calumet of peace, yet tobacco is certainly fuming under my nose; and though strings of wampum are not given, yet many a yell is heard.

Thus rioting in savage speculations, and thus enjoying all the privileges of that happy state of society, where

> Man walks with beast, joint tenant of the shade,

what was my delight, and how shall I describe the excess of my enthusiasm, when I read in a certain newspaper, called 'The Washington Federalist,' published at the seat of government in my *native* country, the following glorious paragraph, which he who can peruse without emotion, deserves to be scalped, and tossed in an Indian blanket.

'On Sunday last, more than twenty Indian chiefs of various tribes, from the Missouri, arrived at the seat of government. They passed through George Town with songs and joyous Indian music. They were accompanied by several gentlemen who had left the city to conduct them in. Several of them had their bodies painted, and were naked from their shoulders to their hips. Our capital has never before been honoured with so many noble visitors at one time—it can boast of the presence of more foreign strangers of distinction, at this moment, than were ever known here before.'

This article, if there were no other example of the correctness of my theory and of the choice of my studies and companions, is at once a brilliant and decisive proof of our happy progress and proficiency in barbarism.

The arrival of more than twenty Indian chiefs of various tribes, from the Missouri, I can consider in no other light than a splendid embassy from one polite nation to another. We are all Indians, we are all republicans, as it is beautifully expressed by the First Magistrate of a free people. We have an *Indiana* territory defended by acts of congress, and protected by our laws. We compose dissertations, we write letters, we read philosophical papers, plausive of the Indian character. We invent savage systems, and strive to extend the republic of barbarism. The state of nature is eloquently and logically defended in one of the most famous of our productions. We send Capt. Lewis to the tawny tribes of the west, and, in exchange for his civilities, they kindly send us a Prairie dog, and, kinder still, each chief from the Missouri, like Moses Primrose in the Vicar of Wakefield, 'brings himself.'—Here again my delight doubles. Here again I felicitate myself on that ardent attachment to Indian studies, 'feelings, manners, and principles,' which has so con-

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stantly and so nobly glowed in my patriotic breast.

My reader, though he has either conversed or slept in my company one hundred and fifty-four times, and, therefore, may be supposed pretty intimate with the Lounger, cannot possibly conceive a thousandth part of the pleasure, with which I accompanied my Missouri brethren in their jocund transit through the streets of George Town. The rude 'song,' the 'joyous Indian music,' filled my whole soul with secret raptures. But how greatly was my conviction strengthened of 'the friendly relations' of the two countries, when I perceived that they were accompanied by several gentlemen, who had left *the city* to conduct them in. This is decisive. This is delectable. Behold, ye sickly sons of refinement, ye absurd worshippers of the genius of Greece, and of Rome, and of England, behold the triumph of Barbarism. The Imperial city, the wonder of the West, who sees her numerous and magnificent structures reflected in the chrystal mirror of the Potomak, who exclaims exultingly, like Babylon of old, 'I sit a queen, and there is none beside me,' who laughs at the London, the Paris, and the Edinburgh of degenerate Europe, and calls each wanderer to gaze with extacy at her countless riches and her unrivalled commerce, even she is left, for a while, to contemplate her solitary grandeur. Her sons forego for a season the filial delight of gazing at the youthful charms of Mother Metropolis. The '*gentlemen* leave her,' it is true, but is it not for the friendly and generous purpose of conducting the Indians? A positive proof of the cordial sympathy between a southern gentleman and a Missouri chief.

But 'proofs rise on proofs, and still the last the strongest,' says a certain character, whom I should not quote, but as both in character and complexion he resembled a savage, it is perfectly consistent with my barbarian belief and my rude practice. The paragraph-writer, as though he had '*twinn'd* with me,' is so thoroughly persuaded of the community of customs between the Americans and the Indians, that he mentions, with a sort of rapture, that, 'several of them had their bodies painted, and were naked from the shoulders to their hips.' This is an historical fact, which all the effrontery of Scepticism cannot contradict. It is well known that the bodies of many of my fair and frail countrywomen are painted, and that most of them are naked from the shoulders to their hips; and, although painting and nakedness are not so common among the males of my dear country, yet I am determined, from a settled conviction of the propriety, decency, and cleanliness of the custom, to anoint and disrobe myself as fast as possible; and to dress, or rather to undress myself, exactly like an Indian. To this end, I have made a contract with a particular and dear friend of mine, an Esquimeaux, who has engaged to supply me with any quantity of bear's grease, upon the most reasonable terms. I am grinding red ochre daily in my chamber. A Choctaw painter, who is in my confidence, is levigating very finely a pound of vermilion for my use; and, with respect to those streaks of azure, which so beautifully variegate the Indian complexion, my good natured friends are prompt to assure me that my face already looks blue enough every morning.

Having thus far tasked a Lounger's laziness, and the patience of the public, I defer the remainder of my thoughts upon this delightful and inexhaustible theme, until my next number.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LATOUR D'AUVERGNE.

The brave and virtuous of every country are objects of our admiration and praise; and the following account of a celebrated French hero and scholar cannot fail to be interesting to persons of every country, whatever be their political opinions. Latour d'Auvergne was the first grenadier of the French republic, esteemed as much for his good sense and profound erudition as for his skill and bravery in the field. He was

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born at Pontivy, in Brittany, and from his early years was engaged in military studies and pursuits. He was nearly fifty years old when he died; he had been forty-five years in the army, and thirty-three in active service. Before the campaign of 1800, he was reduced to the half-pay of a captain, which is eight hundred francs: the then government raised him to full pay, upon which he not only subsisted, but by which he was enabled to do some acts of benevolence. Few men have carried the spirit of frugality so far. He lived upon milk and fruits; the national uniform was his dress, and he lived at Passy for several years without a servant, and in one small apartment, the sole decoration of which was his books and his arms. Latour d'Auvergne manifested the most decisive attachment to liberty from the commencement of the revolution. He served during the whole war. In the army of the Western Pyrenees, he commanded all the companies of grenadiers which formed the advanced guard; and that terrible column, called *la Colonne Infernale*, had almost always gained the victory by the time the main body of the army arrived on the field of battle. In the camp, in his tent, this illustrious captain lived in the midst of his grenadiers, whom he called his children, and by whom he was called father. His leisure hours were all devoted to study; and in barracks, or at the advanced posts, he had always some books near his sword. Twenty times had his hat, and his cloak, which he always kept upon his left arm in fighting, been pierced with bullets, yet Latour was never wounded. "Our captain," said the grenadiers, "has the gift of charming bullets." Of the many extraordinary traits which rendered him famous in that army, two are very remarkable. The Spaniards had entrenched themselves in front of Bedassao, in a stone house, from which they harassed the advanced posts, and prevented the French from taking the famous position of the Mountain of Louis XIV. It was necessary to drive them from the fortress, and Latour undertook the enterprise. He arrived at the head of the grenadiers, and amid the fire of the enemy, before the stone house. He advanced to the gate, and, ordering the grenadiers to place their muskets in the apertures made for the garrison to fire from, he knocked at the gate, and summoned the garrison to surrender, threatening to set fire to the house if they did not. The Spaniards consented, and the place, which was nearly impregnable, was given up. After the taking of the famous redoubts of Irun and Fontaraba, the French advanced guard arrived before St. Sebastian, a fortress situated upon a rock in the sea. Latour d'Auvergne threw himself into a skiff, and summoned the commandant to surrender. The French were only able to convey an eight pounder into the midst of these mountains.—Latour d'Auvergne, feigning that he had all the artillery before the place, threatened to batter it down:—the commandant, intimidated by recent victories, and by the tone of intrepidity adopted by Latour, began to listen to the demand:—But Captain (said he), you have not fired a single gun at my citadel: do me at least the honour to salute it; for without it, you must be convinced that I cannot surrender." Latour d'Auvergne was too well acquainted with the laws of honour and war, not to accede to such a demand; he returned to camp, ordered the eight pounder to play upon the fort, which replied by a shower of grape-shot. Latour then returned to the fortress, and the keys were delivered to him. He was always summoned to councils of war. In the Pyrenees, he performed the duties of a general, but would never accept the rank. After the peace with Spain, he embarked on board a French ship to proceed to Brittany, and was taken by the English, and carried into Bodmin in Cornwall. When he was exchanged, he returned to France, and lived in retirement at Paris. He was informed that his old friend Lebrigand, an old man of eighty, had just been separated by the requisition from his only son, whose assistance and talents were of the greatest use to him. Latour went immediately to the directory, obtained

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leave to replace the young man, and hastening to the army of the Rhine as a volunteer, sent back the young man to his father. Oh what tears will not this venerable old man shed to the memory of him, whom he called his redeemer! Gray-haired with incessant labour, but with all the vivacity of youth, Latour set off in 1799, for the army in Switzerland, where he served the whole of the campaign under Massena. At length it was reserved for the first of the French generals to give to the first of their captains a recompence worthy of his great mind.—Latour d'Auvergne would not wear the sword of honour before he had tried it upon the enemies of his country.—Glory was his passion, the camp his element, the sciences the amusement and charm of his leisure. He was the author of a work, entitled "*Gallic Origins*," in which the greatest erudition is united with the soundest criticism, and the most animated style.

For the Port Folio.

EPISTOLARY.

[The following letter, which has all the beauty and interest we should expect from its eloquent author, was addressed by EDMUND BURKE to Dr. Robertson, shortly after the publication of The History of America. The *American* reader will be peculiarly delighted with the liberality of Burke's sentiments respecting the politics of this country, in the year 1777; and the general reader will be charmed with the author's fervour and felicity of compliment, with his profound knowledge of History and of Human Nature, and with the brilliant sentences, in the finest style of eloquence, with which one of the first orators and statesmen concludes his civilities to one of the first historians.]

I AM perfectly sensible of the very flattering distinction I have received in your thinking me worthy of so noble a present as that of your History of America. I have, however, suffered my gratitude to lie under some suspicion, by delaying my acknowledgment of so great a favour. But my delay was only to render my obligation to you more complete; and my thanks, if possible, more merited. The close of the session brought a great deal of very troublesome, though not important, business on me at once. I could not go through your work at that time, though I have done it since. I am now enabled to thank you, not only for the honour you have done me, but for the great satisfaction and the infinite variety and compass of instruction I have received from your incomparable work. Every thing has been done which was so naturally to be expected from the author of the History of Scotland, and of the Age of Charles the Fifth. I believe few books have done more than this towards clearing up dark points, correcting errors, and removing prejudices. You have too, the rare secret of rekindling an interest on subjects that had so often been treated, and in which every thing which could feed a vital flame appeared to have been consumed. I am sure I read many parts of your History with that first concern and anxiety which attend those who are not previously apprised of the event. You have, besides, thrown quite a new light on the present state of the Spanish provinces, and furnished both materials and hints for a rational theory of what may be expected from them in future.

The part which I read with the greatest pleasure is the discussion on the manners and character of the inhabitants of the new world. I have always thought with you, that we possess at this time very great advantages towards the knowledge of human nature. We need no longer go to history to trace it in all stages and periods. History, from its comparative youth, is but a poor instructor. When the Egyptians called the Greeks children in antiquities, we may well call them children; and so we may call those nations which were able to trace the progress of society only within their own limits. But now the great map of mankind is unrolled at once, and there is no state or gradation of barbarism, and no mode of refinement, which we have not at the same moment under our view: the very different civility of Europe and of China; the barbarism of Persia and of Abyssinia; the erratic manners of Tartary and of Arabia; the savage state of North

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America and of New Zealand. Indeed, you have made a noble use of the advantages you have had. You have employed philosophy to judge on manners, and from manners you have drawn new resources for philosophy. I only think that in one or two points you have hardly done justice to the savage character.

There remains before you a great field. *Periculosæ plenum opus aleæ tractas et incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.* When even those ashes will be spread over the present fire, God knows. I am heartily sorry that we are now supplying you with that kind of dignity and concern, which is purchased to History at the expense of mankind. I had rather by far that Dr. Robertson's pen were only employed in delineating the humble scenes of political economy, than the great events of a civil war. However, if our statesmen had read the book of human nature, instead of the Journals of the house of commons, and History, instead of Acts of Parliament, we should not, by the latter, have furnished out so ample a page for the former. For my part, I have not been, nor am I very forward in my speculations on this subject. All that I have ventured to make have hitherto proved fallacious. I confess, I thought the Colonies left to themselves could not have made any thing like the present resistance to the whole power of this country and its allies. I did not think it could have been done without the declared interference of the house of Bourbon. But I looked on it as very probable that France and Spain would before this time have taken a decided part. In both these conjectures I have judged amiss.—You will smile when I send you a trifling temporary production made for the occasion of a day, and to perish with it, in return for your immortal work. But our exchange resembles the politics of the times.—You send out solid wealth, the accumulation of ages, and in return you get a few flying leaves of poor American paper. However, you have the mercantile comfort of finding the balance of trade entirely in your favour; and I console myself with the snug consideration of uninformed natural acuteness, that I have my warehouse full of goods at another's expense.

Adieu, sir; continue to instruct the world, and whilst we carry on a poor unequal conflict with the passions and prejudices of our day, perhaps with no better weapons than other passions and prejudices of our own, convey wisdom at our expense to future generations.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

I *notify you* that I am a stranger, and but very imperfectly acquainted with the 'American language,' so that I must rely on your indulgence, while I write English, as I have been used to do. *I inform*, however, that I have procured from a *literary* book-store in this city, Mr. Noah Webster's dictionary, and hope, by competent application, and the assistance of a *night*-school, to acquire a due knowledge of your vernacular tongue. I shall then be able to use active verbs as neuters or passives, and avail myself of that beautiful figure of speech, by which a *turnpike* is made to mean a *turnpike-road*, with many other graces of language, not to be met with but on this side the Atlantic, and *irrespective* of the well-formed substantives that are peculiar to your vocabulary; *say*, STORE, SLEIGH, *cum multis aliis*. As to the verbs *to guess*, and *to expect*, I presume they rather belong to your oral than your written language. Well-bred people certainly teach their children not to have the former continually in their mouths, and to understand by the latter a looking for something *to come*, and therefore not to apply it to things *past*, nor always to things *future*. I *suppose*, therefore, or *suspect*, or if it must be, I *expect*, that I need not endeavour to accomplish myself in this part of your phraseology, to which I confess I am *opposed*.

With only the broken American I possess, I should not have presumed to address you, had I not discovered in the PORT FOLIO a strong partiality, and I may add practical veneration, for my native speech. Indeed, I observe, that you earnestly recom-

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mend to your countrymen, the study of all the *dead languages*; a line of conduct by which I think you equally serve true learning and true philosophy.

It would amuse you, Sir, but sadly at my expense, were I to relate all, or half, the blunders by which my ignorance has been exposed, in every quarter of the city. Your orthography, and typographical refinements, are sometimes as much above my comprehension as the turns and flights of your writers. A short time ago, I read in one of your newspapers, in an account of a masonic procession, that there had been carried "the relic*t* of General Washington, in an urn;" and I was stupid enough to inquire, how long a most respectable woman had been lost to the world, and since when the Americans had restored the practice of enclosing the ashes of the dead in urns. On another occasion, a gazetteer, conceiving, as I now suppose, that a foreign government laboured under some deception, perplexed me with the following exclamatory question: "Will the illusions of the British ministers never cease?" Is it possible, said I to myself, that Mr. Pitt, or any of his colleagues, has compromised the dignity of the British Crown, by indecent personalities, or national reflections, or—? But all this, Sir, is nothing, to the bewilderment into which I was thrown, by what I conceived the vast and extraordinary project of a writer, who strenuously and importunately exhorted his fellow-citizens to nothing less than going, one and all, "to the pole!"

Having never previously met with newspapers printed in this manner, it was not without some difficulty that I came at last to believe the assertions of those who declared, that the *remarkable passages* to which I allude were merely rendered so by the errors of the press: I did not easily credit, that publishers were capable of insulting their readers with such undisguised slovenliness, or that the American people would submit to be treated in so disrespectful a maner. When at length, however, my prejudices were somewhat relaxed, and I allowed myself to solicit explanation, a cynical sort of a gentleman set about to account for the patience of the public, by the impertinent application of a vulgar proverb, *A nod is as good as a wink*, &c.; but I "took by the throat the uncircumcised dog;"—and, for my part, I see in the affair nothing but the most conclusive evidence of the acuteness of the Americans. I have known readers who, as the Sailor in the *Cabinet* says of the Italians, "had not common sense enough to understand plain English;" whereas those who *understand* the American newspapers must do it with half an eye, upon the principle of *a word to the wise*, or, as HUDIBRAS would have had it, "by intuition!"

From this stretch of the faculties, Mr. Oldschool, I turned with pleasure to your Miscellany, and found myself refreshed with what, in my country, we call the *vulgar tongue*. I cannot say that I have rummaged the PORT FOLIO, but I have turned it over from morning till night, and it is not without difficulty, and after many efforts, that I lay it aside, to commit to paper a few of the many remarks or recollections which it has excited in my mind.

I thank you, in the name of every lover of the English language and of estimable genius, for that attention you pay to the works of our older poets. I accompany you with pleasure (agreeably with the expression you have yourself somewhere cited), to the rearward of our literature. I am sure that it is only there we can form the elegant English scholar.

But I should make my letter *lengthy*, if I were not to stop here, for the present. I am anxious to devote the little paper I have left to some select verses, which float in my memory. If you have not already treasured them up, I flatter myself that, by transcribing them into your *Album*, I shall make no unacceptable return for the pleasure I have received from the leaves that are already filled. If I am not mistaken, the first epigram is by the Reverend Mr. Beloe, the translator of Herodotus:

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To a young Lady who complained of a bloodshot eye.

Well! let it be said
That thine eye is all red,
Yet do not, dear CHLOE, be moody;
Since so many die
By the stroke of that eye,
What wonder the weapon is bloody?

From the German of Lessing.

Ah! why am I so transient, ask'd of JUPITER, BEAUTY?
Only the transient is fair, smiling answer'd the god!
LOVE, and YOUTH, and the SPRING, and the FLOW'RS, and the DEW, they all heard it;
Slowly, they turn'd away, weeping, from JUPITER's throne!

To a Boy blind of one eye, the son of a Lady also blind of one eye.

Sweet half-blind boy, born of a half-blind mother,
Equall'd by none, but by the one the other,
Give her thine eye, sweet boy! and she shall prove
The queen of beauty, thou, the god of love!

Epitaph on a Young Lady.

Sleep on in peace, obey th' Almighty's will,
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still!

Le Zéphir fut témoin, l'Onde fut attentive,
Quand la nymphe jura de ne changer jamais;
Mais le Zéphir léger, et l' Onde fugitive,
Ont bientôt emporté les sermens qu'elle a faits.

QUINAULT.

Dicit: sed mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,
Invento, et rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

CATULLUS.

Thus did the flatt'rer fondly swear,
But what, alas! are woman's vows?
Fit to be written but on air,
Or on the stream that swiftly flows!

Quidquid jurarunt ventus unda rapit.

The winds and waves bear all their oaths away.

PROPERTIUS.

In imitations of this kind, a poet makes the thoughts of other men his own creation.

The Epitaph, which has always been a favourite with me, I recognize in a form somewhat different, in the *Memoirs of the Life of Gilbert Wakefield*, who describes it as in his 'opinion exquisitely beautiful, and most happily allusive to that grand consolatory declaration in St. Luke,—*Neither can they die any more; for they are equal to the angels, and are children of God, being children of the resurrection.**

Mr. Wakefield accompanies these verses with a part of their history: 'In this very ancient church of St. Mary, [in Nottingham] of which mention is made in Doomsday-book, on the western side of the south wall, is a marble mural monument, erected by a fond husband, to the memory of his wife: after a short account of her family, her age, and the day of her death, follow these two lines.'

Rest, gentle shade! and wait thy Maker's will;
Then rise unchang'd, and be an angel still!"

METOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. FENNELL, who has ever been a favorite actor amongst those who know how to appreciate sterling merit, appeared on Monday evening, in the arduous part of *Zanga*, in the 'Revenge,' written by Dr. Young, author of the 'Night Thoughts,' &c. Some cavillers were inclined to exclaim, on this occasion, in the words of the Mantuan, *Heu mihi! qualis erat! quantum mutata!* But it is our opinion that Mr. Fennell has lost none of his former attractions. We observed, indeed, a nasal twang which he formerly had not; and which we are inclined to attribute to some temporary obstruction of the olfactory organs. His return to our boards was cheered by the reiterated plaudits of a select, though not very numerous, audience, and his expressions of gratitude bespoke the gentleman and the accomplished actor. We do not, indeed, always consider the clappings of hands to be proofs of merit in an actor; for the Philadelphia audience is prone to exercise their battledore palms upon very trivial occasions, and sink into profound apathy when their smiles and applause should reward the industrious and deserving performer. It is almost impossible to account for the attachment of the public to certain actors and actresses of our theatre, whose inatten-

* Chap. xx, 36.

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tion and blunders even disqualify them for the office of candle-snuffers.

We differ much from the Theatrical Censor in some of his opinions on this head, and shall devote an article ere long to a review of his work from the commencement. But, to return to Mr. Fennel. The manner in which he was welcomed was grateful to us, as we have long admired his brilliant accomplishments. As a reader he is, perhaps, inferior to none; as an actor, with some defects, he soars far above the reach of those we are accustomed to see. In *Zanga*, he exhibited a perfect knowledge of his author, and, different from the generality of performers, his animation increased with his fatigues, and rendered the last scene, which is the most trying, one of the greatest treats we ever witnessed.

Mr. Wood, whether he was intimidated by the presence of so perfect an actor, or oppressed by some other weight, never appeared to us to such disadvantage as this evening.

Mrs. Woodham has a good person, but she requires more strength of voice, and more animation, for the part of Leonora. Where was Mrs. Wignell?

The whole performance, in fact, resembled perfectly a cloudy April day, illumined at intervals by the beams of the sun.

In the afterpiece of *Love à la Mode*, we were much disappointed in Mr. M'Kenzie's *Sir Archy*, which is a tame uncharacteristic performance. We were in hopes, from Mr. M'K.'s broad accent in English parts, that we should have had at least good Scotch from him in the whimsical baronet.

Mr. Harwood represented the Hiberian *jontleman* with much humour. His song was justly encored, and we observed none of the stale jargon in the character which creeps into the performance of buffoons.

Mr. Oldschool,

In the 'Theatrical Censor' of last week I observed a letter, dictated perhaps by reason, but rather severe on one of our stage-divinities. Venus, in the eyes of the author, is too heavily clad in blue and silver, or gold, and her wearing shoes and stockings is deemed by him uncharacteristic of the Cytherean queen. Now, Mr. Oldschool, do not you suppose, that if Venus, or any other goddess, had taken it into her head to cross the Atlantic, at this season of the year, that she would have procured warm habiliments, and not disdained to wear even worsted hose? Would she not have found a great difference between this climate and that of the Grecian archipelago? Besides, sir, shoes in modern times are preferable to sandals, on many accounts; they confine the foot within proper limits, and hide its deformities. The sandal could only be used with effect by those who possessed small handsome feet; and what Mr. Bottom calls a comfortable pair of shoes and stockings, were certainly very judiciously chosen by the lady in question. Mrs. Seymour probably had read a translation of that passage of Catullus, which so plainly marks the necessity of a thick sole:

Quò mea se MOLLI CANDIDA DIVA PEDE
Intulit, et trito fulgentem in limine plantam
Innixa argutâ constituit solea.

Argutâ, says a learned commentator, is construed by many as *exiguâ;* a small foot being esteemed a beauty, according to Ovid; but Catullus here certainly refers to the noise of the shoe, grateful to the lover's ear; as it argued his mistress not far distant. Mrs. Seymour, doubtless, had an eye to the 'vocal heel' mentioned by Phillips in his 'Splendid Shilling.'

To my aërial citadel ascends,
With VOCAL HEEL, &c.

To tell you the truth, Mr. Oldschool, I was glad to find something vocal, among our theatrical females.

Crispin Crispianus.

For the Port Folio.

SACRED MUSIC.

Mr. Oldschool,

I AM astonished that, amongst a people so generally devout as the Philadelphians, more encouragement is not given to sacred music. I have been more deeply impressed with the power and goodness of the Supreme Being, at an oratorio, than I could have been by

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a discourse from the most eloquent preacher of our time. A particular instance of this occurred to me in a visit to Paris some years since. I went to hear 'The Last Judgment,' composed by Gluck and Salieri; and the effect it had on me will never be obliterated from my memory.

The piece opens with a tremendous din of cymbals and trumpets, announcing the destruction of the universe: a chorus of people now join to express their terror, and the remorse inspired by their sins. At the moment they exclaim, 'Whither shall we fly? where hide our heads?' the noise redoubles, and the crash of the *gong*, an instrument borrowed from the Chinese, whose sound may be heard at several miles' distance, added to the full effect of the whole orchestra, seemed to indicate the dissolution of nature, and the commencement of chaos. Suddenly, soft melodious strains announced the coming of the Saviour. He appears, and in recitative addresses the elect, whilst the instruments are just heard, as at a distance:

Come, ye beloved of my father,
Receive the kingdom prepared for you;
. . . . . .
Come, witness my glory;
Share in my victory;
And reign at my right hand!

Then, addressing the wicked, he says, *Go, ungrateful children*, &c. As soon as their sentence is pronounced, they raise a chorus of rage and despair, whilst the blessed sing their happiness. This contrast is so admirably managed, as to give an effect indescribable, and wonderfully affecting.

The piece is a kind of Melodrame, invented by the immortal Gluck; a singular anecdote of whom is told in relation to "The Last Judgment." Gluck, having reflected for a long time on the manner in which he should make the Messiah sing, consulted M. Salieri, who found himself as much embarrassed as his coadjutor. 'Well,' replied the author of Iphigenia, 'since we are both ignorant on this subject, I will within a fortnight hear the Saviour of the world himself.' Gluck died eight days after.

Yours, VIATOR.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

A literary journal, as was exemplified at the commencement of the Gentleman's Magazine and the Monthly Review, in England, if new and strange to the public, and if both wearisome and unprofitable to the editor, may, at least, be the herald of merit, and advance the reputation of others, though it procure but little for itself. If the conductor of such a Miscellany be persevering, like Cave, he may possibly, at length, obtain aid like Johnson, or patronage liberal as its plan, and wide as its currency. If such a work cannot boast of the inspiration of Genius or the rewards of Munificence or the breath of Fame, still it may fill the measure of useful duty, and can *advertise*, though its Editor cannot invent, and though its correspondents will not interfere.

These remarks will apply to a publication, on the plan of The Port Folio. Commenced at a sinister epoch, and continued through many difficulties, exposed to the cavils of party, though pure of any but honest purposes, and neglected sometimes in consequence of the ill health and embarrassments of the editor, it has always lent a prompt and spontaneous aid to every literary enterprise in the country. This sort of suit and service we gladly pay to the author and the bookseller, and we are never employed more satisfactorily to ourselves, than when we act as the harbingers of books of unquestionable utility.

Mr. William Poyntell, a gentleman of liberal fortune, extensive views, and accurate judgment in the business of literature, having in connexion with Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, one of the most enterprising, active, and persevering booksellers in the country, established on a wide and permanent basis what, with perfect propriety, they denominate a *Classic Press*, many of the Latin classics have appeared much to the credit of the proprietors. But the Greek language being, in Milton's phrase, 'somewhat of a higher mood,' no types extant in the country, scarcely a printer capable of correcting the text, and, moreover, the demand for Greek books in America being pretty liberally supplied by the trade in England, the republication of a book in the language of HOMER was for a long time considered by the timidity of some, and the ignorance of others, as a most desperate undertaking. What, however, appears dim and dubious to vulgar eyes is perfectly luminous and defined to those who, as BURKE says, 'have *long views*,' and survey a great and commanding object, through the unerring perspective of sagacity. Mr. Poyntell and his associates did not hesitate a moment in selecting for the use of the classical scholars in America, one of the most entertaining and instructive books ever composed by an Athenian general. This was the Cyropædia,

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of whose style and of whose author, bishop Huntingford, one of the best Greek scholars in Europe, thus highly speaks.

'Xenophon, of all others, is the most chaste, pure, simple, and elegant in his style and diction. In the plan of his CYROPÆDIA there is so much invention, such just conception of the endowments requisite towards constituting an illustrious and good character in the virtues ascribed to Cyrus, so much propriety in the words and actions of the several personages introduced; so much attic festivity in the symposiack parts, and so much civil, military, political, and religious wisdom in the more serious dialogues, that, for genius and useful knowledge and instruction, the Cyropædia, perhaps, is superior to any work whatever either of PLATO or ARISTOTLE.'

Having chosen one of the most valuable books in the Greek language, the next care of the proprietors of the Classic Press was to select a good edition for an exemplar. Hutchinson's *admirable* edition, as it is styled by the best bibliographists, was chosen, the errors which had crept into it by the ignorance or oscitancy of the London booksellers were every where expunged, and the text carefully collated with the fine edition of Leunclavius; recourse being occasionally had to that of H. Stephens, that of Castalio, at Basil, and lastly, those of Weiske and Zeunius, at Leipsic.

But a greater difficulty than the choice of an author or edition remained. This was to find a printer and editor in one, who should be able not only to execute the work neatly, but with a critic's exactness. By the recommendation of the writer of this article, Mr. John Watts, bred at Oxford, and brother to Richard Watts, the patentee of the university press at Cambridge, was chosen. This gentleman, who, in addition to an academical education, had been regularly bred a printer and corrector of the press, and who, during a tour of considerable duration on the continent of Europe, had worked in the printing-offices of the celebrated Didot, at Paris, and Bodoni, at Parma, seemed, in the estimation of a friend, who well knew his merit, fully competent to do justice to a Greek classic. Nor has the event disappointed expectation. When the republication of Xenophon commenced, no Greek types had ever been cast in the country. In a short period, two large founts were executed under the direction of Mr. Watts, by Messrs. Binny and Ronaldson, whose ingenuity compensated for their want of practice in casting a character perhaps more complex and difficult than those of any other language. Within a short time, an immense edition of the Cyropædia has been struck off, which, if we regard either the accuracy or the beauty of the workmanship, may challenge a fair comparison with any European edition. Nay, it is so much superior to the *last* London edition, designed expressly for the use of schools and private gentlemen, that more than one thousand errors have been reformed in the copy.

We should do injustice to our enthusiasm in support of literature, if we did not congratulate the country on this attempt to introduce the Greek classics to her studious sons. The value of classical learning begins to be justly estimated even in America. All other learning is dross, compared to the pure gold from the Athenian and Roman mine. No man ever wrote or spoke in the style of sterling purity, harmony and dignity, who could not read and relish the fine authors of antiquity, who was not inflamed by the generous ardour of their sentiments, and who was not enraptured with the polished graces of their style. When the frothy harangues and Declarations of republican factions pass like bubbles away, when fanatic sermons become each school-boy's jest, and French philosophy, the spider's web, is brushed by the wing of Time, the works of a Homer, a Plato, a Xenophon, and an Aristotle, together with the splendid monuments of *Roman* ingenuity, will still delight men in the studious cloister, and assist them in the active forum.

Considerable progress is made by Mr. Watts in the printing of Leusden's Greek Testament, for Messrs. Poyntell and Co. No portable edition is better accommodated to the use of schools than this, which, free from those awkward abbreviations of the Greek character, that only serve to perplex and irritate the Tyro, exhibits a collateral version in the latinity of Ariæus Montanus, so faithful, simple and perspicuous, that the learner, with ordinary diligence, cannot fail of soon obtaining a knowledge of the original. The useful labour of the Utrecht professor has been proved by his notation of the *idioms* of the New Testament, and by several other improvements; but, whatever care might have been bestowed by Leusden, in 1698, upon the correction of the text, it appears that the late London editions by the company of booksellers are shamefully neglected. With a just regard for their own reputation, and a generous care for the interests of literature, the proprietors have engaged Mr. Watts not merely to print the book, but prepare the copy; and who with a degree of judgment and skill, honourable to his character as a classical scholar, has very carefully revised this edition, corrected many errors on the Greek side, and compared the close version of the Spanish monk with the more liberal interpretation of Theodore Beza. We have no hesitation in declaring that this Greek Testament will not only excel the London copies in the beauty and perspicuity of the print, but will be found corrected in many places, and improved in some. The whole impression, at once large and cheap, will appear in the spring. This invaluable book, as exhibited by Leusden,

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ranks among the useful, rather than among the critical or splendid editions; but though it be not magnificent, like the Paris folio, or beautiful as the Elzevirs, though it be not encumbered by the notes of Joseph Scaliger, nor illustrated by the sagacity of Erasmus, the researches of Wetstein, the conjectures of Bowyer, and the various readings by Mill, still, with only the humble pretensions of a school-book, it has a claim both to private and public regard.

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me,
So, ladies, you have warning.
OLD BALLAD.

That profound philosopher and elegant scholar, Dugald Stewart, in his masterly account of the Life and Writings of Dr. Robertson, introduces the following comparison between the style of the historian of Mary, and the historian of England. No preference is given; and, though the caution of Mr. Stewart is visible, yet there is not the least glimpse of partiality. The quotation from Quintilian well illustrates the difference between the genius of Hume and Robertson.

It is not my intention to attempt a parallel of these two eminent writers: nor, indeed, would the sincerity of their mutual attachment and the lively recollection of it, which still remains with many of their common friends, justify me in stating their respective merits in the way of opposition. Their peculiar excellences, besides, were of a kind so different, that they might be justly said (in the language which a Roman critic employs in speaking of Livy and Sallust) to be *pares magis quam similes*. They divide between them the honor of having supplied an important blank in English literature, by enabling their countrymen to dispute the palm of historical writing with the other nations of Europe. Many have since followed their example in attempting to bestow interest and ornament on different portions of British story; but the public voice sufficiently acquits me of any partiality when I say, that hitherto they have only been followed at a distance. In this respect, I may with confidenc apply to them the panegyric whic Quintilian pronounces on the two grea historians of ancient Greece; and, per haps, if I were inclined to characteriz the beauties most prominent in each, might without much impropriety ava myself of the contrast with which th panegyric concludes: "Historiam mu ti scripsêre, sed nemo dubitat duos lo ge cæteris præferendos, quorum divers virtus laudem pene est parem consecut Densus et brevis et semper instans sil Thucydides. Dulcis et candidus et fl sus Herodotus. Ille concitatis, hic re missis affectibus melior. Illi vi, hic vo luptate."

Gibbon in his 'Memoirs' has ver generously praised his rival and con temporary historians, and, as might b expected from the peculiarities of hi own style, gives a decided preference t Hume. The opinion is so well expre sed, that it is worth quoting.

'The old reproach that no Britis altars had been raised to the muse o History, was recently disproved by th first performances of Robertson an Hume, the histories of Scotland an of the Stuarts. I will assume the pre sumption of saying that I was not un worthy to read them: nor will I dis guise my different feelings in the re peated perusals. The perfect composit on, the nervous language, the well-turn ed periods of Dr. Robertson inflame me to the ambitious hope that I migh one day tread in his footsteps: the cal philosophy, the careless inimitable bea ties, of his friend and rival, often force me to close the volume with a mix sensation of delight and despair.'

We cannot, however, imitate the di creet silence of Mr. Stewart, or M Gibbon's partiality to Hume. The sty of this latter author, owing perhaps his long residence in France, is e tremely infected with Gallicisms, a a complete list would astonish the E glish critic and scholar. Hume, mo over, is often loose and careless in co struction; and though he is unquesti ably a graceful and an elegant writ and, perhaps, unrivalled in the cle ness and fluency of his narrative;

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in dignity, in strength, in harmony and in purity, he is surpassed by Robertson, who in his History of Scotland, his first and, in our opinion, his happiest production, has exhibited a model of English composition superior to the style of any of his countrymen.

One of the best French Journals we have ever received, *l'Esprit des Journaux*, contains the following arch song. It is so remarkable for that sprightliness peculiar to the French *Chansons*, that we wish some of our gayer poets would give it in an English dress.

I.A JARRETIERE.

Maudit soit l'Auteur indiscret,
Né pour tourmenter ses confrères,
Qui, me choisissant un sujet
Me fait chanter la jarretière,
Je crains ou de vous dormir,
Ou d'être accusé d'indécence:
N'importe, il faut vous obeir,
Mais, honi soit qui mal y pense.

Pour en parler plus savamment,
Me trouvant auprès de Glycère,
Je la suppliai poliment
De me prêter la jarretière;
En vain je priai; je trouvai
Trop de vertu, de resistance;
Adroitement je l'enlevai,
Mais, honi soit qui mal y pense.

Je voulus après, tendrement,
Par mes soins calmer sa colère;
Mais elle me dit durement,
Je veux avoir ma jarretière.
D'elle alors je me rapprochai,
Et, pour réparer mon offense,
Moi-même je la rattachai,
Mais, honi soit qui mal y pense.

C'est ainsi qu'un traité de paix
Enfin arrangea nos affaires;
Depuis elle ne m'a jamais
Su refuser sa jarretière;
C'est toujours moi qui la defais,
Et, jugez de sa confiance,
C'est toujours moi, qui la remets;
Mais, honi soit qui mal y pense.

Dieu, que j'ai découvert d'appas
Dans son cœur, dans son caractère!
Mais, je ne la connaissais pas,
Avant d'avoir sa jarretière;
Ah, avoir d'un objet qui plaît
Une parfaite connaissance,
Amis, voilà le vrai secret—
Mais, honi soit qui mal y pense.

Sir William Ouseley has translated literally, from the Persian of Hosein, the following Song, which we shall be glad to see in a poetical dress by 'BATISTO,' or 'ASMODEO.'

So delightful is the air which our minstrel now sings,
That, if he continue the strain, my companions will not recover their senses.
So delicious is this wine that, if the cupbearer give us more from the same jar,
The gravest of our company will envy the tavern keeper.
But the song of the minstrel cannot banish love from my heart,
Nor the ruby-colour'd wine efface the image of my beloved.
I cannot find words to describe the happiness I enjoy when she is present;
Still less am I able to express the affliction which I suffer in her absence.
Among the cypresses of the grove, she is the most graceful;
No flower-garden produces so beautiful a rose.
This letter, perfum'd by her touch, declares the approach of my beloved,
As the gale, impregnated with musk, announces the caravan from Tartary.
Amid the shades of night, a weary traveller, I have lost my way;
But, lo! Hosein's lovely moon appears, and he no longer wishes for the dawn.

Impromptu of a Gascon poet, upon the present state of France.

FRANCE, ton roi decapité
Est remplacé par un nain Corse!
Adieu ce systeme vanté
Dont jadis on t'offroit l'amorce.
Tandis— quelle fatalité!
De l'arbre de la liberté,
Il ne te reste que l'écorce. (Le Corse)

The equivoque between *l'écorce* and *Le Corse* cannot be rendered into any language besides the French, pronounced with the Gascon accent.

The ensuing paragraph, descriptive of the dullness of prolix narrative, is a very happy specimen of GOLDSMITH'S ease in writing.

Sir Paul told his lordship a long story of Moravia the Jew; and his lordship gave Sir Paul a very long account of his new method of managing silk-worms. He led him, and consequently the rest of the company, through all the stages of feeding, sunning and hatching; with an *episode*, on mulberry-trees, a *digression* upon grass-seeds, and a long *parenthesis* about his new postilion.

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Lee, in his 'Princess of Cleves,' very poetically and accurately describes the agitation of a love-sick mind. It must be remembered that the poet is painting that species of the passion which Thomson has so admirably analyzed in his 'Spring,' where 'the aspiring youth' loves, as the French say, '*à la folie.*'

——— To dream all day
To pass the night in broken sleeps away;
Toss'd in the restless tides of hopes and fears,
With eyes forever running o'er with tears,
To leave the couch and fly to beds of flowers,
T' invoke the stars to curse the dragging hours,
To stalk like madmen, to the groves and bowers.

SALLUST, who with the sagacity of a Shakespear, saw through human nature, has accurately described the genuine motives which impel the *needy villain* to disturb the tranquillity of a settled government.

'Erat, eodem tempore, C. Piso, *summæ audaciæ, egens, factiosus*, quem ad *perturbandam* rempublicam, *inopia*, atque *mali mores* stimulabant.

The enumeration of the companions of Catiline in his nefarious conspiracy against the Roman government, is a complete list of all those who, in the beginnings of civil discord, crowd round the standard of rebellion.

'In *tanta*, tamque *corrupta* civitate, Catilina, id, quod factu facillimum erat, omnium flagitiorum, atque facinorum circum se, tamquam stipatorum catervas habebat, nam quicunque——bona patria laceraverat; quique alienum res grande conflaverat, quo flagitium aut facinus redimeret; præterea, omnes undique sacrilegi, *convicti judiciis*, aut pro factis judicium timentes; postremo, omnes quos flagitium, egestas, conscius animus exagitabat; ii Catilinæ proximi, familiaresque erant.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend W. will revisit our readers shortly, but at present, like the duke of Buckingham in Henry VIII, 'an untimely ague stays him a prisoner in his chamber.'

The complaint of an uxorious 'HUSBAND' against a handsome but extravagant spouse, is inadmissible; for it is improper to make the Port Folio a journal of *domestic* bickerings. The case of this husband is, however, a very hard one. Like Shakespear's 'Michael Cassio,' our correspondent seems to be

'A fellow almost *damn'd* with a *fair wife.*'

The *English* author of 'The Coronation of Bonaparte,' a poem of the purest splendor, and which we have preserved as we would a *gem*, is most earnestly requested to contribute to this Journal.

We hope, very shortly, to have a more frequent intercourse with the Edinburgh Reviewers, a confederacy of young men, who, whether we consider them as fine writers, or well-principled wits, or judicious critics, are an ornament to literature and the glory of the country which gave them birth.

'Beaumont' has been profoundly silent for a longer period than that complained of in Horace:

Sic rarò scribis ut toto non quater anno
Membranam poscas, scripturam quæque retexens.

We have perused with much pleasure the Letter on the Influence of Sacred Music upon the mind. The author's sentiments are in perfect *harmony* with our feelings. While we studiously stop our ears to the nasal twang of the fanatics, we hearken with extacy to the organ. 'Let others only warble *long*, and *gargle* in their throats a song,' but

Let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the *high embowed* roof,
With *antique pillars* massy proof;
And *storied windows richly dight*,
Casting a dim religious light:
There let the PEALING ORGAN blow
To the *full-voic'd quire* below,
In *service high*, and *anthems clear*,
As may with sweetness through mine ear
Dissolve me into extacies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.

'The Rural Wanderer,' though his walks may be lonely, and his favourite haunts sylvan, will not disgust the most fastidious city reader by an awkward air, or a provincial tone.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Twelve lines of the following were originally intended by the author as a *Song*. He afterwards continued the effusion to its present length. B.

THE DREAM.

Star of the night! propitious shine,
And be the dawn of rapture thine!
Oh light me to the hallow'd kiss,
And hold thy vigils o'er our bliss!
Sweet star! at least, be mine the maid
In visionary smiles array'd;
At least, if vainly I have sigh'd,
Oh let me dream the bliss denied!
Dawn, gentle Planet of repose!
Thy silent reign shall sooth my woes;
For sailing on thy dewy beam
Thou'lt give Serena to my dream!
Oh paint the breathing lip's moist hue,
The pensive eye of liquid blue,
The conscious blush—the infant tear
Just trembling on its native sphere;
And paint those living orbs of snow—
And I'll be blest, sweet star, in seeming so!
Yes! 'tis her smile—I know it well!
—'tis her own bosom's infant swell;
—'tis the blue gleam of her eye;
—'tis the murmur of her sigh—
Close prest to *mine*, I feel her flutt'ring heart—
Strike Fate!—their pulses never—never part.

LODINUS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL.

Having been so fortunate as to obtain the following lines from their author, I feel a sincere pleasure in transmitting them to the editor of the Port Folio; estimating the most classical publication of the United States as a proper medium for the tribute thus paid to merits and talents, which, with the single exception of the amiable and eloquent Ames, may be considered *unrivalled* by any competition in Massachusetts. It further appears, that this tribute was induced by an attack, smuggled into a democratic paper of Boston, under the tawdry garb of an insidious compliment, vainly aimed at *One* no less distinguished for superior genius, than for personal virtues, and honourable principles.

AMICUS.

TRIBUTARY LINES

Inscribed to the Honorable Harrison Gray Otis.

Grac'd as thou art, what wrangling rival dare
Approach the chaplet which thy temples wear,
A chaplet varied as thy powers, and known
To bloom, and ripen in their blaze alone!
Whether around *the forum's* sacred shrine,
The sparkling gems of cultured genius shine,
Or where the senate's circling seniors stand,
Its *sceptre* trusted to thy *younger* hand,—
Thy voice a charm—ATTENTION rests to hear—
Her warm cheek glistening with the raptured tear
Or—by the virtues led—in life's best hour,
Auspicious fame invite the dream of pow'r,
Vision beloved—a patriot people's pray'r
Shall meet the triumph of thy genius there.
CHIEF OF THEIR CHOICE, to thee their suffrage rise,
Though searching *malice* wake her thousand eyes!
Though *secret envy* follow as you move,
False, with her smiles, and trick'd in words of love,
One speaking glance shall bid the phantoms fade,
Yours the day's lustre, theirs the midnight shade.

Let party rage the *insidious slander* aim!
Still lives the rising splendor of thy name;
Soon, in meridian height, shall glorious shine,
While low, and lost, the obstructing clouds decline.

RONDEAU.

From the French of Charles d'Orleans, father of Louis XII.

Time has his cloak laid down again
Of frost, and snow, and wind, and rain,
And blithe appears, in broider'd vest,
In flow'rs and brightest sunshine drest!
No beast that walks, no bird that flies,
But, in its jargon, gaily cries,
Time has his cloak laid down again
Of frost, and snow, and wind, and rain!

THE ASS BECOME A FLUTE-PLAYER.

From the Spanish of Yriarte.

Good Sirs! or ill or well,
A short story I'll tell,
Of what lately befel,
Accidentally.
O'er a green field of grass,
It just now came to pass,
There did stray a young Ass,
Accidentally.
And in this Ass's way,
I have also to say,
There a little flute lay,
Accidentally.
Well, the flute he espied,
He smelt to it, and pry'd,
And into it he sigh'd,
Accidentally.
Now, the air in the flute,
Did not pass through it mute,
Although breath'd by a brute,
Accidentally.

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Cried the Ass, how divine
Is this music of mine!
And say, who shall revile
The sweet assinine style?
Without compass, or chart,
Without canons of art,
See an Ass play his part,
Accidentally!

HAPPINESS.

(*From the French Stanzas inserted in the Port Folio*, vol. v, O. S. No. 45.)

Ovid, what though the Graces strung
The silver lyre to which he sung,
Too frequent, in delirium tost,
Wand'ring far, his subject lost:
His lively voice our ears approving,
His pencil wakes and fires the heart;
But, while he taught the Art of Loving,
He but taught seduction's art.

Anacreon, charming toper! told
The joys of frolic, wine, and love;
And, singing still the rose, or dove,
Away his gentle hours roll'd:
Cnidus' goddess still obeying,
Laughing, in his sweet career,
To Happiness he oft drew near,
Down the dance with Pleasure straying.

To sing of girls the yielding eyes,
Ill it befits the lover's trade;
If bright renown the poet prize,
True Happiness adores the shade:
Disliking much the boastful tongue,
Whoso emblazons it, destroys;
It flies from glory, shrinks from noise;
How then can Happiness be sung?

Thou, secretly its steps pursue;
Thou, skilfully its gifts increase;
Thou, to enjoy it, hold thy peace;
And, more than all, in love be true!
To be happy, love thou ever;
If happy one, examin'd, prove,
He it is who chang'd has never,
Home, friends, his wishes, or his love!

WRITTEN IN THE COUNTRY.

Addressed to ———

Sweet Autumn! in thy russet glade
Life's waning charms I see;
Yet, ere thy rainbow tints shall fade,
Wrap me within the pensive shade,
Sacred to Sympathy.

Hark! 'tis the hollow gale I hear,
Hastening the stern decree,
Which brings the ravaged season near;
Hills, vales, and cottages, appear,
In silent Sympathy.

Rifled on yonder dusky plain,
Droops the lone willow tree;
Its leafless branch (dripping with rain)
Waves to the deeply murmur'd strain,
Of plaintive Sympathy.

Despotic time unpitying views
Pleasure's light moments flee,
Whilst Fancy sprinkles balmy dews,
And gives to Nature's mellow hues
A glow of Sympathy.

The golden wing of youthful years
Wafted delight to me:
Soft retrospect my bosom cheers,
And glistening through pale Sorrow's tears
Awaken Sympathy.

'Twas then, in morning radiance drest,
Guileless, and gay and free,
That fond affection gently prest,
Close to my timid trembling breast,
The Cherub Sympathy.

Yes, 'twas that eye of ray benign—
That voice of melody,
Which bade my heart, at friendship's shrine,
Mingle its inmost thoughts with thine,
In tender Sympathy.

E.

[In 1794, the gallant Howe had repeatedly cruised many months without beating the French, for a very obvious reason—they were afraid of meeting him. During this period of inaction, the Jacobins used to observe sneeringly, "Lord, How he goes out, and Lord, How he comes in!" At last the enemy ventured out, and the result is known. Hence the following

EPIGRAM.

On Lord Howe's Victory, June 1, 1794.

As *Traitors* so lately exclaimed with a grin,
"Lord, How he goes out, and Lord, How he comes in!"
We now to the Traitors themselves may appeal,
With "Lord, How did they stare, and Lord, How did they feel!"

Come, Kate, be quick and make my bed
Now tuck the feet, now place the head;
I'll kiss you, if you don't bestir ye,
Quoth Kate, I can't abide *to hurry*.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per Annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

No. 4.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, February* 1, 1806. [Vol. I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 155.

Topsy on easy nymphs they range the shade,
And vainly boast of innocence betray'd;
Chaste hearts, unlearn'd in falsehood, they assail,
And think our ears will drink the grateful tale!
GAY.

Ah misera! assiduis quam luctibus externavit
Spinosas Erycina serens in pectore curas!
CATULLUS.

IT ought not to surprise us, that men betray the secrets of others, while we see them without wit enough to keep their own. We shall often find them making a public show of actions, which the least impulse of self-love should teach them to conceal.

There are crimes, concerning the turpitude of which the world is happily agreed; but I have remarked, with concern, that the breach of faith with woman is not of the number:

This prince, for virtue so rever'd and fam'd,
Thinks perjury and ingratitude no crimes!
Seems to forget he ever lov'd, then left
A helpless maid to mourn her easy faith!

I know very well, that the multitude of facts which range under the general title of seduction, differ very much from each other, and ought not to be spoken of in indiscriminate terms. It is this mixed character of the thing which leads to the want of unanimity in the judgment pronounced. We are alternately told of the perfidy of the men, and the levity of the women; and both, it is not to be doubted, with truth; but we are not thence to conclude that the principles of right and wrong are perplexed, or inapplicable here. I require of no man more than probity requires. Let him speak the truth, and keep his word, and I have nothing to say; but, when I talk of his word, let him not imagine that I have in view only a formal promise. He that woos a woman (if a phrase so poetical may be allowed me), nay, to prevent all cavilling, he that accepts the person of a woman (I am certainly not speaking of public women), makes her an implied promise of a very important kind. It were easy to show, from the very nature of things, from the helplessness of a mother, and the active powers of a man, that there subsists, without verbal recognition, an engagement on the part of the latter to support, protect, and "cherish," the woman who commits herself to his arms.

When I speak of a virtuous woman, I beg I may not be understood to exclude every one but such as is—

A cake of ice,
Whom all the love in th' empire cannot thaw.

I think proper to settle this point with my reader, before I proceed.

He that betrays a woman, does so either through determined villany, thoughtlessness, or an unpremeditated breach of contract. In the first character,

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I might, perhaps not unavailingly, attempt to rouse some feelings favourable to my purpose; but the second, and third, demand much serious attention.

The thoughtless look at the world as the theatre on which their pleasures are to be enjoyed, and so far they are not in the wrong; but they must not enjoy their pleasures at the expense of the pains of others. Nay, they are not always so cruel; they do but participate pleasures, with others as thoughtless as themselves. I say, it becomes them to awaken. It becomes them to look at the world as the theatre, as well of pain as of pleasure, and not madly to follow the one, altogether forgetful of the other. I call upon them, in the midst of passion, to remember the natural engagement with its object, of which I have spoken; an engagement, the magnitude of which, in society, is increased both in scope and weight.

But I have heard language to which I reply, You who, though you would not compromise your honour by verbal falsehood, yet trifle at will with the happiness of your fellow-creatures, have you a heart hard enough to rest your defence on the doctrine, that you are free to seek your own pleasures; and, that the consequences to others is for their consideration, and no part of your concern? Are you, then, selfish enough to have no remorse for having been, in any shape, the cause of the miseries of others, so long as your too easy conscience do not load you with the guilt? "Lay not this flattering unction to your soul!" Be more generous, if not more innocent. Can you be without tenderness for her? Is your memory silent? Can she have been what she has been, and your heart not plead in her behalf?

Per connubia nostra, et incæptos hymenæos.

But, has the world given you the hopeful lesson, that persons like her have not your feelings?—Learn better!

Sir, the argument stands thus: Here is a creature born into the world; born with innocence and hope: you have destroyed both! You have interposed between her and the course of nature, and shut out all her prospects. She entered a life of uncertain colour, and it is you that have hung it all with black. Can you be at ease under this reflection? And will you talk of her weakness, and not of the cruelty that practised upon it? That weakness of which you speak left every thing to your honor. You see, then, that your honor is lost! Would you not say so on any similar occasion? Do you know what name we give to the ingenious gentleman that persuades a countryman to part with his money? I wish you to think on the matter thus; and to use the same honesty in your dealings with woman, that you think necessary between man and man. I wish strongly to impress on your mind, that by interfering with her destiny, you take upon yourself a high responsibility.—I am not deterred by the fear of being charged with extravagant digression, from saying that it is on this principle the Americans have a duty to perform toward HAMET BASHAW. He was taken from Egypt, I care not upon what terms; and to Egypt we are bound to carry him back.

The point of view in which I would engage men to look at this subject, is that which takes in the sufferings of a woman, seduced, and abandoned. The thoughtless persons of whom I have spoken are often the most well-meaning possible. But it is not enough to be well-meaning: we must think.—Without this, we shall often, with the bitterest anguish, see ourselves the cause of misery which no present effort of ours can assuage; and find, with horror, that in spite of a benignant heart, we have produced all the mischief that could have been effected by the most determined villain; and that, as we have performed the part, so we must submit to bear the name. I never think myself better employed than in addressing such a character as I have here in view. I love to warn him of unforeseen dangers. I love to watch his steps, to impede his progress in depravity, to disturb his slumbers, to recal him, "while time is;" and teach him, if not to repair the evil he has done, at least to do no more. I love to hold

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up, by anticipation, the picture of consequences; and, before it is too late, to force from him who compares the first scene with the last, the beginning with the end, the impressive exclamation,—

'That it should come to this!'

But, I do not confine myself to him. I do not hesitate to talk of sorrows, even to those who will hear them with more than a dry eye, and point out to them the terms and bearings of the precepts they despise.

An indifference to the considerations on which I insist belongs to a radical vice, which I conjure you to keep under. I mean that of disregarding the happiness of others, and making your own gratification the sole guide of your actions. Compassion, pity, charity, or by whatever name beside it may be called, is the parent of all the social virtues, as wisdom is, of those that center in ourselves. It is by the union of these qualities, therefore, that we become, at once, 'wise as serpents, and harmless as doves.' Sterne has an exquisite passage on this subject, which I wish every one to have by heart:

'Tis observable, in many places of scripture, that our blessed Saviour, in describing the day of judgment, does it in such a manner, as if the great inquiry then, was to relate principally to this one virtue of compassion—and as if our final sentence at that solemnity was to be pronounced exactly according to the degrees of it: "I was a hungered, and "ye gave me meat—thirsty, and ye "gave me drink—naked, and ye clothed "me—I was sick, and ye visited me— "in prison, and ye came unto me." Not that we are to imagine from thence as if any other good or evil action should then be overlooked by the eye of the All-seeing Judge; but barely to intimate to us, that a charitable and benevolent disposition is so principal and ruling a part of a man's character, as to be a considerable test by itself of the whole frame and temper of his mind, with which all other virtues and vices respectively rise and fall, and will almost necessarily be connected—Tell me therefore of a compassionate man, you represent to me a man of a thousand other good qualities—on whom I may depend—whom I may safely trust with my wife, my children, my fortune and reputation—'Tis for this, as the Apostle argues from the same principle, "that he will not commit adultery— "that he will not kill—that he will not "steal—that he will not bear false wit- "ness." *That is, the sorrows which are stirred up in men's hearts by such trespasses, are so tenderly felt by a compassionate man, that it is not in his power or his nature to commit them.*'

In short, on this turns the whole question. Shall we moderate all our desires, and control all our conduct, by a conscientious regard to the interests of others, or shall we pursue a pitiless career, treading upon this, justling that, overturning a third, rifling all we can reach, appropriating all things to ourselves, and replying to the cries, the tears, and the entreaties of those we have wounded, plundered, and thrown down for ever, by a brutal laugh?—Young man! there are such persons; but let the picture never apply to you. Have more respect for yourself. You were not made for this. I might ask you to have more respect for human nature; for that was not made for this. If any one tell you, that man should naturally pursue a selfish scheme of action, and that all tenderness for others is artificial and refined, turn from him as a calumniator, or rather as a fool. Sympathy is as much a part of your nature, as the principle of self-preservation. I am not contending for any outrageous doctrine of charity; but one that may be practised with but little self-denial, one to which every man is directed by his own heart, unless nature have used him like a step-mother, or unless he be a corrupted and unworthy son. The very brutes possess it, and shall imperial man renounce it? Shall we, with all our pride, be so humble (I would say so base, so vile) as to forgo our claims? To pride, mingled with so much meanness, how well may I apply the severe interrogation of the poet, 'Can he be great who sinks himself so low?'

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Multus homo est, Naso (nam tecum multus homo es), qui
Descendit?

I could cite a thousand instances of the display of sympathetic affections in brutes. The creation is not quite so much of a bear-garden as some imagine. I would not have men think so meanly of the place, nor of their company; but be upon their behaviour, lest it should turn out, that they are themselves the principal Hottentots of the assembly.

I do not teach that man comes into the world unempowered to satisfy his own wants, and procure his own enjoyments; but I say that, beside being charged to assist those of others, he has received a most strict injunction to serve himself, first without injury, and in any case with the least possible injury, or privation, with respect to his co-partners in life. Our first duty to the world is to do no wrong; our second, is to confer what benefit we can.

For my part, as I have already intimated, I am not disposed to give precepts of too circumscribing a nature. I think that much harm is done to morals, by a minute, vexatious, and I may say impertinent interference. I leave it to individuals to apply the laws of rectitude to their own conduct; but I wish them so to apply them. I will not decide upon this or that particular case. I will not say, for I do not know, how far you are in the wrong; but 'I am of opinion,' with the honest Irishman in the farce, 'that no man of honor should behave like a rascal.'

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[The Life of one, who, from the peculiarities of his situation, and the powers of his mind, has had the honour of being candidly described by no less than *four* different biographers, seems to deserve more than ordinary attention. Our curiosity will be still more kindled, when among those biographers we distinguish the names of Joseph Spence and of Henry Mackenzie. Nor have their labours been wasted on a barren topic. Blacklock, like Milton, was blind; and, with something like Milton's power, he 'bade all hinderance vanish before him.' Though nature and fortune, as it should seem, had interdicted him from the paths of literature, yet the eternally active mind will remove every obstacle, and, elastic and aspiring, will often rise, though under the 'iron sway' of adversity. The subject of this article triumphed. No accident could obscure the perfect vision of *Fancy's* eye, and no bleak gale of misfortune could chill the generous ardour of a poet's heart. His life is incentive to bold exertion; his fortitude will invigorate those, who are prone to faint in the race of life. His lays will satisfy and soothe the curious ear. His precepts will direct the young, and his piety warm the aged.]

The Life of BLACKLOCK has a claim to notice beyond that of most of the poets of our nation, with whom he is now associated. He who reads his poems with that interest which their intrinsic merit deserves, will feel that interest very much increased, when he shall be told the various difficulties which their author overcame in their production, the obstacles which nature and fortune had placed in his way, to the possession of those ideas which his mind acquired, and to the communication of those which his poetry unfolds.

A short 'Account of the Life and Writings' of this extraordinary man, was prefixed to the second edition on his *Poems*, printed at Edinburgh, in 1754, by his friend Mr. Gilbert Gordon of Dumfries, author of 'Taste, an Epistle to a Lady,' in Donaldson's 'Collection of Poems,' 1760. A more elaborate 'Account of his Life, Character and Poems,' was given to the world by Mr. Spence, the amiable and elegant author of the 'Essay on Pope's Odyssey,' 'Polymetis,' &c. &c. in an 8vo pamphlet, published at London in the same year, and afterwards prefixed to the 4to edition of his *Poems*, which came out by subscription at London in 1756. These accounts having been writen at a period so early as to include only the opening events of his life, a more full, accurate and interesting 'Account of his Life and Writings,' was prefixed to the 4to edition of his *Poems*, printed at Edinburgh in 1793, by Henry Mackenzie, Esq. author of 'The Prince of Tunis,' 'The Man of Feeling,' and other ingenious and elegant performances.

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The facts stated in the present account, are chiefly taken from Mr. Mackenzie's narrative, which is written with such copiousness of intelligence, as leaves little to be supplied, and such felicity of performance, as precludes the most distant hope of improvement. Among the few additional particulars detailed here, the present writer has endeavoured to give a complete account of his writings, the want of which is the principal defect in Mr. Mackenzie's narrative.

Thomas Blacklock was born at Annan, in the county of Dumfries, Nov. 10, 1721. His parents were natives of the county of Cumberland. His father was by trade a bricklayer, his mother the daughter of a considerable dealer in cattle; both respectable in their characters, and it would appear possessed of considerable knowledge and urbanity, which, in a country where education was cheap, and property a good deal subdivided, was often the case with persons of their station.

Before he was six months old, he was totally deprived of his eye-sight by the small-pox, and reduced to that forlorn situation so feelingly described by himself in his *Soliloquy*. This rendered him incapable of any of those mechanical trades to which his father might naturally have been inclined to breed him, and his circumstances prevented his aspiring to the higher professions. The good man, therefore, kept his son in his house, and, with the assistance of some of his friends, fostered that inclination which he early shewed for books, by reading, to amuse him; first the simple sort of publications which are commonly put into the hands of children, and then several passages out of some of our poets. His companions, whom his early gentleness, and kindness of disposition, as well as their compassion for his misfortune, strongly attached to him, were very assiduous in their good offices, in reading to instruct and amuse him. By their assistance, he acquired some knowledge of the Latin tongue; but he never was at a grammar-school, till at a more advanced period of life. Poetry was even then his favourite reading, and he found an enthusiastic delight in the works of Milton, Spenser, Prior, Pope and Addison, and in those of his countryman, Ramsay. From loving and admiring them so much, he soon was led to endeavour to imitate them; and, when scarce twelve years of age, he began to write verses. Among these early essays of his genius, there was one addressed *To a little girl, whom he had offended, written at twelve years of age*, which is preserved in his works, and is not perhaps inferior to any of the premature compositions of boys, assisted by the best education, which are only recalled into notice by the subsequent fame of their author.

He had attained the age of nineteen, when his father was killed by the accidental fall of a malt-kiln belonging to his son-in-law. This loss, heavy to any one at that early age, would have been, however, to a young man possessing the ordinary advantages of education, comparatively light; but to him, thus suddenly deprived of that support on which his youth had leaned, destitute almost of any resource which industry affords to those who have the blessings of sight, with a body feeble and delicate from nature, and a mind congenially susceptible, it is not surprising that this blow was doubly severe, and threw on his spirits that despondent gloom to which he then gave way, and which sometimes overclouded them in the remaining period of his life.

Though dependent, however, he was not destitute of friends, and heaven rewarded the pious confidence which he expressd in its care, by providing for him protectors and patrons, by whose assistance he obtained advantages, which, had his father lived, might perhaps never have opened to him.

He lived with his mother about a year after his father's death, and began to be distinguished as a young man of uncommon parts and genius. These were at that time unassisted by learning; the circumstances of his family affording him no better education than the smattering of Latin which his companions had taught him, and the peru-

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sal and recollection of the few English authors, which they, or his father, in the interval of his professional labours, had read to him.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The *Theatrical Censor* of Saturday last, in commenting on Mr. Fennell's performance of *Hamlet*, proposes a reading of SHAKESPEARE to which I find myself unable to agree. For the better support of my own opinion, I shall quote the passage rather more at large than it has been done by the *Censor*. It occurs in *Act* 1, *scene* 2.

Horatio.
I came, my lord, to see your *father's* funeral.
Hamlet.
I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow student;
I think it was to see my *mother's* wedding.
Horatio.
Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
Hamlet.
Thrift, thrift, Horatio! The fun'ral bak'd-meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My *father*,—Methinks I see my father.
Horatio.
O where, my lord?
Hamlet.
In my mind's eye, Horatio.
Horatio.
I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
Hamlet.
He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Mr. Fennell, it seems, reads, 'He *was* a man;' and the *Censor*, 'He was a *man*:' I read,

Hĕ wăs ă măn, take him for all in all, &c.

If Mr. Fennell read, 'He *was* a man,' we must understand an opposition in point of *time*, of which, as it respects a dead man, I cannot discover either the use or beauty. But the *Censor* supposes that 'Shakespear undoubtedly meant to 'say, A *king*, he was more than a king; 'he was a *man*;—which includes all the 'qualities of earthly honor.' If the *Censor* be right, the lines ought to be punctuated thus:

He was a man. Take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

But did SHAKESPEARE 'undoubtedly mean' to say any such thing? Does not Hamlet merely take up and amplify the sentiment of Horatio, without, in the slightest degree, opposing or correcting it? I will give you my view of the whole passage I have quoted.

Horatio and Marcellus resolve on imparting to young Hamlet, what they have seen, and it is for this purpose they enter, in the scene before us. They find Hamlet in the midst of a melancholy and indignant soliloquy. Hamlet urges Horatio to say what is his 'affair in Elsineur.' Horatio replies,

My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Hamlet, whose thoughts are full of that very subject, together with his mother's hasty marriage, makes a very natural *correction:*

I think it was to see my *mother's* wedding.

But the mention of his father has fixed itself on his mind:

My father,—Methinks I see my father.

Horatio, who *has* seen his father, and whose present business it is to acquaint him with that event, is startled: he exclaims, with lively, yet moderate, emotion—

O where, my lord?

Relieved by Hamlet's reply—

In my mind's eye, Horatio;

and feeling it necessary to say something, and respectfully, of a man of whom, however, he knew but little, as well as to open what he has to relate, with evidence that he was not absolutely ignorant of the living person of Hamlet's father, he observes,

I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Now, it is not to the *time when* he was a 'goodly king,' nor to the specific qualities of a *king*, as opposed to the general qualities of a *man*, that Hamlet replies; but, to the epithet *goodly*. He is not anxious to shew that what is said of a dead person must be understood of what he *was*, and not what he *is;* nor is he *correcting* the language of Horatio, as to his calling his father a *king*, rather than a *man*. Indeed, it is as easy to understand by 'a goodly king,' one who possesses the good qualities of a

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king, and a *man*; as by 'man,' the inclusion of all the qualities of a *man* and a *king*.

Horatio, when he says of Hamlet's father, that he 'saw him once, he was a goodly king,' only imputes to him a respectable person, and kingly deportment, qualities which it was easy to discover at 'once' seeing; but Hamlet, who loved him much, and knew him better, assures his friend that there was a larger scope for panegyric. But what enlargement? That 'he was more than a king; he was a *man*?' No! surely; but that, allowing at the same time for human imperfection, he was more than *goodly*, whether in appearance or real character: 'He was a man,' no matter whether *man* or *king*; for the person spoken of was both, and the virtues attributed belonged to both;

He was a man, *take him for all in all,*
I [or *eye*] shall not look upon his like again!

The amount of my argument is, that Hamlet should reply neither with reference to *time*, nor to the title of *king*, but to *goodly*; and, if so, there will be no stress upon any part of that member of sentence,

He was a man—

I have inserted, between brackets, the emendation *eye*, for *I*; because I think, with those to whom it appears highly probable, that SHAKESPEARE so wrote it; and it must be allowed that this expression conveys a nobler, because bolder sentiment, than the other. By a construction of the common reading, it would be nothing to be wondered at, if we some day heard this beautiful antithesis:

Hamlet.
I shall not look upon his like again.
Horatio.
My lord, I think *I* saw him yesternight.

To the spirit of another criticism of the *Censor*, I wish not to conclude this letter, without subjoining my cordial subscription. I say spirit, because I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the remark, as applied to Mr. Fennell, not having had the pleasure of witnessing his performance of this part; a misfortune which must excuse my neglecting to add to these animadversions, those praises which all my friends assure me he fully earned.

Sir, the *Censor* observes, 'In the second scene, we do not admire Mr. Fennell's leaning against a tree, after he utters,

Whither wilt thou lead me? I'll go no further.

The agitation naturally occasioned by the presence of a ghost would chase away every idea of rest. Hamlet should not appear wearied, but, from the strong superstition of the times, be afraid to venture further, at the beck of a phantom.'

It is in the impropriety of this expression of weariness, on the part of Hamlet, that I thoroughly agree, though I would hold language in a slight degree different. The *Censor* is perfectly right in attributing Hamlet's reluctance to proceed, to fear rather than fatigue; but I am of opinion he might have found in the text, not only the most conclusive arguments upon this question, but a stricter view of the precise object of his fear. He is not afraid to follow the ghost of his father, but the simular of such a ghost. The idea that he may be imposed upon, that his senses may be abused by some demon, assuming the shape of his father, and tempting him to acts which, if the story of the murder were false, would be unjustifiable, is what possesses him from the first moment in which he hears of the ghost, and to satisfy which he prepares the *play*.

I'll have these play'rs
Play something like the murder of my father
Before my uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he do blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil; and the devil hath pow'r
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits),
Abuses me, to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this; the play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

It would be tedious to collect all the expressions of Hamlet, dictated by what, as it regards the Ghost, I have said is his ruling idea. It will be sufficient to call to mind, that he betrays it in the most distinct manner in the first speech

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he addresses to the Ghost, and in the well-known line,—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd.

Certainly, then, it is not through weariness, but resolution, that Hamlet says he will 'go no further.' Indeed, his own apprehensions had been corroborated by the anxious deprecations of Horatio:

What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord!
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume *some other horrible form*,
Which might deprive your sov'reignty of reason?

It is perhaps too obvious to deserve a remark, that Hamlet and his friends are addicted to that particular superstition which supposes the apparition of departed souls produced by demons, assuming their form, or at least that demons are capable of this assumption.

Hamlet's reluctance to proceed, is, therefore, sufficiently accounted for, without the imputation of weariness, which is, indeed, out of the question, for he has followed the Ghost only to 'a more remote part of the platform;' and I suspect that Mr. Fennell himself designed to express, rather the faintness of fear than that of fatigue: but, if so, even here he was equally in the wrong. The terrible, if it do not suddenly overwhelm, invigorates. Hamlet, himself, discovers and describes this feeling:

My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve!

On trying occasions, our spirits rally, and enable us to 'meet fire with fire;' if we sink, it is when the occasion is past; like the racer, who dies, not in the race, but at the goal.

INQUISITOR.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

Though *The Grumblers*, in a late Port Folio, cannot be regarded as very impartial censors, yet there is some truth in their remarks; and truth is valuable, from whatever lips it proceeds. Let me add, there are few places where some check on the extravagance of the fashion in question is more necessary than in Philadelphia.

The idea is not wholly without foundation, that the ancient dress placed the woman 'as in a citadel;' and I am of opinion that your fair readers may derive some useful hints from this part of the *grumblings*. To 'clap the padlock on the mind,' is a sentiment with which I am too well agreed, to regret the disuse of that armour by which our grandmothers are supposed to have been defended, but one or two of whom, as well as my aunt Dinah, unless legends lie, were,—

Naked, though lock'd up in steel.

But I am disposed to look forward with serenity. This revolution may indeed be productive of some temporary disorders; but if female virtue have lost some of her outworks, I am convinced that she will waste no time in throwing up new entrenchments, and strengthening her more important posts. In a word, I am sure that if the sex, in our day, have withdrawn itself from a part of that protection which it derived from the Dealers in Hoop-petticoats, &c. &c. it will only find itself forced into a nobler reliance on resources of its own. It will recollect, that because it is more exposed, it has need of more support; and that it is more exposed, as well in one sense as in another, cannot, I believe, be denied. Your *Grumblers* pretend, that, while the ancient modes existed, they might have defied a lady to be as light in her gait, or as giddy in her manners, as the ladies of the present day. I shall not presume to speak of the ladies of the present day; but I am well aware that new situations are productive of some degree of awkwardness, and attended with some difficulties: my comfort is, that they cannot remain always new. Compared with what has been, females now come abroad without their clothes; and (for I leave the rest to their physicians) I have nothing to say, but that they must carry themselves accordingly. When a child is taken out of its go-cart (which, by the way, is a machine very like a

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hoop-petticoat), it must walk with more caution than before: at least, it must remember that it is without it.

I will add but one word more. Our fathers often heard it said, that women did not lose every thing by the concealment of their charms; but it was left for their sons to make this observation with their own eyes. There was a time, when every woman that had a pretty face might have passed for a Venus; but those days of imposture are an end. The strong holds of superstition are destroyed; the sanctuary is thrown open to day-light; the inside of the idol is laid bare. It is for this reason, that I am under no concern about our sons. So far from thinking them in more danger from the sex than we have been, I am satisfied that they are in less. Where we were worshippers, they will be inquirers; where we believed, they will examine; where we resigned ourselves to transport, they will employ themselves in criticism. *All* that sages have desired will be accomplished; the violence of passion will be checked by the reins of judgment. Admirable prospect! and which might be *said* by Mr. Kant, and *sung* in the *Millennium*, among the proofs of the *perfectibility* of man, and the near approach of its consummation!

But I have gone too far; and, though I talked only of one word more, I must correct myself, even at the expence of fifty. I have said that I am in no concern about our sons. I was going beyond the rule (how common a case!) and *thinking* as well as *speaking* with the vulgar. Yes, there is a point of view, in which I certainly am somewhat uneasy about our sons! There is no good without its attendant evil; and I see, with sorrow, that this order of things, upon which I have dwelt with so much complacency, will not be altogether to the advantage of society. When I expressed myself as I did, it [illegible] to nothing but wealth [illegible]. I had forgotten (like so [illegible] that these do not entirely [illegible] circle of human excel- [illegible] absolutely forgotten, no- [illegible] all that elevates humanity above the brute and the money-changer. It was out of my calculation, that as the empire of beauty declines, that of wealth advances; that in proportion as the heart cools, the man returns to clay; and that whatever is taken from the altar of Venus, is laid upon the baser one of Plutus. Man becomes a machine, and *woman* nothing but a *female*.

Our sons, then, may be in less danger of marrying fortunes unworthy of their hopes; they may more easily escape those unhappy attachments that have afflicted, and those guilty ones that have disgraced, some of the ornaments of our species; but, with their susceptibility, there is reason to fear, they may lose a portion of that generosity, that self-devotion, which has exalted passion, which has been the glory of humanity, which the world has so much loved, and which it never loved too well.

But some signal advantages, I still insist, are to be derived from the modern fashions. I remember to have heard an elderly gentleman confess, that when he began to practice the art of drawing, he bungled sadly in what concerned the ladies' legs. All the rest went on swimmingly. A head-dress was infinitely easier than one of your heads from the antique; two arms, making angles of forty-five, were soon put on; a stomacher had nothing difficult; and, as to a bell-hoop, it was done at three strokes; but when the feet were to be added, the rapid and firm hand of a master was no longer his own; all was indecision, and that feebleness of touch which betrays the incertainty of the mind. Were they to be placed together, in a line perpendicular to the head, or apart, near the two extremities of the hoop?

Thanks to the kindness of those who keep the key, our boys will labour under no such ignorance. They will know, not only the contours of the limbs, but the anatomy of the muscles. Those who are without access to plaster models, will form their taste along the streets. Every city is become a school, and, to use the language of the art, a *live academy*:

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Non vide me' di me chi vide il vero.

Already, in numerous instances, we have heard of self-taught genius; but what may we not anticipate, now that nothing is kept from the tyro's eye? What hosts of Guidos, and how many Praxiteles, ought there not be formed among our errand-boys and shopmen? In the writings of an author of great account in these matters, I find a passage wonderfully to my purpose: 'It was the peculiar happiness of the Greeks, to be able to characterize and express the several parts of the human body much better than we can pretend to do; and this on account of their particular application to the study of naked figures, especially the fine living ones which they had continually before their eyes.' But, again, when I consider with what sparingness nature produces those finished works that display the perfection of her plan, and what an unhappy propensity there is in men of ordinary minds to copy from ordinary standards, I confess my fears that good taste may not always be nurtured among the crowd, where the mind will be apt to submit too servilely to the eye, and imagine to itself nothing higher than what is daily before it: Stultissimum credo ad imitandum non optima quæque proponere. Indeed, I sometimes wonder, that this *wet drapery* (for it is this that is evidently the object of imitation) should continue so long the mode, considering how injurious it is to the many, to court a comparison with—

The statue that enchants the world.

One of your correspondents, whom I am sorry to say is almost as wicked as he is witty, has accounted for the origin of this *cool regimen*, by a tradition concerning which, in order to spare a world of blushes, I shall preserve the most decorous silence. For my part, I had always imagined it to have sprung from the natural audacity of some undoubted beauty. Her I supposed to have challenged competition with her sex, and, proud of victory, to have persevered in the scheme of conquest; but how it has happened that the rest not only fell into the ambuscade, but continue the unequal combat, instead of retiring to their masked batteries,

Dolci cose a vedere, e dolci inganni,

is what I am at a loss to account for; unless, indeed, both parties sing *Te Deum* for success, as Cadiz illuminates for the victory of Trafalgar; a compromise which I, as a mutual friend, shall be the last to find fault with.

But is this fashion likely to endure for ever? Is it so far founded on the fixed principles of beauty, as to deserve to last? On these questions, at an early opportunity, I propose to trouble you with some reflections.

AMATOR.

For the Port Folio.

Mr. Oldschool,

Much as the English and American editors may blunder in their quotations, in the different languages, I think you will allow that the French editors are not behind hand with them. The other day I met with a publication lately printed at Paris, called *Le Panthéon Littéraire*, in which is the following verse of Gray's Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

Let nos ambition mock their useful toits there homely soys and destini obscure; nor grandeur hear wlihs a didinful simile tha shots and simpli annals of the poor.

VIATOR.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

NATURE EXPLAINED,

By d'Orlic. Philadelphia, printed at the Lorenzo press of E. Bronson, 1806.

The singularity of this title cannot fail to excite the attention of every man, alive to the wonders of Nature; and he must feel disappointed, as well as ourselves, when he finds that 'Nature Explained' is only a puny attempt to throw into disrepute a new mode of teaching French, which, it seems, is sanctioned by the unerring voice of public opinion. Monsieur d'Orlic (who, from the name and from the style of the work, we imagine to be a Frenchman) commences by informing us that 'every one, who has paid 'for it, is at liberty to make any remarks he 'may think fit concerning his property.'—Of this licence we avail ourselves; as we certainly have most dearly *paid for it*, by giving it a reading. 'This pamphlet,' says the author, 'is divided into two parts; the 'first, referring to the first volume of the

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'work [Nature Displayed], is a dialogue 'between an American and a professor of 'the French language; in which the profes- 'sor most commonly answers with the very 'words of the preliminary discourse of that 'book.' Of this dialogue we present the following specimen:

'*American.* I have been told, sir, you are a French master: I wish to learn so useful and fashionable a language.

'*Professor.* I am not, sir, a French master, but a professor of the French language; its usefulness is happily and generally acknowledged. Nobody is more capable than I to teach you; for I use a method discovered not long ago, which renders *the acquisition of language by far more easy and expeditious than any other that has ever yet been published.*

'*American.* I beg your pardon. I perceive how important it is to know the difference that exists between professor and master; pray acquaint me with it.

'*Professor.* Willingly. Professor signifies the fulness of the new art of tuition; master of that of *the old, stale, threadbare grammatical system.*'

In the first part of this conversation it will be perceived that *French master* is made a language; and, in the last speech, *professor* is made to signify, *the fulness of the* new art of tuition.

If the reader wish to wade further in this quagmire, he *must pay for the pamphlet.* We shall conclude our observations in the words of the author. 'If some innocent pleasantries 'come now and then to place themselves 'between barren and tedious subjects, it is 'with moderation.' We would, however, counsel M. d'Orlic to hold in view these lines of his countryman:

Sans la langue, en un mot, l'auteur le plus divin
Est toujours, quoiqu'il fasse, un mechant écrivain.

For the Port Folio.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Of an apoplectic fit, JOHN EDWIN, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, brother of Mr. Edwin, engraver, of this city, and many years a favorite comedian of the Bath and Bristol theatres. He was a native of Bath; and had his assiduity kept pace with his abilities, he would have risen to great eminence in his profession. He had received a more than tolerably good education; was well grounded in history and geography, and a master of the lighter accomplishments of music, dancing, fencing, &c.—His death was supposed to have been accelerated by the abuse which had been illiberally bestowed upon him in some dramatic strictures, intitled, 'Familiar Epistles.' As a compliment to his memory, Mr. Jones, the manager, shut the theatre in the evening, conscious that his brother-actors, who held him in great esteem, would be unequal to perform. He was to have sustained the principal part in the new play of the School of Reform, on the above evening.—'As a man (says the Dublin Journal), he was, we believe, most estimable.'—When his professional duties permitted, he occasionally employed himself in translating and adapting pieces for the stage, and the public will, perhaps, be surprised to hear that the play of the Stranger was principally translated by him, though completed by its present avowed author. At the request of Mr. Johnstone, he was induced to write the song called "Paddy's Description of Pizarro," which has generally been attributed to the pen of that gentleman himself.

JOHN BADEN, professor of eloquence and the Latin tongue in the university of Copenhagen. His death is a serious loss to the literary world. He began his connection with that institution in 1779; his labours were not confined to the pupils at the National College; he devoted a great portion of his time to advance the Danish language to its highest state of improvement; and his translation of Tacitus rivals the original for precision, taste, and purity of diction. He also published a German and Danish Dictionary, known to every modern linguist. In the latter years of his life he found himself inadequate to the active duties of his public situation, and retired, but not without an honourable proof of the approbation of the Danish government.

At Rome, GUGLIELMI, aged 76. His forte lay in the *opera buffa*, though he has likewise succeeded in serious operas, masses, and Te Deums. He has left a great number of esteemed works, and a son who treads in his steps.

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me,
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

One of my favorites among the minor poets is Sir John Suckling. He writes with all the courtiers ease, and displays much of the lover's fire. He is singularly happy whenever *la belle passion* is his theme.

My dearest rival, lest our love
Should with eccentric motion move,
Before it learn to go astray,
We'll teach and set it in a way;
And such directions give unto't
That it shall never wander foot.
Know first, then, we will serve as true,
For one poor smile, as we would do
If we had what our higher fame,
Or our vainer wish could frame.

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Impossible shall be our hope;
And Love shall only have his scope
To join with Fancy now and then,
And think what reason would condemn:
And, on these grounds, we'll love as true
As if they were most sure t' ensue:
And chastely for these things we'll stay,
As if to-morrow were the day.
Meantime, we two will teach our hearts
In love's burdens to bear their parts:
Thou first shalt sigh, and say, She's fair;
And I'll still answer, Past compare.
Thou shalt set out each part o' th' face,
While I extol each little grace;
Thou shalt be ravish'd at her wit;
And I, that she so governs it.
Thou shalt like well that hand, that eye,
That lip, that look, that majesty;
And in good language them adore,
While I want words, and do it more.
Yea, we will sip, and sigh a while,
And, with soft thoughts some time beguile;
But straight again break out, and praise
All we had done before, new ways.
Thus will we do till paler death
Come with a warrant for our breath;
And then whose fate shall be to die
First of us two, by legacy,
Shall all his store bequeath, and give
His love to him that shall survive;
For no one stock can ever serve
To love so much as she'll deserve.

ROWE, with some licence of thought, if not falsehood of theory, thus describes the contest between Nature and Art, in the female bosom:

In vain all arts a love-sick virgin tries,
Affects to frown and seems severely wise,
In hopes to cheat the wary lover's eyes:
If the dear youth her pity strives to move,
And pleads with tenderness the cause of love,
Nature asserts her empire in her heart,
And kindly takes the faithful lover's part,
By Love, herself, and Nature, thus betray'd,
No more she trusts in Pride's fantastic aid,
But bids her eyes confess the yielding maid.

There is a tender melancholy in the cadence of the following verses, so truly in accord with the occasion and sentiment, that they must ever deserve a high rank in literature. We should be happy to receive a translation.

Stances par Malherbe.

Ta douleur, Duperrier, sera donc éternelle,
Et les tristes discours
Que te met, en l'esprit, l'amitié paternelle,
L'augmenteront toujours.
Le malheur de ta fille, au tombeau descendue
Par un commun trépas,
Est-ce quelque dédale, où ta raison perdue
Ne se retrouve pas?
Elle était de ce monde, où les plus belles choses,
Ont le pire destin;
Et Rose elle a vécu, ce que vivent les roses,
L'espace d'un matin.

In one of the early volumes of the Port Folio, the ensuing Ballad was inserted, as sent to us in manuscript by a correspondent, who prefixed to it the following remark:

'*Mr. Oldschool*,

The following piece has been already printed in an English paper, but probably has not been seen in America; it is now offered for your consideration. You, no doubt, will, with me, acknowledge and lament, that the picture is too true.

HAMLET.'

A literary friend of New York, to whom we are frequently obliged, has lately corrected the assertion of our first correspondent, in the following words:

'Your correspondent thinks erroneously. The best impression of this beautiful imitation of Dibdin's High-mettled Racer, which has appeared on this side the Atlantic, was published some years ago in the Mercantile Advertiser. It stood, to the best of my recollection, with these corrections.'

We are now happy to give the public a correct copy of a pathetic poem, containing a description not more beautiful than just.

BLUE-EY'D MARY.

In a cottage, embosom'd within a deep shade,
Like a rose in a desert, oh! view the meek maid!
Her aspect all sweetness, engaging her eye,
And a bosom, for which e'en a monarch might sigh;
Then, in neat Sunday gown, see her met by the 'squire;
All attraction her countenance, his all desire:
He accosts her—she blushes; he flatters—she smiles;
And poor blue-ey'd Mary 's seduced by his wiles.

Now with drops of contrition her pillow 's wet o'er;
But the fleece, when once stain'd, can know whiteness no more.
The aged folks whisper, the maidens look shy:
To town the 'squire presses; how can she deny?

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These behold her in lodgings: she dresses in style;
Public places frequents, sighs no more, but reads Hoyle!
Till learning to squander, his love turns to hate,
And poor blue-ey'd Mary is left to her fate!

Still of beauty possest, and not yet void of shame,
With a heart that recoils at a prostitute's name,
She tries for a service; her character's gone—
And for skill at her needle, alas! 'tis unknown.

Pale want now approaches—the pawnbroker's near,
And her trinkets and clothes, one by one, disappear;
Till at length sorely pinch'd, and quite desperate grown,
The poor blue-ey'd Mary is forc'd on the town.

In a brothel next view her, trick'd out to allure,
And *all ages*, all *humours*, compell'd to *endure;*
Compell'd, tho' disgusted, to wheedle and feign,
With an aspect all smiles, and a bosom all pain:
Now caress'd, now insulted, now flatter'd, now scorn'd,
And by ruffians and drunkards oft wantonly spurn'd.
This worst of all mis'ry she 's doom'd to endure,
For poor blue-ey'd Mary is now an impure.

Next, to banish all thought, and to stifle remorse,
She flies to the bottle—O fatal resource!
Grows stupid, and bloated, and lost to all shame,
Whilst a dreadful disease is pervading her frame.
Now with eyes dim and languid, the once blooming maid,
In a garret, on straw, faint and helpless is laid:
Oh, view her pale cheek!—see, she scarce draws her breath,
And the blue eyes of Mary are closed in death!

Ben Jonson's beautiful song, 'Drink to me only with thine eyes,' &c. suggested the following parody. The interlocutors are two imported *patriots*, who pledge each other in a glass of grog, and hiccup out the following compliments:

Drink to me only from thy bowl,
And I will pledge with mine,
But leave some grog within the glass;
You can't afford me wine.

The thirst that from poor Pat doth rise
Doth ask no ruby wine;
For might I of Jove's nectar quaff,
I'd gulp down none but thine.

I sent thee late a can of flip
(Not so much honoring thee)
As giving it a chance that there
It might not fuddle me.
But thou thereof didst only sip,
And sent it back to me,
Since which 'tis filth, and smells, I swear,
Not of new rum, but thee.

In a former number of the Port Folio, we published a beautiful *paraphrase*,* by Mercutio, of the original French of the following fable. A lady of considerable rank in literature has lately introduced in a novel the following translation. It is pretty, but lacks the vivacity of Mercutio.

TIME AND CUPID.

By Mrs. Le Noir.

His life in travelling always spent,
Old Time, a much renowned wight,
To a wide river's margin went,
And called for aid with all his might:
Will none have pity on my years?
I, that preside in every clime;
Oh, my good friends and passengers,
Lend, lend a hand to passing Time!

Full many a young and sprightly lass
Upon the adverse bank appear'd;
Who eager sought old Time to pass
In a small bark, by Cupid steer'd.
But one, the wisest, as I ween,
Repeated oft this moral rhyme,
Ah! many a one has shipwreck'd been,
Thoughtless, and gay, in passing Time.

Blythe Cupid soon the bark unmoor'd,
And spread the highly-waving sail;
He took old father Time on board,
And gave his canvass to the gale:
Then, joyous, as he row'd along,
He oft exclaim'd, 'Observe, my lasses,
Attend the burden of my song,
How sprightly Time with Cupid passes!'

At length the urchin weary grew,
For soon, or late, 'tis still his case;
He dropt the oar, and rudder too—
Time steer'd the vessel in his place.
Triumphant, now the veteran cries,
'Tis now my turn, you find, young lasses,
What the old proverb says is wise,
That Love with Time as lightly passes.

When on the subject of Voltaire's absurd translation and abuse of many passages in Shakespear, the insconsis-

* By an error of the press, this very elegant paraphrase was called a translation.

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tency of the Frenchman's conduct was arraigned in conversation, a man of wit observed, that Voltaire acted as some highwaymen do, rob first, and then find safety in murdering their prey.

In an English imitation of *Le Diable Boiteux* of Le Sage, not much inferior to the admirable original, we find the following sprightly passage:

'I must beg you to observe, says Asmodeus, yonder man, who is now crossing the street with a lady hanging upon his arm, and three children walking before them. He is a gentleman and an author, who helps a small fortune by the employment of his literary talents. He has fancy, knowledge and industry, and deserves well of society and his country; for he contrives every year to produce a well-written book and a fine child. And his wife, who is a very clever, as well as a very pretty woman, assists him in both.'

The following original Poem by POPE is not included in any of the common editions of his Works. We preserve it as a curiosity; and, though it be a mere bagatelle, written in a spirit altogether different from the rest of this Poet's works, yet it contains many picturesque passages. The sixth stanza is extremely lively, and the tenth, in which the Poet has painted his own miniature, is a most exquisite likeness.

A Farewell to London in the year 1714.

Dear, damn'd, disgusting, town, farewell!
Thy fools no more I'll teize:
This year, in peace, ye critics, dwell,
Ye harlots, sleep at ease!

Soft B———, and rough C——'s adieu!
Earl Warwick make your moan
The lively H———k, and you,
May knock up w——s alone.

To drink and droll be Rowe allowed;
Till the third watchmen toll,
Let Jervase gratis paint, and Frowd,
Save threepence and his soul.

Farewell Arbuthnot's raillery
On every learned sot;
And Garth, the best good christian he,
Although he knows it not.

Lintot, farewell! thy bard must go;
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee, for thy loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Jonson.

Why should I stay? Both parties rage;
My vixen mistress squalls;
The wits in envious feuds engage,
And Homer (damn him!) calls.

The love of arts lies cold and dead,
In Halifax's urn;
And not one Muse, of all he fed,
Has had the grace to mourn.

My friends, by turns, my friends confound,
Betray, and are betray'd;
Poor Y———'rs sold for fifty pound,
And B———ll is a jade.

Why make I friendships with the great?
When I no favour seek;
Or follow girls seven hours in eight,
I need but once a week.

Still idle, with a busy air,
Deep whimsies to contrive;
The gayest valetudinaire,
Most thinking rake alive.

Solicitous for others' ends,
Though fond of dear repose;
Careless or drowsy with my friends,
And frolic with my foes.

Laborious, lobster nights, farewell!
For sober, studious days;
And Burlington's delicious meal,
For sallad, tarts and peas.

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose soul, sincere and free,
Loves all mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Crito' is but a pseudo critic. He has not collected even the tools of his trade; nay, he cannot even call them correctly by name. Anomalous as he is, Pope has accurately classed such a character as Crito:

Whate'er of dunce in college or in town,
Sneers at another in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mongrel no one class admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.

'Master Slender' delights us. His poem is a very elegant compliment of the value of which, the Editor is fully sensible. We can find fault with nothing in a poem which may class with the Retaliation of GOLDSMITH, except the assumption of the name of one of the simplest characters in SHAKESPEAR. But *my* master Slender has no resemblance to his namesake in the play. He neither whines for a rustic Ann Page, nor 'speaks small, like a woman.'

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

RESIGNATION.

Sorrow's drear morn to this sad heart returns,
And exil'd Hope her blighted garland mourns—
O'er spring's green vales cold disappointment throws
Her icy arm, and sheds untimely snows;
On the dark wing of storm and tempest borne,
Each bud is scatter'd and each blossom torn—
Torn from the shaded bowers of social ease,
And 'whelm'd beneath affliction's swelling seas.
Insatiate death! stern messenger of pain!
'Thy darts flew *thrice*, and *thrice* my peace was slain,'
Long-cherish'd ties, which gratitude had wove,
And all the trembling chords of filial love—
Friendship's gay blooms, impearl'd with many a tear,
And each soft pensive charm to memory dear—
O'er these, alas! I saw thy banners wave,
And Hope's last gleam expire at yonder grave.
—When, lo! descending from her azure height,
Mercy's fair hand unveil'd ethereal light:
Bade Resignation bend the suppliant knee—
And bleeding Nature steep her wounds in Thee—
To Thee, Supreme! the orphan's sigh preferr'd—
And at Thy throne, the pray'r of Faith was heard.

E.

TIME.

From the French Stanzas in the PORT FOLIO, *Vol. V. (O. S.) No. 45.*

Much has been said and sung of TIME,
And I, too, weave the votive rhyme:
To me 't has brought enfeebled age,
And from me stol'n my youthful rage,
Yet raise I no reproachful song;
If in its train be pining CARE,
HOPE, also, with it comes along,
HOPE, by whose aid our ills we bear!

Bend we to-day beneath the pow'r
Of SORROW, bearing down the heart,
TIME hastens on the happy hour
In which we with our tears shall part!
Of rapid wing, and prompt to fly,
TIME swiftly still our grasp escapes;
But, with as swift a pace, trip by
The PLEASURES, in their thousand shapes!

There is not any kind of joy,
But for it TIME permits us use it;
TIME 'tis delightful to employ,
And bliss, still more, it is to lose it!
How slow its motion, tells the lover
To her who, cruel, still denies;
And, a favour would he ravish,
How very quick the bald-pate flies!

Learning we owe to TIME; and arts;
Their glory, and their recompence;
TIME stores with sentiment our hearts;
TIME justifies our confidence:
To our deceiv'd, misjudging eyes,
TIME, in adversity, doth show
The false friend, whence our griefs arise,
The true, that kindly shares our woe!

MARY! fond lovers, faithful friends,
From TIME draw forth a sweet reliance;
United long, like us, they set
The future at a calm defiance!
TIME, his efforts making ever,
O'er all things to extend command,
Strengthens what he finds can never
Be injur'd by his restless hand!

THE ADIEU.

From the French of Marot.

Ah! Myra, since no more thy face I see,
To lonely wilds, a hopeless wretch, I flee,
To ask of heaven, that, if belov'd of you,
Another may, like me, your honour prize!
Love, love, adieu! thou graceful form adieu!
Adieu that bloom, adieu those melting eyes!
Adieu! me little have you deign'd to bless;
More kind, perhaps, you'll prove to one who loves you less!

RONDEAU,

Par Malherbe, contre l'abbé de Bois-Robert.

Coëffé d'un froc bien raffiné,
Et revêtu d'un doyenné,
Qui lui rapporte de quoi frire,
Frère Renné devint messire,
Et vit comme un déterminé;
Un prélat riche et fortuné,
Sous un bonnet enluminé,
En est, s'il le faut ainsi dire,
Coëffé,
Ce n'est pas que frère René
D'aucun mérite soit orné,
Qu'il soit docte, qu'il sache écrire,
Ni qu'il dise le mot pour rire:
Mais seulement c'est qu'il est né
Coëffé.

SONNET,

Adressé par Mainard au Cardinal Richelieu.

Par votre humeur le monde est gouverné;
Vos volontés font le calme et l'orage,
Et vous riez de me voir confiné,
Loin de la cour, dans mon petit village.
Cléomédon, mes desirs sont contens;
Je trouve beau le désert que j'habite,
Et connais bien qu'il faut céder au Tems,
Fuir l'éclat et devenir hermite.

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Je suis heureux de vieillir sans emploi,
De me cacher, de vivre tout à moi,
D'avoir dompté la crainte et l'espérance;
Et si le Ciel, qui me traite si bien,
Avait pitié de vous et de la France,
Votre bonheur serait égal au mien.

FALSE BOSOMS.

Written in London, in the year 1798, *and when the ladies wore* FALSE BOSOMS, *which were to be purchased at the price of* HALF-A-CROWN *each.*

And is it because the fell robbers of France
Every *diadem* threaten to *break?*
And is it because the fell robbers of France
Lead *merit* and *worth* to the stake?

Say, is it for this, that now *false bosoms* bear
A value so *great* and so *high?*
Say, is it for this, that a *crown*, once so rare,
Only two, though so *common* and *worthless*,
can buy?

THE STRAWBERRIES,

A TRIBUTE TO FASHION.

(*From the French stanzas inserted in the* PORT FOLIO, *p.* 16.)

I long not for the cherries on the tree
So much as those that on a lip I see;
And more affection bear I to the rose
That in a cheek than in a garden grows.

RANDOLPH'S *Muses' Looking-Glass.*

I love the gifts of Spring,
I love the charms of Youth;
For each its gifts doth bring,
Fruits delicate and sooth:
When in the Town I see
These Strawberries the mode,
Then clearly shines to me
The sense of Fashion's code!

Strawb'ries the bonnet deck,
Strawberries deck the vest;
Enwreath the iv'ry neck,
And lie on MARY'S breast:
Sweet these Strawb'ries are,
But (fancy this reveals!)
Two others, sweeter far,
The handkerchief conceals.

First present of the Season!
Budding Beauty's treasure!
When my hand enjoys
Of this or that the pleasure,
Blest, blest am I; and much
Fashion's voice I prize,
That gives my fav'rite fruit
So often to my eyes!

Strawb'ries, in MARY'S basket,
Full dainty stand confest;
And how they dainty show,
The Strawb'ries on her breast!
Lavish the fruit, the ornament,
Ye belles, but think it true,
The Strawberry of nature
We still prefer in you!

A VERSE FOR THE SLEIGH.

'How cold it is!'—Indeed, sir, cold!
'Yes, cold in ev'ry part!'
I can't agree; enough I see,
At least to warm the heart!

'Warm! I see nothing here to warm!'
Oh! how the story tells!
And can you see, and still be cold,
A city full of BELLS?

'I hate a pun!'—And I have done;
Leave frowning, why that wrinkle!
'*The bells of metal*, sir!'—You're right;—
In our ears that tinkle.

O shut your senses, if you will
To all but *bells* that jingle;
But *belles of mettle* still there are,
In our breasts that tingle!

'Zounds! with such fools I never meet
'As punsters, in my days!
'I mean the *sleigh-bells!*' So do I;
The *belles*, sir, *of the sleighs!*

BA-BEL.

ANOTHER.

They ask, if MARY, in the snow,
Like other women, *sleighs?*
Ye gods! and do these talkers know
So little of her ways?

Why, MARY no attention, man,
To time or weather pays;
But daily more, for more she can,
Than all her sex she *slays!*

EPIGRAM.

By Palladas of Alexandria.

Σκήνη πᾶς ὁ βιος.

This life's a theatre we well may call,
Where every actor must perform with art,
Or laugh it through, and make a *farce* of all,
Or learn to bear with grace his tragic part.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per Annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

No. 5.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, February* 8, 1806. [Vol. I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

'Remove sorrow far from thee: for sorrow hath killed many, and there is no profit therein.'

DRY up your eyes then, ye mourners; for grief will not restore the friends you have lost, nor abate the edge of misfortune, but as oil and the whetstone to the razor, it will sharpen that, which is already too acute, and the bleeding heart will shew a still deeper wound. Why will you strive to add one drop to this 'vale of tears,' which, trust me, is already too full; why court the acquaintance of Grief, that sorry companion, who sobbing and silent, as he journies with you through the wilderness of this world, multiplies every brake, and adds tenfold horror to the gloom. You have various and real evils to encounter in your sore travail; the climate is vaporous, and you must be sick; men are treacherous, and you will be deceived, Poverty will sometimes start up 'like an armed man' before you, and your careful days be those of an hireling. But be of good cheer; and repeat not, with erring Solomon, in the day of adversity, that laughter is mad, nor impertinently inquire of Mirth what doeth she, but believe with my predecessor, Sterne, that comfortable assertion is worth a million of cold homilies, that every line we smile, and still more, every time we laugh, it adds something to the fragment of life. *No profit therein!* No verily; the man of sorrow, who, with sullen Ahab, refuses to eat bread, and changes his time for tears, is engaged in one of the most barren and least lucrative employments you can conceive. Sighs I have always considered as the very canker of the heart, and sobs the grand epitomizers of existence. Child of melancholy! if sorrow hath killed many, and there is no profit therein, banish it from thy shades; for why, in the pathetic language of Ecclesiastes, shouldst thou die before thy time?

But who are those fair forms, the one with folded arms, and the other with bounding step, ministering like duteous handmaids, at the bedside of the Philosopher. I see his pallid cheek already flush; I hear his voice utter a bolder tone; wrinkles are no more seen on his brow, and not a solitary tear traces its lonely way down his cheek; for PATIENCE and MIRTH are before him. At their salutary approach, the troop of cares, the family of pain fly disconsolate, and free the vacant heart from their torturing sway. Gentle and benignant spirits, meek Patience, and chirping Mirth! whether my cottage be unroofed by the storm, or my couch thorned by disease, whether friends grow lukewarm, or lovers be put far away, let your forms appear, and the load of life will no more be irksome! for well I know your pleasing arts, and well I remember your numerous topics of consolation; your music, your song, your carelessness, Mirth and Patience,

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your philosophy and resignation. Sorrow, as the wise son of Sirach tells us, may kill many, but ye can make alive. Come then to the unfortunate, and let the *adverse* hour be your favourite hour of visitation.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

[It is finely remarked, by my lord Bacon, that history ofttimes representeth the magnitude of actions, and the *public faces* and deportments of persons, and passeth over in silence the smaller passages and motions of men and matters. But *lives*, if they be well written, propounding to themselves a person to represent, in whom actions, both greater and smaller, public and private, have a commixture, must of necessity contain a more true, native, and lively representation. Of this truth, so forcibly and so elegantly expressed by one of the wisest of mankind, we are always so convinced, that we assign many hours to Biography, particularly of the learned, and assign many pages of the Port Folio to a department of elegant literature, which the public voice has declared is not less agreeable to the humour of our readers, than to our own. We now resume the interesting Life of Blacklock; and when we reflect upon the genius and industry of the blind bard, and the merits of the style of Mr. Mackenzie, we are at loss which most to admire, the subject, or the biographer.]

Poetry, however, though it attains its highest perfection in a cultivated soil, grows perhaps as luxuriantly in a wild one. To poetry he was devoted from his earliest days, and about this time several of his poetical productions began to be handed about, which considerably enlarged the circle of his friends and acquaintance.

Some of his compositions being shown to Dr. Stevenson, an eminent phycisian in Edinburgh, who was accidentally at Dumfries, on a professional visit, he formed the benevolent design of carrying him to the metropolis, and giving to his natural endowments the assistance of a classical education.

He came to Edinburgh in 1741, and "was enrolled," says Mr. Mackenzie, "a student of divinity in the university there, though at that time without any particular view of entering into the church." But this account may be reasonably doubted; for, in the university of Edinburgh, no student is admitted into the theological class till he has completed a course of languages and philosophy. Besides, it appears by the following letter from the Rev. Richard Batty, of Kirk Andrews, whose wife was Blacklock's cousin, to Sir James Johnston, Bart. of Westerhall, dated January 21, 1744-5, printed in the "Scottish Register" 1794, that he continued at the grammar school in Edinburgh, till the begining of 1745.

"I had a letter sometime ago from Mr. Hoggan at Comlongan, signifying that Lady Annandale had spoke to you about a bursary for one Thomas Blacklock, a blind boy, who is now at the grammar school in Edinburgh. He is endued with the most surprising genius, and has been the author of a great many excellent poems. He has been hitherto supported by the bounty of Dr. Stevenson, a gentleman in Edinburgh. I understand that there will be a bursary vacant against Candlemas; if, therefore, you will please to favour him with your interest, it will be a great charity done to a poor lad, who may do a great deal of good in his generation."

The effect of this application is not known; but he seems to have continued his studies under the patronage of Dr. Stevenson till the year 1745. Of the kindness of Dr. Stevenson he always spoke with the greatest warmth of gratitude and affection, and addressed to him his *Imitation of the first Ode of Horace.*

After he had followed his studies at Edinburgh, for four years, on the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1745, he returned to Dumfries, were he resided with Mr. M'Murdo, his brother-in law, in whose house he was treated with kindness and affection, and had an oportunity, from the society which it afforded, of considerably increasing the store of his ideas.

In 1746, he published a small collection of his *Poems*, in octavo, at Glasgow.

After the close of the Rebellion, and complete restoration of the peace of the

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country, he returned to Edinburgh, and pursued his studies there for six years longer.

In 1754 he published at Edinburgh a second edition of his *Poems*, very much improved and enlarged, in octavo, to which was prefixed, "An Account of his Life," in a "letter to the publisher," from Mr. Gordon of Dumfries. On the title page he is designed *Student of Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh;* so that he was not then, as Mr. Mackenzie supposes, "enrolled a student of divinity."

This publication attracted the attention of Mr. Spence, the patron of Dodsley, Duck, and Richardson, and other persons of indigent and uncultivated genius, who conceived a great regard for Blacklock, and formed the benevolent design of recommending him to the patronage of persons in affluence or power," by writing a very elaborate "and ingenious "Account of his Life, "Character and Poems," which he published at London, in 8vo, 1754.

During his last residence in Edinburgh, among other literary acquaintance, he obtained that of the celebrated David Hume, who, with that humanity and benevolence for which he was distinguished, attached himself warmly to Blacklock's interests. He wrote a "letter to Dodsley," March 12, 1754, containing a very favourable representation of the "goodness of his disposition, and the beauty of his genius," which contributed to promote the subscription for an edition of his *Poems* in 4to, which was published at London in 1756, under the superintendence of Mr. Spence, with his Account of the Life, Character and Poems of Mr. Blacklock," which had been printed separately in 1754. He testified his obligations to Mr. Spence, to whom he was personally unknown, in *an Epistle, written at Dumfries*, 1759.

In the course of his education at Edinburgh, he acquired a proficiency in the learned languages, and became more a master of the French tongue than was common there, from the social intercourse to which he had the good fortune to be admitted in the house of Provost Alexander, who had married a native of France.

At the university, he obtained a knowledge of the various branches of philosophy and theology, to which his course of study naturally led, and acquired at the same time a considerable fund of learning and information in those departments of Science and *Belles Lettres*, from which his want of sight did not absolutely preclude him.

In 1756, he published at Edinburgh, *An Essay towards Universal Etymology*, or the Analysis of a Sentence, 8vo. In this pamphlet, the general principles of grammar, and the definitions of the several parts of speech are given in verse; and illustrations, in the form of notes, constituting the greatest part of it, are added in prose. The notes and illustrations are concise, but judicious; the verses are not remarkable for learning or poetical embellishment, the subject did not allow it; the concluding lines, however, on the *Advantages of Grammar*, are in a style more worthy of Blacklock.

In 1757, he began a course of study, with a view to give lectures on Oratory, to young gentlemen intended for the bar or the pulpit. On this occasion he wrote to Mr. Hume, informed him of his plan, and requested his assistance in the prosecution of it. But Mr. Hume doubting the probability of its success, he abandoned the project, and then adopted the decided intention of going into the church.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

ROYAL ACCEPTATION OF THE FRENCH CONSTITUTION OF 1791.

[In the following article we have a striking, and apparently faithful, picture of that pliancy, equally injurious to himself and to his people, with which Louis XVI consented to, and even acted a part in, his own destruction.]

THE constitutional act had been presented on the third of September 1791, for the acceptance of the king. The conduct he was to adopt on this occasion, was undoubtedly an important

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subject of deliberation. All the ministers, M. de Montmorin excepted, insisted on the absolute necessity of an unqualified and entire acceptance. This was also the advice of the prince de Kaunitz, in his confidential correspondence with M. de Montmorin. This opinion, and its motives, made a great impression on the king. M M. de Malesherbes, Legouvé, senior, and Malouet were likewise consulted. Malouet was of opinion that the king ought to explain himself frankly, and most fully, on the vices and dangers of this constitution; that he should declare his acceptance to be provisional, till the wish of the nation could be ascertained by new mandates to its deputies, or by a new convocation. The king appeared to relish this advice; but, in a council held at the house of the keeper of the seals, Dupont and Barnave (alarmed at the violent attacks that were daily made upon them in the Jacobin club, and even in the assembly, where Robespierre had, by name, impeached them, as *traitors to the country*) represented the probability of such disastrous consequences from the provisional acceptance, and the ministers were so completely terrified, that they prevailed on the king to give an unqualified and entire acceptance.

On the 13th of September, the keeper of the seals appeared in the national assembly, and presented a letter in which the king announced his acceptance of the constitution. The letter concluded thus: 'I think, gentlemen, that it is in 'the place itself where the constitution 'has been framed, that I ought to pro- 'nounce my solemn acceptance: I shall 'come, therefore, to-morrow, at noon, 'to the national assembly.'

Loud plaudits burst out repeatedly, during the reading of this letter; and they were redoubled at the sentence, in which the king declared that he renounced the right of participation which he had claimed in the framing of the constitution. This sentence was read a second time.

M. de la Fayette proposed the setting at liberty of all persons confined on account of the departure of the king; the declaration of immediate abolition of all processes connected with the events of the revolution, the annihilation of all passports and all other temporary restraints on ingress and egress, as well in the interior as on the frontier. The assembly adopted by acclamation the proposition of M. de la Fayette, and named a deputation of sixty members, to present this decree to the king immediately, and at the samo time express the satisfaction with which it had heard his majesty's letter read. The keeper of the seals left the hall in the midst of plaudits, and hastened to inform the king of the deputation which was to wait upon him.

The deputation, being introduced to the king, addressed him in the following words: 'Sire, the national assembly 'has heard read the letter addressed to 'it by your majesty, and the reading was 'interrupted by repeated plaudits, alone 'capable of expressing the sentiments 'with which the French people have 'been long animated toward their kings. 'The assembly, participating with your 'majesty the desire of removing all 'restraints, and putting an end to all 'dissensions, and being anxious to dis- 'tinguish this great epoch by every 'thing that can render it solemn, has 'eagerly pronounced a decree which 'obliterates all traces of a revolution 'now brought to an end: it has directed 'us to present this decree to your ma- 'jesty.'

The king replied: 'It will always be 'a pleasure to me to follow the will of 'the nation, whenever it is made known 'to me. I feel with sensibility the eager- 'ness of the national assembly to yield 'to a desire I had manifested to perform 'an act of benevolence. This day will 'be memorable in history; I hope it 'will put an end to discord, that it will 'unite all parties, and that for the future 'we shall be but one. I am informed,' added the king, 'that the assembly has 'this morning passed a decree relative 'to the blue ribband with which it has 'honored me, and my son, exclusively. 'As this decoration has no other value 'in my eyes than that of the power of 'communicating it, I have resolved on

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'laying it aside. I beg of you to inform 'the assembly of my resolution."

The queen and her children being at the door of the council-chamber, in which the deputation was received, the king said:

'Here are my wife and my children, 'who partake in my sentiments.' The queen approached the deputies, and confirmed the assurance which the king had given.

These details were reported the next day, to the assembly, by the orator of the deputation, amidst great applause. The president afterwards submitted the question, whether the members ought not to continue on their seats while the king took the oath: a great number cried out, 'Doubtlessly; and the king 'standing, and uncovered;' and this proposal was adopted, in spite of the opposition of the members on the right side of the hall. When silence was in some degree restored, M. Malouet observed that there was no example in which the nation, assembled in the presence of the king, had not acknowledged him for its head; and that it was to degrade the nation, as well as the monarch, not to treat him with the respect due. He insisted, therefore, that the king being to take the oath standing, the assembly should hear it in the same posture. This observation was favourably received by several of the members on the left, and a decree would have been posted conformably, had not a deputy from Brittany, with a piercing voice, exclaimed, that he had an amendment to propose, in which every one would agree:

'Let us decree,' said he, 'that M. 'Malouet, and whoever likes to follow 'his example, shall be allowed to re-'ceive the king on their knees; but 'let us adhere to the first decree.'

At noon the king arrived, accompanied by all his ministers, and without any other decoration than that of the cross of St. Lewis. Two chairs, on the same level, alike covered with a cloth of velvet, spotted with golden fleurs-de-lis, had been placed before the desk of the president. The king, ascending to them, placed himself on the left of the president, and spoke the following words:

'Gentlemen, I come solemnly to 'accomplish here, the acceptance 'which I have given to the constitu-'tional act. In consequence, I swear 'to be faithful to the nation and the 'law, to employ all the power that is 'delegated to me for the maintenance 'of the constitution decreed by the na-'tional assembly, and to put into exe-'cution the laws.'—Here, the king, perceiving that he alone was standing, sat down also.—'May this great and me-'morable epoch be that of the re-es-'tablishment of peace and union, and 'become the pledge of the happiness 'of the people, and the prosperity of 'the empire!'

The hall rung for several minutes with cries, and the plaudits of *vive le roi!* In the midst of these demonstrations of enthusiasm, the minister of justice presented the constitutional act to the king, for his signature, and, as well as all the other ministers, signed it, after his majesty.

The assembly, which had stood during the signature of the constitutional act, sat down to hear the reply of the president, who pronounced the first sentence standing, but who seated himself when he saw that the king did not rise to listen to him. His speech finished thus: 'How grand, sire, in your eyes, 'how dear to our hearts, and how sub-'lime will it appear in our history, the 'epoch of this regeneration, which gives 'citizens to France, a country to the 'French, and to you, as king, a new 'title of greatness and glory; to you, 'moreover, as a man, a new source of 'enjoyment, and new sensations of hap-'piness!'

Nothing more was heard in the hall, while the king remained, but cries of *vive le roi*, and *bravo!* The assembly in a body returned with him to his palace, amidst the shouts of the people, accompanied by military music, and several discharges of artillery. During all the rest of the day, the *château* and garden of the Tuilleries were filled with prodigious multitudes of all classes; and in the evening, all the streets of

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the capital were illuminated, in token of joy, as they had been the evening before.

In reading the above, one of the objects that ought to strike us is the reference, twice made, to the future voice of history. This is among the characteristic littlenesses of the age. How contemptible is it for a public man to have ever in his mind the figure he is to make in history! How much egotism is betrayed when we see a statesman unable to conceal that, in all his undertakings, he is secretly picturing to himself what a pretty book they will make! and what a miserable speculation! as if history were a judge, to whom he might securely trust his character!—How can such a man be supposed to act upon the only principle worthy of man, that of doing right, let the opinion of the world, present and to come, be what it will? It may be safely asked, what has a statesman to do with *future* history? His concern is with the day before him, to do the best in it he can. Let him perform his duty, and with a calm conscience abandon his character and his actions to the ignorance and the caprice of historians. *Past* history he may indeed study with advantage. He, of all men, will be in no danger of confiding too much in its truth! Let him love history as his school, but never acknowledge it as his tribunal, nor trust in it for his monument, nor hope in it for his reward:

Carpe diem,
Nec nimium crede in postero.

It is not that history will certainly be unjust to him, but it is impossible he should foresee whether it will be just or unjust. Of all the absurdities in which the human understanding indulges, one of the wildest is that of believing posterity will be well informed of and do justice to the times in which, and the persons with whom, we live! The opinions of posterity will doubtlessly, on many subjects, be very *different* from ours; but it is by no means certain that they will be better founded, or more rational. History will always be coloured, if not drawn, to suit th age and people for whom it is writte It will depend upon events yet to ha pen, what posterity will be taught t think of those that have passed, or a now passing, before our eyes. Truth i the sport of writers; and mankind, a ways greedy of it, is therefore alway their dupe.

But it is not only in public men, bu in the multitude alike, that this cant *history* vitiates the taste, and therefor falsifies the judgment. It is one of th follies, one of the miseries, into whic the misuse of letters has plunged u Men give all their affections to deed that are calculated to glitter, not t those unrewarded cares, I mean unre warded of the world, which are the rea glory of a statesman. Pedants, trans formed into, or rather aping, politicians are for ever governed by their books when they should be governed by thei hearts, or by their heads. They rea when they should act. They look back when they should look forward, o around them. They copy when they should be original. It is not the spiri of the ancients that they imbibe, bu their gestures that they imitate. From history, they extract, as practical and universal lessons, precisely those particulars which are local and temporary. They are for ever studying costume and stage effect.—How much of what is here said might there not be illustrated from the annals of the French Revolution!

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

I am a little struck with the literary talents displayed by our government, in the official translation of ACHMET BASHAW's letter to the President. 'Excellence'!—How poetical! It is not Your Excellence, nor Your Excellency, but simply 'Excellence' itself. There may be ears to which this word sounds more modestly than 'May it please your Excellency;' but mine are not of the right length.

'For nearly eleven years, I have been la-
'bouring under the weight of misfortune;
'*but, notwithstanding which*, my distress was
'never equal to that which the *actual* com-
'bination of circumstances has made it.' I

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resume that the BASHAW's letter was written in Arabic; but, however that may be, the present translation is from the French. 'Actual combination' means *real* combination; but *la combinaison actuelle* signifies 'the present combination;' and this is what is here intended. In a word, the idiom of this piece is French, throughout. Of the facts stated by the Bashaw, I do not offer any opinion; but I select the following passage, as much on account of the narrative, as of the Gallicisms, and bad English, which occur perhaps still more frequently in others:

'I engaged to go with him to Syracuse, and also to keep myself *secret*, from which circumstance, I was necessarily compelled to abandon all I possessed, and thus lose my horses, camels, &c. *Previous* to my leaving Damintur,* General Eaton told me *the* peace would never be made, unless I was placed in my own seat (throne) and often swore by himself, *that he would never take me from where I was for the sole purpose of making* the *conquest*. I did not however fail to *suggest* to the General, *that in case* Jussuf Bashaw should *actually* remain conqueror, *what part he would take* in my favor, as I *would* not be able to remain *any longer* in the Turkish dominions. I was *answered, if the combinations of war* should prove favorable to Jussuf Bashaw, *that* a pension would be granted me, sufficient to maintain my family and suite; the people and money demanded by me to effect this object (*for such a movement*) were ready.'

QUIDNUNC.

P. S. What is the recommendation of the new diplomatic phraseology, in which a minister *accredited to* a government, or sent to reside *at the court of* a sovereign prince, is said to be minister *near* the one, or the other? This barbarous translation of *auprès*, is one of the most offensive that can meet an English ear: 'The president of the United States has been pleased, on the 16th of this present month of January, to grant his Exequatur, as Consul General of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, the Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, near the United States of America, to Monsieur Felix de Beaujour, &c.'

Mr. Oldschool.

I observe, in one of the volumes of what I find we are now to call your *old series*, the criticism of POLYRAMUS, 'on the uncouth names often used by writers, to exemplify characters,' and the complaint of 'AN ENGLISH READER,' on the same subject. I shall not set about a defence of the 'odd names which Dr. Watts has' employed; but I think a few words may be said in behalf of Latin and Greek cognomens in general; and I am confident that you will hear me impartially, though OLIVER OLDSCHOOL is himself an example which my adversaries cite with pride.

Sir, if they confined themselves to Praise-God Barebones, Make-peace Heaton, Kill-sin Pimple, and Fly-debate Roberts, which the 'English Reader' compares to Philopolis, Euister, Hylobares, and Cuphophron, I should be in no fear of winning my cause; for every jury would see, in such examples, the difficulty of composing significant English names, such as shall not appear vulgar, nor ridiculous.

English names must be of one of these three kinds: they must be either ordinary names, or names which have been ennobled or rendered remarkable by the character or adventures of those who have borne them; or names compounded in the manner of those I have just cited.

As to the first, the familiarity, and the absence of any extrinsic dignity, seldom fail to render them unfit for the purposes of a dialogue or essay-writer. In most cases, they will be found to have one, or both, of these two inconveniences; that of taking from the dignity of precept, or the brilliance of wit, by the association of mean, or disagreeable, ideas; and that of giving an ill-timed appearance of truth to that which should be entertained as fiction. Let it be supposed that I were to close this letter with the name of JOHN SMITH. Do you think, sir, that this signature would throw upon the Port Folio the smallest ray of that lustre which will be shed, time immemorial, by that which catches your eye at the bottom of my paper? Perhaps, sir, JOHN SMITH is a name altogether indifferent to you, and all your readers; and, even in this case, I dare flatter myself that you will not be equally indifferent to mine; but if it should so happen, that you, or any one of you, know, or have known, a JOHN SMITH, whom you do not entirely reverence, as it may be you ought to do, why then what an unfortunate dog I should be! Neither syllogism, nor trope, nor nice allusion, nor 'infinite jest,' would find its way to your brain, unaccompanied by the image of that cursed JOHN SMITH. Say what I might, I should have you exclaim, with the parliament general, 'Sir Harry Vane? Sir Harry Vane? The Lord deliver me from Sir Harry Vane!'

Then, sir, with respect to names which history has lifted from the crowd, it appears to me, that, whenever they are fictitiously employed, truth is violated. The 'English Reader' proposes such as Clarendon, Temple, and Raleigh. For my own part, I could never consent to take liberties of this kind with the ashes of the dead. For, could I use these names without calling up to the reader's imagination the men from whom alone they derive their importance? and ought I to use them, without the most scrupulous regard to historical truth? a regard, in short, so scrupulous, as must, with very-

* Daminhur.

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few exceptions, always forbid my freedoms. So that, a contrary practice would be to slight, not to follow, the maxim of Horace:

Ficta voluptatis causa sint proxima veris.

There remains the consideration of *significant* names. With regard to these, I have to observe, that there are occasions on which they ought to be English, others on which they ought not, and others, again, on which it is a matter of indifference. The names of which I am speaking are sometimes, more or less, the salt of the whole composition. When this fulness of meaning is directed to the general ear, or adapted, or adaptable, to the general taste, they ought to be English. But this is far from being always the case. The meaning is often of a nature not to be relished but by those who are in some degree acquainted with the learned languages; it may derive all its merit from an allusion which can exist only in the language in which it is given; or, lastly, the signification may be of no manner of importance to any reader whatever, and the whole object of the writer may be, as some name is necessary, to use one that it is at least respectable; and by respectable, I mean, such as raises no idea unfavorable to his design. In these cases, I would not have 'English Readers' 'puzzle' themselves, or 'be mortified.' It can do them no injury, that beside the instruction or entertainment which are within their reach, there is an additional, though unessential witticism, or beauty, for those 'who understand it.' If an essay on piety conclude with the signature *Philotheus*, or a description of the pleasures of the town with that of *Philopolis*, the 'English Reader' loses but little by his ignorance that the one signifies a lover of the city, and the other, a lover of his Maker; and the same observation may be applied to the names used in dialogues. On the other hand, how poor and trite would these denominations appear in English! for, by an arrangement of this kind, the most brilliant production might be lowered, in its most vulnerable point (its conclusion) by the stalest common-place. By a contrary practice, this danger is avoided; for the 'English Reader' is suffered to shut the book with the idea conveyed by the last sentence, unbroken in his mind; and the more informed scarcely feel, arrayed in so venerable a garb, that triviality which in a modern language might appear meanness, but, in an ancient one, is dignified simplicity:

Est modus in rebus.

So much for ordinary names; for the Philanders and the Palemons of our moralisers and miscellanists; nor can I think that any of your 'English Readers' will be the less happy, or the less edified by my most edifying letter, if even they should never be able to comprehend any more of my own name than its pretty appearance and harmonious sound; nor, in the course of their whole lives, discover all the mysteries it contains and conceals, nor the art of setting it in cabalistic order:

So, Herrenhausen, once the boast of fame,
Now boasts of nought but its harmonious name.

ABRACADABRA.

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

[The following letter may probably appear to the European reader in the light of a mere *badinage*. But though the fact has been stoutly contradicted by the incredulity of England, and even by the gallantry of France, it is indisputable that the custom described by our correspondent is familiar to the *rustic* lovers, in the Northern and Middle States. It appears to be a relique of pastoral, patriarchal, and primæval manners; and may be considered, by the unsophisticated and the liberal, and would be probably defended by the Whig friends of our admirable system, as a new proof of the artless simplicity, the candid faith, and unsuspecting innocence, of the republican character. The puritans of the North will quote the story of Boaz and Ruth; and the Hotspurs of the south will deem it a *sinning in love*, not more atrocious than the pursuit of the *dusky* Venus, and the *dingy* Desdemona.]

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

That the eastern people are *bundlers*, (I do not say *bunglers*) to a proverb, is notorious; but it is not so generally known that the lads on Long Island court their mistresses always at night. A rustic Cymon there, who has exchanged a few eye-shot in the day with his beloved Iphigenia, waits upon her in the evening; and if he be equal in pretensions to the damsel of his preference, her parents and sisters withdraw, at the usual hour, to bed, and leave the anxious pair to solitude and love. Lust and light, says Shakespear, are deadly enemies; but no sooner are the lights of the house extinguished, and when the rattling of the village cart is heard no more, then toying and dalliance ensue. A young girl has often betrayed herself and lover to the lodgers in the room above, by her involuntary sighs. In the stillness of the night, these profound suspirations from the female bosom are more audible; and, if to these heart-fetched confes-

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sions there be superadded the noise of the clodhopper's shoes, it does not require a team of horses to draw the inference. In the meantime, mamma in the next room (bona fide in the next room) may cough, but that is all. Mamma is hectic, but she hears with indifference what has happened to herself.

But the cream of the joke is this: Sally, or Betsey, or Jenny, or Sukey, shall look so innocent the next morning at breakfast, that you would swear (were you a stranger to her backslidings) that she was as pure as the unsunned snow. Hence I am more than ever inclined to admit the position of a French writer.

Oncque ne vis de pucelage.
Voyant pudeur sur le visage,
Modestie en l'habillement,
Un jeune époux feroit serment
De trouver l'oiseau dans le cage.
Bientôt il change de langage:
Car, ayant cherché vainement,
Il dit, en perdant le courage,
Sans oser le dire hautement,
Oncque ne vis de pucelage!

I am, Sir, &c.

VIATOR.

Be my plan,
To live as merry as I can,
Regardless as the fashions go,
Whether there's reason for 't or no.
Be my employment here on earth,
To give a liberal scope to mirth;
Life's barren vale with flow'rs t' adorn,
And pluck a rose from ev'ry thorn.

CHURCHILL.

ANTICIPATION.

Extract of a letter from the London Courier, dated Monday, the 26th of Sept. 1904.

FROM THE CALCUTTA CHRONICLE.

Yesterday the *Quaddy sloop, Capt. Bagshot*, arrived in the river, and brought the following intelligence from the *rebel* colonies.

Botany Bay, Sept. 3. The states of this province, finding that the Commissioners sent to England have not been successful, have resolved to arm the militia, and put the fort and castle into a proper state of defence. The equestrian statue of George IV, which was erected some years since in the middle of the grand square, has been pulled down, and the metal melted into implements of war: such is the spirit that prevails in these much-injured colonies.

By a ship just arrived at *Garrow Bay*, we are informed that the English ministry have determined to send out a fleet to block up our ports; but we hope this is merely a report. The cattle near the sea-side have been removed to *Old Bailey Plains*, several miles up the country.

New St. Giles's, September 27. The *hemp-trade* here will be very much injured by the prohibitory act lately passed by the British Parliament. The exports to England have indeed been decreasing much of late. There is but one mind and one voice in this province respecting the unhappy disturbances occasioned by the tyrannical acts passed in England, to the injury of our natural rights, our constitution and liberties. The *Cut-throat Rangers* have been embodied, and the command given to *Major-General Ropes-end*, an officer of acknowledged bravery.

We hear from *Woolwich* county, that the attempt to introduce *episcopacy* there has been resented with a becoming spirit. The people there are against all innovations in religion, and are, to a man, tenacious of their religious privileges. *Sir John Ketch* is appointed chairman at the next general congress.

There has been very little business done at the *Bridewell Bank* for some time. Our funds are at present very low. The three per cents were done last week as low as thirty, owing to the general *alarm* of an invasion by the English. The treacherous and perfidious nation may, perhaps, find us better prepared than they expect.

Several promotions have been made in our army. *General Squad* has taken the command of the *Field-lane* light troops. Captain Macheath has been promoted to *Captain, vice Major Macheath.*

Dyot Street County, Sept. 28. Notwithstanding the alarming state of affairs, and an immediate expectation of hostilities, our theatre succeeds amazingly. Last night the *Beggar's Opera* was performed by our company, and was received throughout with unbounded and universal applause. No acting could be more natural, and the songs were *executed* in a *style* of excellence seldom found on other theatres. The church of *St. Pillory* was opened last Sunday, and a most excellent sermon preached by *Dr. Atkinson*, The text was, "*Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.*"

For the Port Folio.

NEW MUSIC.

"Send the bowl round merrily," a New Ballad, sung by Mr. Johnstone, in the Camp, and written by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. is characterized by a British reviewer of correct and delicate taste; as displaying a gaiety of spirit and fancy, that rivals the pathos and elegance of the more serious productions of the translator of Anacreon.

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EDUCATION.

Mr. Oldschool,

I was invited on Monday last to witness the progress in the French language of the young ladies of Madame Grelaud's boarding-school; and I must confess that I never received more satisfaction than on this occasion. The professor, it appears, has adopted the method recommended by the author of *Nature Displayed*, and from his declaration, and that of Madame Grelaud, some of the young ladies have, in six months, acquired great facility in speaking, and reading the most difficult French books. The young ladies recited whole scenes of plays with much animation. Miss Hoffman, Miss Shoemaker, Miss Livingston, Miss Philips, and some others, whose names I could not learn, played *La Marchande de Modes* of Madame Genlis very correctly, and I distinguished Miss Knox, Miss O'Brien, Miss Nicklin, Miss Craig, Miss Oliver, Miss Le Raye, Miss Dubarry, Miss Obrien, Miss Kemps, Miss Fontange, Miss Monges, Miss Livingston, junior, Miss Circée, Miss Duval, Miss A. Hoffman, and Miss Prima, by their great proficiency in grammar as well as pronunciation. The indefatigable exertions of the teacher, Mr. Thuron, to advance his pupils, merits our warmest commendation. Madame Grelaud cannot fail to have a flourishing school whilst she continues to give such undeniable proofs of attention to the young ladies who have the happiness to be under her care.

I cannot close this article, sir, without mentioning the extraordinary talents of an almost infant son of Madame Grelaud, who recited a scene of *Alzire* with more judgment than many *grown gentlemen* would have done, whose profession it is to 'hold the mirror up to nature.'

Yours, T.

For the Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

When benevolence finds its way into the green-room, we hail it with particular love and reverence. The managers of our theatre, on Friday evening of last week, gave the profits of one night's performance to the orphan children of our once favorite Hodgkinson. 'Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.... Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar?'

The pieces chosen for the occasion were, 'The Voice of Nature,' and 'The Children in the Wood,' which were performed much to our satisfaction.

The address of the children spread a temporary gloom on the scene, which however soon disappeared before their sprightliness and ease in the after-piece. The house was nearly a *bumper*; and may a bumper of happiness attend the helpless young ones in their progress o'er the stage of life! Let them not despair. The world is wide; and though it is

> . . . . . a stormy sea,
> Whose ev'ry breath is strew'd with wrecks of wretches,
> That daily perish in it,

yet, it offers to the virtuous a thousand consolations—the wages of a spotless life.

On Saturday evening Mr. Cain again attempted 'Douglas,' again to sink beneath the weight of his burthen. Once for all we would advise Mr. Cain not to goad the tragic muse to a fit of desperation; the 'poisoned chalice' may be thrown in his teeth. Let him woo his mistress, and 'sigh like furnace' in modern comedy, but, out of respect to the manes of our departed poets, let him not mangle the living testimonies of their claim to our remembrance.

Mr. Fennell's *Glenalvon* approached very near to the excellence of Cooke.

Mrs. Melmoth, with a few faults in pronunciation, was superior to any *Lady Randolph* in this country.

On Monday evening OTHELLO attracted a full house. The high opinion entertained of Mr. Fennell in the Moor caused a press among his friends. We never more fully experienced the inconvenience pointed out by Cowper, in his *Winter Evening*:

> 'Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
> 'And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
> 'Outscolds the ranting actor on the stage.'

We do not, however, mean to insinuate that Mr. Fennell is a *ranting* actor. On the contrary, we imagine that he would be better received if he displayed a little more fire. In endeavouring to avoid tearing 'a passion to rags' he falls into the opposite extreme, and loses sight of 'be not too tame neither.' It is our decided opinion, that if Mr. Fennell were less of a scholar, he would be a greater actor. With a fund of information which rarely falls to the share of a performer, he frequently strikes out of the beaten path, the turnpike-road of the stage, to pursue butterflies in mazes of briers, whence he cannot be extricated without scratches, or more serious inconveniences. If he were to reform the old abuses of the stage, without snatching at every monosyllable for a *new* reading; if, instead of leaving out the words of the author, and substituting the illegitimate offspring of some wandering brain; if he would attend to the *unities* of the Drama, and convince the managers of the necessity of a close attention to them, he would atchieve a more glorious work than altering the meaning of any particular sentence by a change of emphasis, in which the

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majority of his impartial audience would disagree with him. We do not doubt that Mr. Fennell would have shone more at the bar, or in the pulpit, than on the stage.

In saying thus much, however, we do not mean to infer that Mr. Fennell is not a very superior performer. His acting, in many scenes of 'Othello' was worthy of the warmest panegyric. In addressing *Iago* and *Desdemona*, in the first act, the gentleman and the lover sparkled through his speech:

My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:
I pry'thee, let thy wife attend on her,
And bring them after in the best advantage.
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

And in the second act, when his passion is roused by the quarrel, we must have been very insensible not to feel, in the fullest extent,

Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Assays to lead the way: if I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke.

We might enumerate a thousand other instances where we thought Mr. Fennell excellent; and we saw many faults which we are not inclined to point out. There is one, notwithstanding, which demands animadversion, and which we cannot, in justice, pass over. In the address to the *Duke*, Mr. Fennell substituted other lines for the following, which are in every one's recollection:

Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whose heads touch'd heaven,
It was my hint to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals which each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Did grow beneath their shoulders.

We have no objection to improvement, even upon SHAKESPEAR; but is this alteration really an improvement? Are "mutiny," and "unpaid soldier," images which strike the mind so forcibly as those presented in the original, or so well calculated for fixing the attention of a lady?

Mrs. Wignell and Mrs. Melmoth, in *Desdemona* and *Æmilia*, displayed their usual attractions.

Mr. Wood's *Iago* never pleased us. He is not villanous enough. But Mr. Wood, in genteel comedy, makes amends for his deficiency in characters of *Iago's* cast.

From the "Shipwreck" we expected that, at least, a broken mast or spar would have rewarded us for attending at its representation. The managers, probably, think that the little bundle-breeched figure of Miss Hunt will compensate for the constant insults offered to the public by the omission of nearly half of the songs, and thrusting performers into parts who would not be suffered even to mount the stage of a charlatan. Mr. Harwood, an actor of uncommon merit, is almost excluded from the boards, because the other gentlemen will not *give up* their parts to him. What is the duty of a manager, if every actor, like Bottom in "Midsummer Night's Dream," is to chuse his own part, in defiance of justice and common sense? Mr. Harwood's not appearing oftener is, no doubt, occasioned by the *prior* claims of others; and the city must therefore be deprived of this gentleman's talents till these claims shall cease!

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me,
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

An elegant critic introduces somewhere, the ensuing remarks upon the freedom of the epistolary style.

A good understanding improved by reading the best writers, by accurate observation of men and manners, and, above all, by use and practice, will be sufficient to form an accomplished letter-writer, without restraining the vigour of his genius and the flights of his fancy with a rigid observance of the line and rule. The best letters, and, indeed, the best compositions of any kind, were produced before the boasted rules to teach how to write them were written or invented. The rules prescribed by critics are so minute and particular, as to remind one of the *recipes* in Hannah Glasse's Cookery. They pretend to teach how to express thoughts on paper with a mechanical process, similar to that in which the culinary authoress instructs her disciples in the composition of a minced pye.

The titles of the late lord Nelson were Viscount Nelson and Duke of Bronti. The United Parliament voted him a pension of 3000*l.* per ann. for his own life, and that of his two next heirs. The East India Company presented him with 10,000*l.* The Grand

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Signior gave him, as a mark of obligation and esteem, a diamond aigrette and a pelisse, value 4000*l.* From the emperor of Russia he received a diamond box worth 2500*l.* From the king of Naples he received presents to the value of 5000*l.* with the dukedom of Bronti, and an estate of the value of 3000*l.* per annum. In a word, almost every sovereign of Europe, city of note, or commercial company of credit, requested him to accept something as a mark of their esteem. The victories which lord Nelson achieved were considered as benefits, not conferred upon his own country solely, but upon the whole society of Europe.

Lord Nelson was engaged in upwards of one hundred and twenty-four actions with the enemy. He lost one eye at Calvi, and one arm at Teneriffe; and on all occasions proved that he thought his body as well as his mind, were the property of his country. His humanity was always as conspicuous as his courage and judgment.

The fall of this intrepid Sailor will draw forth many literary tributes to his memory. The earliest we have met with is contained in the *Carriers' Verses* of Mr. Relf's *Philadelphia Gazette*, which for that reason we take the more pleasure in preserving:

O yes! O yes! O yes! on you, good friends,
Again your Newsman's faithful voice attends,
And begs his wishes with a smile you 'll hear:—
"A merry Christmas, and a happy year!"

"Dull times" indeed, and little to engage,
These twelvemonths past have stamp'd the empty page;
Save where, sad task! dread Fever's steps we trac'd,
And sigh'd to tell how wide the mortal waste;
Still mourning life's contracted span,
In many a friend, and many a friend of man!
And save, where to the patriot's ear we gave
What wrongs his country suffer'd on the wave;
And save where, too, to int'rest ev'ry Miss,
Long lists of weddings ran, and whisper'd nuptial bliss!
Ah! happy years long crown the weddings past,
And this year's brides out-number all the past!

This year! O politicians, in this year
What tales of wonder will there not appear!
No yawning Quidnunc shall condemn the *news*,
But, ev'ry day, bright deeds of war peruse:
Bright deeds of war? or shall the battle cease,
And shall the world again return to peace?
Must the fierce fight for Europe's freedom last,
And ev'ry wind convey the trumpet's blast?
Columbia's rights, must they the war demand,
And the sword wake t' avenge th' insulted land?
Must other warriors, at their country's call,
Like *Eaton* conquer, or like NELSON fall?

NELSON! shall NELSON fall unhonor'd here?
Shall we unmov'd behold the brave man's bier?
Shall we esteem unworthy our applause
The foreign hero of a foreign cause?
O Valor! dear, to ev'ry bosom dear,
Departed valor! take the "*human* tear!"
"Call no man" (thus the sage his counsel gives)
"Call no man fortunate while yet he lives!"
How happy, NELSON, fled thy gen'rous breath,
victor living,—victor still in death!

Kind friends, whatever, in our motley tale,
We, life's "brief chroniclers," perforce retail,
May all our hist'ry, where it touches you,
Tell only good, and all the good be true!
And, past this journey of the circling sun,
When we, as now, with warmest wishes run,
May you again with smiles indulgent hear,
"A merry Christmas, and a happy year!"

Addison very feelingly describes the influence of fine weather upon his mind.

Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon, I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a crowd at his levee. I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moonlight, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure round.

An Irish dentist being lately in a room with a gentleman who had lost several of his front teeth, observed to him—'I think Sir, you stand in need of my assistance, for I see you want a few *chairs* in your *dining-room*.'

[*Lon. paft.*

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John Leoch, the correspondent of Drummond, the Scottish poet, published his '*Musæ Priores*,' at London, in 1620, on his return from his travels. He was the son of a clergyman, studied philosophy at Aberdeen, and when at Poictiers, applied to civil law. After his return to Britain he lived in habits of familiarity with all the Scottish wits of the age. He dedicated his amatory poems to William, Earl of Pembroke, nephew of Sir Philip Sidney. His Musæ Priores, the verses of which sometimes possess considerable elegance and fluency of style, consist of his *Eroticon*, or love verses, written in imitation of the ancient models; his *Idyllia*, and his *Epigrammata*. He defends the freedom of some of his love verses by the old apology of Catullus, that his life was chaste, though his verse was wanton; or, as Goldsmith expresses it—'His conduct still right, and his argument wrong. In the preface to his *Idyllia*, he claims some degree of merit for the variety, as well as for the originality of this style. 'Quotus enim quisque est, qui tam varia in hoc genere aggressus? namque, ut Bucolica excipias in quibus non pauci; quis, oro, præter Sanazarium. *Piscatorias* Eclogas; quis præter Hugonem Grotium *Nauticas* tentavit, et illius, quod dolori maximo esse possit equid præter unicum *Nauticum* exstat Idyllium? In *Amœlicis* nullus, quod sciam. Hactenus primos ego illas aggressus nondum tamen ingressus. The *Amœlic* eclogue, or song of the vintagers was probably attempted in imitation of the Italians. A long poem in this style was composed by Tansillo, and denominated *Il Vendemiatore*.

THE DREAM.

From the Latin of J. Leoch.

Lov'd of the Muse, to Venus dear,
My Drummond! lend thy partial ear;
Thou, gifted bard, canst best explain
The dreams, which haunt a poet's brain,

Ere night's bright wain her course had run.
Venus to me, and Venus' son,
Descending in a radiant car,
Rapt from earth and bore me far;
Sparrows, billing, twitt'ring clear,
Drew us on our swift career;
The lovely goddess all the while,
Glow'd with pleasure's wanton smile;
O'er her hover'd all the Graces,
Sighs and kisses and embraces:
Around her son, in vesture bright,
Hopes and murmurs flutter'd light;
With every form of melting bliss,
That breathes or sucks the humid kiss.

Swimming on the moon-beams pale,
Soon we reach'd sweet Tempe's vale;
Zephyrs fluttering o'er the strand
Bade every glowing flower expand,
While the nightingale, on high,
Pour'd her liquid melody

O'er the level lawn we flew;
The grove's deep shadow round us grew,
Deep, within a soft retreat,
Flow'd a spring with murmur sweet.
'There be all thine offerings done'
Softly whisper'd Venus' son:
'Then let clouds of incense rise,'—
Venus whisper'd 'to the skies.'

From the chariot light I sprung
Shrill the golden axle rung,
Kneeling by the chrystal spring,
Every Naiad's charms I sing;
Echo wafts their praises wide,
But chief the Naiads of the tide.

Goddess of the stream attend,
O'er thy wave I suppliant bend;
Grant thy spring may ever be,
Dear to Venus, and to me.

As I bend the waves to kiss,
Murmurs rise of softer bliss;
For the fountain's liquid face,
I feel the timid nymph's embrace;
Glow and pant my labouring veins,
As her ivory arms she strains;
While the melting kiss she sips
The soul sits quivering on my lips.

Sudden, from our watery bed,
Venus slily smiling fled;
With her sought the shady grove,
The smiling dimpling god of love:
Loud, through all its dusky bounds,
'Hylas! a second Hylas' sounds;
While the vision fled in air,
And left the bard to lone despair.

By every smiling god above,
By the maid you dearest love:
Drummond! to all the muses dear,
Lend to thy friend thy partial ear;
Thou, gifted bard, canst best explain,
Each dream, that haunts the poet's brain.

D.

The Russians are in full march against the French, under a commander of redoubtable name, general *Cutt-us of*. It is to be hoped this worthy gentleman will soon have a *slice* at Bonaparte. *Lon. paper.*

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Wallis, the grammarian, has thus rung the changes upon the copiousness of an English word.

When a *twister* a twisting will twist him a twist,
For the twisting his twist he three twines doth intwist;
But, if one of the twines of the twist do untwist,
The twine that untwisteth untwisteth the twist.
Untwirling the twine that untwisteth between,
He twirls with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twitcheth the twine he had twined in twain.
The twain that in twining before in the twine,
As twins were intwisted, he now doth untwine,
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his *twister*, makes a twist of the twine.

Edmund Smith introduces, in his famous Tragedy, the ensuing simile.

So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,
The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;
His idle horn, on fragrant myrtles hung,
His arrows scatter'd and his bow unstrung;
Obscure in coverts lie his dreaming hounds
And bay the fancied boar with feeble sounds:
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields
And all the hero to the lover yields.

Imitation of Horace. Ode 3, B. II.

Where the sweet myrtle yields its shade,
And twines luxuriant round our head,
O come, with willing arms, outspread,
To bless with smiles thy happy boy;
And bring with thee the sparkling wine,
And press thy rosy lips to mine
Till, tasting raptures half divine,
We give a loose to love and joy.
Whether thy hours in joy are spent
Or whether to the bilboes sent,
So poor thou could'st not pay thy rent;
My Delia still remember.
One day, it will not signify,
Whether 'twas thine to flaunt it high,
Or stinking sprats all day to cry,
Through drizzling December.
Thy house, the scene of many a fête,
So gay, commodious, and so neat,
And carriage eke, and country seat,
And lacquies that attend ye:
All all, dear girl, will nought avail,
When beauty's dazzling charms shall fail,
And death, who ne'er accepts of bail,
To Pluto's care shall send ye.
Then since it is of all the lot,
One day in Charon's greasy boat,
Without even a king Charles's groat,
Or sixpence to make merry,

To be like smuggled gin, convey'd,
By those who love the murky shade,
And drive their interdicted trade
Across some vile Scotch ferry.

Let us, dear girl, devote the hour
To mirth and joy's enliv'ning power,
In festive love's delicious bower,
And bind their trophies round our head:

And while the fates life's thread shall twine
Thus let us drain the sparkling wine
And glue thy rosy lips to mine,
Till love and mirth and joy lie dead.

It has been hinted by many and believed by more, that Sir William Howe and Sir Henry Clinton, with many other redoubtable Generals, urged to America by the evil genius of Lord North's ministry, did not very strenuously contend with their American brethren.—Content with the golden harvest of pay and promotion, they left the laurel of victory to be plucked by other hands, and sinking in the arms of sleep or the lap of harlotry, were willing to be safe and inglorious, though a dismembered empire should attest their lassitude, timidity or treason. The narcotic influence of something upon the mind of these supine warriors and their yawning troops, during their harmless campaigns in this country, is indignantly alluded to by COWPER.

But, oh, th' important budget! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings? have *our troops awak'd?*
Or do they still, as if *with opium drugg'd,*
Snore to the murmurs of th' Atlantic wave!

The poet, after describing the arrival of the post, and the eagerness with which the newspaper is opened by a rural reader, asks a well-timed question, which I should be glad to hear satisfactorily answered, by the admirers or the defenders of Sir William Howe and his associates. Did not he and his troops *snore* amid the fogs of Germantown? and did not he slumber and sleep in three of our cities, when his king and his common country expected that he would be broad awake to his military duties?

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following verses of Mr. Fessenden, which have not yet appeared in print, are worthy of a place in your paper. When I last visited Passaic falls, the celebrated author of "Terrible Tractoration" had been there a few days before me, and left in the Album, kept at Major Goodwin's, the following verses:

Henceforth may the Muses,
Sans any excuses,
Enliven the landscapes surrounding;
May the strains of Apollo
Be heard in each hollow,
And Dryads each thicket be found in.

The beautiful scenery,
And cotton machinery,
And delicate paper-mill lasses,
With the fine cataract,
Make it matter of fact,
That Patterson rivals Parnassus.

If these please you, I hope the following will displease you, from your humble servant. F.

O mother, mother! Cupid cry'd,
When first my downy beard he spy'd,
Behold that youth, how fair and young!
My bow must not remain unstrung;
I long to pierce his tender heart,
And see him writhe in pleasing smart,
For hence, perhaps, he may despise
My arrows, and your lovely eyes.

Haste, my urchin, do your duty,
Your arrow dipt in blood of beauty,
Send it with unerring aim,
And gently raise the latent flame.

He bent his bow, and twang'd the string,
The arrow miss'd; I heard it sing;
I turn'd, and saw him blush for shame,
Because, in haste, he miss'd his aim.
I laugh'd to scorn the urchin child;
His mother wip'd the blush and smil'd,
And while I laugh'd, a well aim'd dart
Pierc'd, twisting, thro' my very heart.

STANZAS TO IRIS.

From the French.

Fair Iris, if, of Time the rage,
Upon my changing form you see,
Remember, Nymph, that at my age,
But little better you will be.

The hand of Time, as on he goes,
E'en in the fairest forms we trace;
With the same ease he'll blight your rose,
As he has furrow'd o'er my face.

And Time, that saw my days begin,
Has also fix'd your destiny;
What you are now, I too have been,
And you, as I am now, will be.

SONG.

When the warrior returns from the battle afar,
To the home and the country he nobly defended,
O warm be the welcome to gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended!
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along,
To the feast-flowing board let us gratefully throng,
Where mixt with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Columbians! a band of thy brothers behold!
Who claim their reward in thy heart's warm emotion,
When thy cause, when thy honor, urg'd onward the bold,
In vain frown'd the desert—in vain rag'd the ocean.
To a far distant shore—to the battle's wild roar,
They rush'd, thy fair fame and thy right's to secure;
Then mixt with the olive the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

Our fathers, who stand on the summit of fame,
Shall exultingly hear, of their sons, the proud story,
How their young bosoms glow'd with the patriot flame,
How they fought, how they fell, in the blaze of their glory.
How triumphant they rode o'er the wondering flood,
And stain'd the blue waters with infidel blood;
How mixt with the olive the laurel did wave,
And form'd a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

In the conflict resistless, each toil they endur'd,
Till their foes shrunk dismay'd from the war's desolation,
And *pale beam'd* the Crescent, its splendor obscur'd
By the light of the star-spangled flag of our nation.
Where, each radiant star gleamed a meteor of war,
And the turban'd heads bow'd to the terrible glare;
Then mixt with the olive the laurel did wave,
And form'd a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

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Then welcome the warrior, return'd from afar,
To the home, and the country, he nobly defended;
Let the thanks due to valour, now gladden his ear,
And loud be the joy that his perils are ended.
In the full tide of song, let his fame roll along,
To the feast-flowing board let us grate-fully throng;
Where, mixt with the olive, the laurel shall wave,
And form a bright wreath for the brows of the brave.

THE WISH.

Imitated from the Latin of W. Cowper, Esq.

O matutini rores auræque salubres,
O nemora, &c.

How bright the scene, by Nature's hand display'd,
Where hills and groves in wild assemblage rise;
What time the morn, in roseate vest array'd,
With orient lustre fills the kindling skies.
Dear scenes! may Fate, within your lov'd domains,
Revive the bliss I fondly prov'd of yore,
In you, the charms that grac'd my natal plains,
When first their beauties warm'd this heart, restore.
Here, shrin'd in shade, as length'ning life decays,
May guardian Friendship crown the sylvan cell,
On my lone grave an artless tribute raise,
And on these ashes breathe a last farewell.

LINES FROM SEGRAIS.

O les discours charmans, ô les divines choses,
Qu'un jour disait Amire, en la saison des roses!
Doux zéphirs qui régniez alors dans ce beaux lieux,
N'en portâtes-vous rien à l'oreille des Dieux?

IMITATION.

When so sweetly Thyrsis sings,
As love's season soft appears,
Wait you, zephyrs, on your wings,
Nothing to Immortal ears?

STANCES, PAR RACAN.

Plaisant séjour des ames affligées,
Vieilles forêts, de trois siècles âgées,
Qui recelez la nuit, le silence et l'effroi,
Depuis qu'en ces déserts, les amoureux, sans craintes,
Viennent faire leurs plaintes,
En a-t-on vu quelqu'un plus malheureux que moi?

Soit que le jour, dissipant les étoiles,
Force la nuit à retirer ses voiles,
Et peigne l'Orient de diverses couleurs,
Ou que l'ombre du soir, du faite des montagnes,
Tombe dans les campagnes,
L'on ne me voit jamais que plaindre ma douleur.

Ainsi Daphnis, rempli d'inquiétude,
Contait sa peine en cette solitude,
Glorieux d'être esclave en de si beaux liens;
Les nymphes des forêts plaignirent son martyre,
Et l'amoureux Zéphire
Arrêta ses soupirs, pour entendre les siens.

EPIGRAMS.

Sylvia her gambling nephew chides,
With many a sharp and pithy sentence;
The graceless youth her care derides,
Yet seems to promise her repentance.
"When you," dear aunt, "relinquish man,
Expect me to abandon gaming;"
The conscious matron shakes her fan,
"Go, rogue, I find you're past reclaiming."

"To think of death," said Madame Clare,
"Is doing well."—Last night, the fair,
Thinking of death, in earnest died,
"*Well done*, my dear," her husband cried.

From the Theatrical Censor.

Ah! JEFFERSON, why so much wit would you make
To consist, my dear lad, in a wriggle and shake?
Away with the trick, and your vein, never doubt it,
Will flow through the scene just as comic without it;
But if, fond of shaking, at precepts you scoff,
Shake a good shake, at once, man! and shake the thing off.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per Annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

No. 6.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, February* 15, 1806. [Vol. I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 156.

"Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
"Camœnis venit."

THOSE arts which have contributed to the refinement of mankind have ever been the subjects of admiration, and the unceasing themes of eulogy. Of these, none are more ancient, none more delightful, than poetry. Almost coëval with language itself, its origin is hidden among the mists of remote antiquity, and its earliest efforts unpreserved by art, have long since declined into oblivion. The enquiries of the curious into its source have terminated in unsatisfactory conjecture; but the whole world has cultivated it as one of the happiest arts that can employ the imagination; and poets of real worth have stamped on the records of immortality, the productions of their inspired souls. The dictates of morality, clothed in the formal garb of precept, vanish too frequently with those who give them birth; the elucidations of physical science, covered with the veil of technical obscurity, become incomprehensible to mankind, and even the instructive annals of history are apt to perish through the caprice, the neglect, or the ignorance of men. But when the philosopher, or the moralist, displays his principles in the magnificent attire of verse, all posterity cherish them as combining the qualities of improvement and delight. The productions of Herodotus and Aristotle are confined to the cabinet of the learned, while the memorials of the genius of Homer and Anacreon are diffused throughout every rank of men.

Poetry, as the vehicle for pleasing instruction, as the purest, sweetest soothing to a troubled soul, as the richest product of an inspired mind, has always been unrivalled by any of its sister arts. In the early periods of antiquity, the objects which presented themselves to the view of men were new and astonishing. Their souls were untutored in the paths of luxury and vice; their conceptions were bold, striking, and original; and their imaginations vivid as the fire of heaven. Philosophy had not withdrawn from mankind the veil of ignorance, which has since been rent asunder by the progressive discoveries of succeeding ages, nor had religion taught the world the real source of life and virtue. Every object in nature had some peculiar faculty attributed to it by bold and inventive minds. Hence the Greeks bestowed upon the elements, and other inanimate objects which surrounded them, supernatural powers. In the landscape, and on the lawn, in the sheltered recesses of the grove, and on the lofty summit of the mountains, they beheld Dryads, and Fauns, and Satyrs. In the rivulets that flowed through their

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plains, they fancied that they saw Nymphs and Demi-Gods; every stream was a Helicon, every mountain a Parnassus. This personification of inanimate objects gave to their language such a continued strain of metaphor, such glowing colours, tinged with the sweetness of simplicity, that every thing became a subject for the poet's fancy. Did storms and tempests thunder through the heavens, and terrify the souls of men? Jupiter was incensed. When the rich harvest yielded to the husbandman the welcome product of his toil—'twas Ceres smiled. And, if in arms, the exertions of the valiant failed—Mars or Minerva frowned upon their efforts.

The limits of excursive fancy were circumscribed by no bounds, and poetry embraced, with equal ease, the weightiest and the lightest thoughts. The grandest and sublimest themes received new splendor from the majesty of the Doric muse. The Eolian, by its enchanting sweetness, soothed the bitterest cares, and softened the most obdurate soul. Ionia's strains described subjects the most magnificent. Religion felt her power revive when accompanied with the Phrygian melody; and tears of sorrow flowed spontaneously at the plaintive sound of Lydian measures. Tyrtæus, by his warlike songs, awakened the desponding spirit of the heroes of Lacedemon, and roused them to conquest, and renown. Archilochus inflicted pangs of deadliest poignancy on the victims of his satyric muse; and Minnermus, by his melting verse, infused draughts of love into the soul. In the holy temple, where eternal zeal blazed in incense before the altar of the gods, poetry was the vehicle of prayer. In the field of battle, where contending champions strove for the laurel wreath, and aimed to establish the glory of their country, the martial muse inspired them, and nerved their arms. In the soft blandishments of love, when care was banished, and words of melting sweetness fell from the roseate lips of beauty, the accents of desire flowed in verse. Why did Sappho plunge from the "frowning height" of Leucadia? Touched with the songs which she herself had sung, and fired with the image of her own creation, she rushed to destruction.

But neither love, nor war, nor religion, confined the boundless fervor of poetic genius. Government felt its sway, politicians trembled at its power, and one of the greatest legislators that antiquity can boast uttered the laws of Athens in tuneful measures.

In after ages, poetry assumed a different appearance, and the history of its professors' lives afforded matter equally interesting with their productions. Of the father of Epic poetry the admiring world records nothing but his writings, and his name. Homer lived—he wrote—and died. Contending cities may claim the honor of his birth, and rival ages dispute the merit of his time; but the strictest scrutiny into his life and character must for ever prove fruitless; and the sun of glory, which shines around the Iliad, affords not sufficient light to dispel the mists which obscure its author and to shew when and where he lived. But nearer our own days, when every circumstance clouding or adorning the character of genius has been preserved in the memory of men, Petrarch's piety and loves are memorable as his songs. His Laura, whose name is enrolled among the wonderful productions of time; his crown of immortality twined round his brows by the hand of wisdom and of virtue; his sacred retreat of Vaucluse, delightful as the vale of Tempé, every circumstance accompanying his character, is cherished as a legacy from heaven.

Never did an investigation into the origin of any branch of science, nor a contest for the honor of having invented an art, create more interest than is felt in the poems of the Caledonian bard. The learned have divided on the question of their authenticity; the lovers of simplicity and elegance have wasted argument in endless scrutiny, and the admirers of poetic excellence have entered with enthusiasm the lists of disquisition on a subject which can never be determined: but all mankind must

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admire that genius, which produced the *Works of Ossian*. The son of Fingal appears, "like the beam of the rising sun, when he disperses the storms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields." Cherished as the Muse's darling son, he depicts the noble manners of an interesting age; and is still superior to the malice of criticism and the malignant attacks of envy, whether he paint the mistress of his soul in all the glow of beauty, or tune his harp to deeds of war, when he sings "the tale of other times." Ossian's fame remains "like the oak of Morven," increasing, as years advance.

It is not my intention to particularise those who have shone in English poetry, for they are numerous as the stars of heaven. Several succeeding ages of the British history present to the admiring view one of the most enchanting prospects of poetic greatness, that have ever been witnessed in the annals of time. Imitation creates excellence, and one prodigy gives birth to another. The glory and renown bestowed by one age, upon those who render themselves worthy of fame, excite a noble emulation in that which succeeds, and hence a nation, once remarkable for literature, loses its reputation only by a convulsion which destroys its freedom. As one period produced Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and another, Aristotle, and all the great disciples of the Socratic school, so, in the prosperity of England, almost every age has teemed with men of science and of genius. The commencement of the nineteenth century bids fair to rival any of its predecessors. Already have we boasted a Moore, a Strangford, and, with the zeal of an American, I add, a Fessenden.

J.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

(*Continued.*)

After applying closely for a considerable time to the study of theology, he passed the usual trials in the presbytery of Dumfries, and was by that presbytery licensed a preacher of the Gospel, in 1759.

As a preacher he obtained high reputation, and was fond of composing sermons. In 1760, when the nation was alarmed by a threatened invasion from the French, he published '*The Right Improvement of Time, a Sermon*, 8vo. He seems to have imbibed pretty deeply the apprehension of his countrymen. The sentiments it contains are just and solid, and the advices are calculated to be useful at all times, particularly in the prospect of national danger or distress.

The same year he contributed several poetical pieces to the first volume of Donaldson's 'Collection of Original Poems by Scotch Gentlemen,' 12mo. Mr. Blacklock ascribes the 'Epistle on Taste,' printed in this volume as Mr. Gordon's, to Blacklock, excepting the lines relating to himself.

In 1761, he published, '*Faith, Hope, and Charity, compared, a Sermon*, 8vo. Though this cannot be called a first-rate performance, it abounds with just and elegant remarks, and his favourite topic of charity is agreeably and forcibly illustrated.

In 1762, he maried Miss Sarah Johnston, daughter of Mr. Joseph Johnston, surgeon in Dumfries, a man of eminence in his profession, and of a character highly respected; a connexion which formed the great solace and blessing of his future life, and gave him, with all the tenderness of a wife, all the zealous care of a guide and a friend. This event took place a few days before his being ordained minister of Kirkudbright, in consequence of a presentation from the Crown, obtained for him by the Earl of Selkirk, a benevolent nobleman, whom Blacklock's situation and genius had interested in his behalf. But the inhabitants of the parish, whether from an aversion to *patronage*, so prevalent among the lower ranks in North Britain, from some political disputes which at that time subsisted between them and Lord Selkirk, or from those prejudices which some of them might naturally entertain against a person deprived of

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sight, or perhaps from all those causes united, were so extremely disinclined to receive him as their minister, that, after a legal dispute of nearly two years, it was thought expedient by his friends, as it had always been wished by himself, to compromise the matter, by resigning his right to the living, and accepting a moderate annuity in its stead.

The following anecdote of Blacklock, mentioned in Dr. Cleghorn's Thesis, *De Somno*, happened, at the inn in Kirkcudbright, on the day of his ordination, and is authenticated by the testimony of Mrs. Blacklock, who was present, with Mr. Gordon and a numerous company of his friends, who dined with him on the occasion. It merits notice, both as a curious fact relative to the state of the mind in sleep, and on account of the just and elegant compliment with which it concludes.

'Dr. Blacklock, one day, harassed by the censures of the populace, whereby not only his reputation, but his very subsistence was endangered, and fatigued with mental exertion, fell asleep after dinner. Some hours after, he was called upon by a friend, answered his salutation, rose and went with him into the dining room, where some of his companions were met. He joined with two of them in a concert, singing as usual, with taste and elegance, without missing a note, or forgetting a word; he then went to supper, and drank a glass or two of wine. His friends, however, observed him to be a little absent and inattentive; by and by he began to speak to himself, but in so slow and confused a manner, as to be unintelligible. At last, being pretty forcibly roused, he awoke with a sudden start, unconscious of all that had happened, as till then he had continued fast asleep." Dr. Cleghorn adds, with great truth, after relating this fact, "No one will suspect either the judgment or the veracity of Dr. Blacklock. All who knew him bear testimony to his judgment; his fame rests on a better foundation than fictitious narratives; no man delights in, or more strictly adheres, on all points, to the truth.'

With this slender provision, he removed, in 1764, to Edinburgh; and, to make up by his industry a more comfortable and decent subsistence, he adopted the plan of receiving a certain number of young gentlemen as boarders, into his house, whose studies in languages and philosophy he might, if necessary, assist. In this situation he continued till 1787, when he found his time of life and state of health required a degree of repose, which induced him to discontinue the receiving of boarders.

In the occupation which he thus exercised for so many years of his life no teacher was, perhaps, ever more agreeable to his pupils, nor master of a family to its inmates, than Blacklock. The gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition, and that warm interest in the happiness of others, which led him so constantly to promote it, were qualities that could not fail to procure him the love and regard of the young gentlemen committed to his charge; while the society which esteem and respect for his character and genius often assembled at his house, afforded them an advantage rarely to be found in establishments of a similar kind. In the circle of his friends, he appeared entirely to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy which at other times it might produce. He entered, with the cheerful playfulness of a young man, into all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, the humourous jest, that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy, to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, and the gaiety of others. Several of those inmates of his house were students of physic, from England, Ireland, and America, who retained, in future life, all the warmth of that impression, which his friendship at this early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world he had friends and correspondents, from whom no length of time, nor distance of place, had ever estranged him. Among his favourite

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correspondents may be reckoned Dr. Tucker, author "The Bermudian," a poem, and "The Anchoret," and Dr. Downman, author of "Infancy," a poem, and other ingenious performances.

In 1766, upon the unsolicited recommendation of his friend Dr. Beattie, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen.

In 1767, he published "Paraclesis; or, Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion; in two Dissertations. The first supposed to have been composed by Cicero, now rendered into English; the last originally written by Thomas Blacklock, D. D. 8vo. His motive, he tells, in a *letter to a friend*, prefixed to this work, for translating the first, and writing the last treatise on 'Consolation,' was to alleviate the pressure of repeated disappointments, to sooth his anguish for the loss of departed friends, to elude the rage of implacable and unprovoked enemies, and to support his own mind, which, for a number of years, besides its literary difficulties, and its natural disadvantages, had maintained an incessant struggle with fortune. Of the 'Dissertation' ascribed to Cicero, he endeavours to prove the authenticity; but his arguments are by no means satisfactory. The generality of critics have questioned its authenticity. Dr. Middleton, in his 'Life of Cicero,' says, it is 'undoubtedly spurious.' The translation is well executed; it is both faithful and elegant. The second 'Dissertation' is mostly taken up with a clear and succinct view of the evidences of christianity, the professed subject of it; the consolation derived from revealed religion is touched upon towards the conclusion, though at no great length.

In 1768, he published, without his name, 'Two Discourses on the Spirit and Evidences of Christianity. The former preached at the Hague the 8th of September 1762, the latter delivered in the French Church at Hanau, on the occasion of the late Peace, to a congregation composed of Catholics and Protestants, translated from the original French of the Rev. Mr. James Armand, minister of the Waloon church in Hanau, and dedicated by the translator, the Rev. Moderator of the General Assembly, 8vo. The dedication, which is a long one, is chiefly intended for the perusal of the clergy of the Church of Scotland, but deserves the attentive consideration of all who are intended for, or are engaged in, the work of the ministry. The observations it contains are judicious and pertinent; the style is sprightly and animated; and the spirit it breathes, though sometimes remote from that charity, which on other occasions he so eloquently enforced, and so generally practised, is the spirit of benevolence and love to mankind. The discourses themselves are lively and animated; and the style of the translations clear, nervous, and spirited.

In 1733, he published, at Edinburgh, a poem, intituled, 'A Panegyric on Great Britain,' 8vo.; this poem, which is a kind of satire on the age, exhibits shrewdness of observation, and a sarcastic vein, which might have fitted him for satirical composition, had he chosen to employ his pen more frequently on that branch of poetry.

In music, both as a judge and a performer, his skill was considerable; nor was he unacquainted with its principles as a science. Whether he composed much is uncertain, but there is published in 'The Edinburgh Magazine and Review' for 1774, 'Absence, a Pastoral, set to Music, by Dr. Blacklock;' and those who have heard him sing, will, upon perusal of this little piece, have the idea of his manner and taste strikingly recalled to their recollection.

The same year he published the 'Graham,' an Heroic Ballad, in Four Cantos, 4to. 'It was begun,' he tells us in the advertisement prefixed to it, 'and pursued by its author, to divert wakeful and melancholy hours, which the recollection of past misfortunes, and the sense of present inconveniences, would otherwise have severely embitterred.' The professed intention of his 'Graham,' is to cherish and en-

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courage a mutual harmony between the inhabitants of South and North Britain. To this end he has exhibited, in strong colours, some parts of those miseries which their ancient animosities had occasioned. His *Graham* is an affecting story, in which love and jealousy have a principal share. The narration is animated and agreeable; the fable is beautifully fancied, and sufficiently perspicuous; the characters are boldly marked; the manners he paints suit the times to which he refers, and the moral is momentous; and we perceive scattered through the whole piece, those secret graces, and those bewitching beauties, which the critic would in vain attempt to describe. But it is perhaps too far spun out, and the stanza in which it is written is not the best chosen, nor the most agreeable to the ear.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

I should be sorry if, in my former letter, I were understood to cast any censures upon American writers, to the exclusion of the English themselves. The language is disfigured, and put into danger of suffering, by both. There is, however, this difference, that the common errors of the Americans spring from a disregard of analogy and usage, and affected knowledge; while those of the English are the result of simpering inanity and unassuming ignorance. The first form new words; the second mangle and misuse the old. If, when you mean *men of influence*, you say, *influential men*, I hope you will not stop here, but denominate *men of power, potential;* the blessings of competence, *competential blessings;* topics of difference, *differential topics;* occasions of difference, *differential occasions;* and all persons of consequence, *consequential persons:* for this last, if bad example be authority, I can produce you as much as you can find for *influential*. If you *progress* in this manner, you will, indeed, have the satisfaction of forming, to the utmost of your wishes, the "American language;" and the prophecy of certain critics will be fulfilled, that, at the end of a hundred years, the Americans and English will not be able to understand one another. It will signify nothing that the two nations use the same words, if they use them in different acceptations. In all languages, though analogy is much, usage, arbitrary usage, is more; and it is only by an agreement in usage, that people render themselves intelligible to each other. You omit some parts of speech, you transmute others, you give new senses to verbs, and there wants nothing but that you should proceed as rapidly in your vocabulary: the time will come, when you will not "call a cat, a cat;" and this alteration is so much the more to be deprecated, as it will be brought about less by the invention of new words than by a *transposition* of the old; so that, when you talk of a *cat*, you will mean a *green cheese*: the signification, not the terms, will become foreign or obsolete; and what can be imagined more perplexing than a language that shall "keep the word of promise to the ear," and belie it to the mind; that shall deceive us with false shows and sounds, and pretend to be something with which we are acquainted, while in reality it is not. In many instances, the words of the English, French, and other languages, differ from each other very little in their formation or orthography, while their acceptations are totally foreign to each other; thus, nothing can be more distinct than the French and English acceptations of the word *sensible*. By changes similar to these, Locke and Pope will be rendered as unintelligible to your children as Gower and Chaucer are to yourselves; and we shall find among your advertisements of "Swiss Passengers for sale," and "A black woman and her child," terse and tempting offers, in what dialect I scarcely venture to imagine, of new and elegant translations of Addison and Hume, which some obliging bookseller will assure us he has "read with singular delight," and some urbane journalist "do himself the pleasure to recommend." Fortunate days, in which English liberty and English literature will be equally forgotten, or known only to your scholars, and in tropes and similes!—

I will not conceal, however, that this disuse of the English language might be attended with some advantages. It might for instance introduce a better protection to your seamen than even Mr. Wright's terrifying bill, which I am afraid will be

Like the forfeits in a barber's shop.
Made more in mock than mark;—

for, is it expected that the king of England will submit to have his officers, acting under his orders, treated as felons by any foreign power? and does *he* owe nothing to those who are bound to him in allegiance?

On the other hand, I am very far from insensible to the hardship imposed on an American seaman, impressed into the service of a flag not his own; and, as a national grievance I think it as bad a one as that of the American protections granted to Englishmen. The case, as the king of Prussia said of your original resistance to the British government, is "a little thorny;" the evil requires some remedy; and the country is indebted to Mr. Wright for his efforts: but to legislate for foreign subjects is an unjust and tyrannical act if practicable; and an idle one, if otherwise

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and the third section of the bill is an insult to the morals of the age: a character which also belongs to the fourth, with this addition, that it is a piece of impolitic Utopianism. If the bill pass, I recommend it to every American seaman to get himself impressed immediately. Now, or never, my lads! sixty dollars a month, and English pay into the bargain!

Now, as the sameness of language is an excuse, if not, in most instances, an occasion, of the irregularities committed by British officers, I think the change I speak of the most effectual remedy of any; but, if this will not do, I would have the matter settled between the two governments, and not by municipal regulations. I have several *projets* in my head; but, as their effects would be altogether to the benefit of the United States, I am not very sanguine of their success; and, as their consequence would necessarily go far beyond the immediate object, I am by much too busied with nouns and pronouns, to enter into their merits.

I turn to the errors of English writers; and the greatest, or at least most mischievous, sinners among these, I take to be our poets. A facility of versification is a thing so distinct from the knowledge of a language, that we are not to be surprised if the one is often to be found in the absence of the other. Secondary causes of the evil are, a memory stored with the epithets and phraseology of more classic writers; an indiscriminate and unreflecting adoption of those of another description; a carelessness about the employment of those that are excellent in themselves; a presumptuous effort to give currency to weak inventions, whether borrowed or our own; a too easy acquiescence in the decisions of the ear, whether as to the words themselves or to the verse in which they stand; an indolent toleration of what we know to be wrong; and, an idle hope that this same toleration will be extended by the world. To the latter of these considerations, and as a lesson of the first importance to those who write poetry, either with vain self-sufficiency or modest thirst for excellence, I reply, that in every age, the cadence required in verse is so easily attained by all who have the gift of an ear, that he who possesses only this, should reckon upon no distinction derivable from his talent; but only felicitate himself (if he regard it as a subject for felicitation) that nature has qualified him for *becoming* a proficient in rhyme. I say *rhyme;* for the best rhymer, after all, may be but little of a poet, in whom we require, not only harmony of verse and competent learning, but imagination; which latter is another gift, and another subject for cultivation.

If it appear extraordinary, that I have placed a memory stored with the epithets and phraseology of other poets among the causes of the erroneous use of words in poetry, and if I be told that it is one of the first objects in the education of a poet, that he should learn the language of his predecessors, let me call to mind the severity with which it is requisite he should weigh the value of the terms he collects, and criticise those by whom they have been employed; let it be remembered how much danger, in any other case, there is, that he should treat them as mere sounds, and how readily the most vicious and unmeaning word, once recommended by its poetical use, presents itself spontaneously to the tongue, and,

—at some unlucky time,
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme.

But, am I advising the young poet to shut his ears to the "songs of the times of old?" certainly not; but I would have him not only repeat, but understand them.

To the causes of the perversion of language in poetry, I think it proper to subjoin the consequences. It is in literature, as in life, that faults, when in the company of excellence, if they do not receive a gilding which disguises their character, are yet, amid so much lustre, seen through too favourable a medium; so that if a poet, fortunately for himself, is able to impose upon the world a respect for, or even blindness to his imperfections, he becomes an authority for the abuses, or a false guide for the efforts, of others. It is for this reason, infinitely more than for a correction of a faulty writer, that criticism ought rigidly to examine, and distinctly expose, the errors into which he has fallen; and this so much the more, as his works have that share of beauty, that claim to perfection, by which they are perpetuated and supported: an argument which will apply in the most forcible manner to some animadversions which I shall presently have occasion to make. The poets, in all nations, and all ages, are the fathers of language, and they become its authorities; if the language they produce be bad, and their authority misleading, the evil is soon and every where felt; for, I will waste no man's time in labouring to show the importance of maintaining words in their accustomed signification.

I have hinted that words may be received as mere sounds; and this they certainly are when their meaning is not understood; a truth which is totally unconnected with Mr. Burke's doctrine, that words are in all cases but sounds; and of which we frequently meet with examples, among those ignorant persons who repeat words to which they have attached themselves entirely on account of their sound, and which they employ to signify something totally different from their true meaning. It is one of the extraordinary circumstances attending the poems of CHATTERTON, that they so rarely afford instances of this kind. Antiquarians, however, in his Anglo-Saxon, have detected a few; and I remember one in his modern English.

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Among the former, is his use of the word *aumere* for a *girdle*, while it is pretty well proved to signify a *purse*. The latter occurs in the following couplet:

'Twas the Eternal's fiat, you reply;
And who will give *Eternity* the lie?

Here "the Eternal" and "Eternity" are used as synonymous. I repeat it, however, as not more extraordinary in CHATTERTON than rare among versifiers, the correctness of the language of his poems deserves almost unqualified praise; a fact at which we might be surprised, if it escaped our memory how much less men are indebted to their opportunities of improvement, than to the native character of their minds.

The literary errors of our poets are of several kinds. Sometimes they contrive a jargon of their own; sometimes they totally mistake the meaning of words; but it is chiefly in their epithets that they "out-herod Herod;" and it is commonly the difficulties of measure, or the charms of sound, by which they are induced to go astray. As to difficulties, they afford no apology; it is from them arise the triumphs of the art, and it is their existence which constitute the art. Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλὰ, the excellent is difficult; this is at once the warning and the boast that appears over the threshold of the arts. But it is to these difficulties that we must attribute such an inaccuracy as occurs in the first line of the following couplet:

Oh can the tears we *tend* to thought
In life's account avail us aught?

To *tend* is *to wait upon*, and not to offer, to *tender;* which last the poet would certainly have written, but that his verse must have had a foot too much. On such occasions as these, I earnestly recommend to the tormented bard a practice which I, another Aristotle, found on the practice of another Homer. The poet in question had occasion to speak of *momentary joys*, of the vanity of which we have all heard, but of which he was willing we should hear once more. So much for the will, which was certainly meritorious; but, for the deed—there was no reducing these five feet into the trammels of his iambics, but the remedy was at hand, at least as far as sound could go; and, accordingly, the verse ends most magnificently, with

momentous joys.

Sometimes, however, it is the taste of the poet, and not his measure, which dictates terms of which we must at least allow that they are euphonious:

And in her milky arms she caught me.

I attach very different ideas to the words *milky* and *milk-white;* and I do not believe that I am singular. A lady's arms may resemble milk, in respect of their whiteness; but I do not understand how they can be said to be *milky*. We talk of the *milky-way*, and, if I were commenting on an ordinary star-struck poet, I should have suspected that he had looked to this for his authority; but the author of this line is well aware that the milkiness in this case proceeds from milk actually spilled upon the firmament; or, if he will for once renounce the voice of fable, then the *milky-way* is still less to his purpose: for, a *milky* colour is an imperfect, bluish white; *milky*, but not *milk;* an epithet which I am sure he did not intend to apply to the arms of his "blushing girl." Milky arms are arms wet with milk, not white as milk. In the one phrase, we assume the whole substance of the object of comparison; in the other, only one of its qualities. I will not pursue this investigation further; for I should be led into the whole field of epithets and similies; neither shall I regret having pursued it so far, if it save some future poetic lover from singing of raptures enjoyed in the *arms of milk*, which were only the next and natural remove from the original idea: *nam bona mutantur in pejus; nunc quando in bonum verteris vitia?* Dictated by the same carelessness, or peculiar taste, I find, in another modern production,

Starlight eyes, and heaving snows.

Star-light is certainly the very reverse of *star-bright*. Starlight is dim, not superlatively effulgent. Starlight is the aggregate light of the stars, not the brightness of single stars; and stands contrasted with the superior brightness of ordinary day-light.

But, Mr. Oldschool, you and I have heard again and again of milk-white arms, star-bright eyes, and breasts of snow; we have been happy enough too, to see as well as to hear of them; and, perhaps, they begin to pall, if not upon the eye, upon the ear! Let no poet imagine this. Let him never make newness of language the object of his ambition. The charms of female beauty, like those of the flowers of the field, need no new and unheard-of language to set them off. Those epithets which universal consent has rendered common-place may still be employed without any apprehension that they will weary:

Chi non si scorga in lor nuova bellezza.

They are never seen without appearing to have new beauties. The occasion ensures their relish. More than all, let a writer, in attempting to be novel upon subjects which have employed the senses and thoughts of mankind from the beginning, be upon his guard against that which is rare only because it is wrong.

When a poet talks of a neck of ivory, a breast of alabaster, or a *breast of snow*, he presents to our imagination nothing more than that partial simile which he intends. It is with this correctness that the figure is employed in that exquisite sonnet of SHAKESPEARE—

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Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But thy kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

We understand by a breast of snow, only a breast of the whiteness of snow; and it is with a limitation of this kind that almost all similes and metonymes are received; but, when a poet sings of heaving *snows*, he gives us the whole substance, with *all* its qualities; and, in this view we discover, not the resemblance, but the dissimilitude. To travestie, to abuse, to overturn, the language of poetry in this manner, is to commit blunders the most extravagant; it is to cry *encore*, and yet not desire the same thing again; it is to contrive *double entendres* that have but one meaning; it is to unpoetise poetry. If nymphs are now to have

Starlight eyes and heaving *snows*,

how shall the next age discover in it any extraordinary effect of the lyre of Orpheus, that—

He burns, and he glows,
Amid Rhodope's *snows?*

Will it not think this a common amatory description, and *tout naturel?* for, whether Rhodope be a lady, or a mountain, will not trouble those who know not but "Bohemia may be an island in the Atlantic Ocean;"—and what aid of the imagination will they think necessary, to—

Wallow, naked, in December's *snow?*

Sir, it is impossible to foresee in what diversity of shapes this figure, so happily invented, may present itself among the poets of the *rising generation;* all, as Sir Archibald M'Sarcasm would tell their authors, "very fine, and very *new!*"

Mr. Oldschool, I will not close this letter without taking notice of a criticism to which I learn that I have subjected myself in my former. Fault is found with the word *bewilderment;* and censure of this kind is eagerly preferred against me, who have found fault with the words of others. All this is not only very natural, but very fair. I will make but a brief reply. Gentlemen tell me, that I might have used *confounded, confused, wonderment, amazement,* &c. I thank them; and when I am confused, confounded, in wonderment or amazement, as, alas! I very often am, I will avail myself of their advice: but, in the case in question, however little to the credit of my faculties, I was in *bewilderment;* and therefore I said so.

METOICOS.

P. S. There is a slight similarity between the turn of thought in the epigram of Lessing, and that in the following of Boufflers:

Impromptu fait à Versailles au Magazin de Porcelaines.

Fragiles monumens de l'industrie humaine!
Hélas! tout vous ressemble en ce brillant séjour:
L'amitié, la faveur, la fortune, et l'amour,
Sont des vases de Porcelaine.

Mr. Oldschool,

Consistency at the least is preserved, when American affairs are treated of in the 'American language;' but, when those of Europe are described in this dialect, the effect is grotesque in the extreme. I can allow a critic of the Philadelphia stage to tell us, of Mr. Mackenzie, the Hotspur of the other evening, that 'As he *progressed*, 'however, in this very arduous part, we be-'held with pleasure that he surmounted 'every difficulty incident to it, with admirable 'ease;' but I confess the jargon displeases, or rather perplexes me, when I find it employed upon Transatlantic topics. We are told that, in Vienna, 'Citizens of all classes, 'the most enlightened men, even the princes, 'are *opposed* to the war;' and that the dispatches of a courier '*inform* that the army 'of Prince Charles was retreating in great 'haste.' I say nothing about *subserve*, &c. &c.

QUIDNUNC.

For the Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

When, in the course of writing the letter which you have already done me the honour to insert, I opened the volumes of SHAKESPEARE, I felt all the difficulty of turning away from the treasures of that exhaustless mine; but I could not then trespass so far on your indulgence as to make those additional remarks on *Hamlet* which I am here to offer.

King.

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

Hamlet.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Hamlet, as is natural in a man thoughtful and irritable like him (to say nothing of the manners of SHAKESPEARE's age), is continually, as we familiarly say, catching at words. His dissatisfaction with the king is extreme. His ruling idea is that of the misfortune, or crime, through which he has become more than cousin to his "father's brother;" but he revolts at the attempt to

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represent him as his *son;* and this is the point of his reply:

But now, my *cousin* Hamlet, and my *son*—
A little more than *kin*, and less than *kind;*

as if he had said, It is my unhappiness, sir, to be more than cousin to you; but, thank God! I am yet not your son. Hamlet, whose character I reckon the most arduous represented on the stage, because it is of a class the most rarely depicted, and because it is, perhaps, the most highly finished; Hamlet is not in the habit of saying these things with that noisy vehemence, or coarse insolence, which form the colouring of vulgar heroes; but he is careful and eager to mark distinctions, which his feelings render immensely wide.

But, though the thought is one that naturally follows the sentiment of the King, it cannot be denied that the phraseology is abrupt. Hamlet does not play upon the words *cousin* and *son*, but suddenly substitutes two others. Here, the commentators supply a useful hint. Mr. Stephens says he has met with the expression more than once, and supposes it to have been proverbial. The precise meaning of the proverb, however, does not appear to be so certain; nor, consequently, the precise force of Hamlet's reply; and I will fairly state what may render doubtful the explanation I have given. Hanmer appears to imagine that this proverbial phrase expressed the peculiar relation in which Hamlet stood to the King; "a relation so confused and blended, that it was hard to define it:"

A little more than *kin*, and less than *kind.*

If it be so, then the whole phrase is opposed to the single word *son*, which it explains away: I am a little-more-than-kin-and-less-than-kind, but not your son; and, in this case, there is no play on words, but a direct contradiction.

There is an essential difference between a proverbial phrase and a proverb; the one is a manner of speech, the other a popular sentiment: if the phrase in question be a proverb, I can understand it no otherwise than as conveying a reproach on one who, though more than a distant relation, is at the same time not so kind as might be expected in one less nearly allied; but, in this sense, I am clear that Hamlet does not use it. There may, notwithstanding, be an intended, though secondary, equivoque, on the word *kind*, as implying both a *child* and the the quality of *kindness;* and such multiplied meanings may easily be expected in SHAKESPEARE. All that appears to be certain is this, that the word kind is of Teutonic original; that *cynne* in the old Saxon, and *kinde* in the modern German, signify a *child;* and that the modern English still preserves *kin, kindred,* and *to kindle* (to bring forth young), and *kind*, and *kindness*, derivatives of *cynne*, and signifying so much more than *benevolence*, as they imply the tender and zealous benevolence, and offices of benevolence, to be expected from consanguinity. On the whole, I adhere to the reading I have above given.

I have now only a few words to add, and which relate to a very singular comment, found in Ayscough's edition of this play:

Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

"*Resolve*," says the note, "means the same as *dissolve*." It is well that SHAKESPEARE knew better.

It rarely happens (what, however, some persons perpetually imagine) that several words, though applicable to the same object, are strictly synonymous; and it is a conviction of this truth, and a steady use of it, that distinguishes a great writer from the crowd. Of the language of ordinary writers, we frequently say, "This is not exactly the word that expresses the thing intended, but it is easy to see what it should be:" but a writer really eminent in his art (and herein consists one branch of his art) gives us that word itself. Every one that has ideas may describe them, as far as a confused and indistinct circumlocution can go; and when such language is written down (for it then loses the assistance of delivery) we see that the good man has had the best designs; but he that would present clear images, he that would do that by words which others attempt to do by periods, by paragraphs, and I may say by volumes, must make a very different estimate, and possess a very different knowledge, of the instruments he employs.

To *resolve* signifies to separate again; to *dissolve* signifies merely to separate. That which, from a solid, is reduced to a fluid, is *dissolved;* that which, from a fluid, is rendered a solid, and, from a solid, is again reduced to a fluid, is *resolved:* water become ice, and then thawed, is *dissolved*, inasmuch as it is rendered fluid; but *resolved*, inasmuch as, having been fluid before, it is rendered fluid again.

Resolved, then, does not mean the same as *dissolved;* and, after thus considering the true meaning of the word, shall we be disposed to join in that commendation given by the *Theatrical Censor* to Mr. Fennell, for having pronounced it *re-solve?* I am of a contrary opinion, and for this reason: an accumulation of words, precisely similar in signification, is a thing very different from that affluence of language observed in SHAKESPEARE. When, after employing one term, we superadd a second and a third, it should be for the sake of enlargement, or explanation, or other qualification: there should, in all cases, be a sort of climax, either of sense or perspicuity. Now,

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in the words "melt, thaw, and resolve," it is obvious that *melt* is well followed by thaw; because, to *thaw* is to melt in a particular manner, or it is the melting of particular substances; but, when we come to the third verb, wherein does to *resolve* differ from to *thaw?* Whereas, if *resolve* be taken, not in its primitive, but secondary, sense, then the climax I have spoken of needs no better illustration than the passage in question:

—— melt,
Thaw, and *reduce* itself into a dew.

For, Hamlet wishes his "too, too solid flesh to melt, thaw,"—and what more?—Why, that there may remain no cohesion of parts, but that they may be separated, scattered, and lost in "a dew;" all which is expressed by the word resolve: but, to *re-solve* is nothing more than to *thaw*. The reason of this is, that the word *solvo*, in its primitive sense, refers only to the *act* of separation, while the other takes in the *consequences*. I ask the *Theatrical Censor* to tell me, What it is he understands by "melt, thaw, and re-solve?"

INQUISITOR.

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

[My correspondent, if really of the family of Old Style, of New York, is a wit by hereditary right; and has a claim upon me for a ready insertion of his letter. We are glad that he does not deny the *fact*, as stated by 'Viator.' Of the innocence and simplicity of the custom, we have never had but one opinion.]

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Permit me to offer you a few words in addition, or confirmation, of what was observed by 'Viator' in your last number, concerning bundling. I subscribe to the fact, that the practice does exist on Long Island; but I feel inclined to dispute the inferences hinted at by Viator. To give my opinion the greater force, I must observe to you, that I was brought up on Long Island, and am a sojourner among ye, as our author once was among the people of my native state. I fancy Viator got his knowledge of bundling from hearsay, or, if he has seen it, he must have seen all, or nearly all, and imagined the rest. Now, I wish to prove to you, that though the practice of bundling is still continued on Long Island, it is not so criminal an intercouse as is generally supposed. To do this, I shall be obliged to describe the process of bundling, which I hope to do from my own experience, and not from the tales of others; though I must confess, I never was much practised in Moore's 'little sinnings in love.' Being a branch of the family of 'Jonathan Old Style,' I was always brought up in simplicity, till lately taking a notion to travel, I have become a little more extravagant, but not having lost all love of my native rusticity, and love of my dear country. I have arrived in Philadelphia time enough, I hope, to remove false constructions, and bad impressions, which the public may have received from Viator's communication.

My uncle Timothy, who is now an old man, gave me my first ideas of bundling. He is native of Long Island, and in his youthful days, it was more fashionable, than it now is, to bundle. The fashion evidently declines, owing to people putting wrong constructions on the business, and attributing to young men what they never did, or do not intend. It is not contended, that improprieties may not be committed in these scenes, but the old people do not, surely, always shut their eyes, or cough, that they may not hear; for my uncle says, when he was young, they were sometimes suspicious. He was once routed from Charity's side by her father, and he made his escape through the window, at the expense of his neck. He only lay on the bed with her (mind, on the bed, and not in it), and only had his over-coat and shoes off. He has declared to me, in relating this story, that he never did, and never intended, any harm; and with equal simplicity and good intent I have grown into the practice. If there is any thing unchaste or wicked in it, I am in hopes to be cured by travelling, since nothing improves one so much, though as yet I have not seen much more of the world than my countryman, who related his travels all over the United States, and had only travelled on foot from Rye to White Plains (about fifty miles).

Young men on Long Island are called Sparks, and what in other places is called courting, we call sparking. This is a provincial word, as well as *rambellious*, which is a state of the system (as the doctors say) where the blood is determined to a particular part, and is generally consequent upon a sparking match. Bundling is a branch of sparking, and is no more than a method of varying the bliss of love, since all mankind are fond of trying 'inventions of delight.' The people of my country spark by a poor fire, and, as observed by Viator, without a light; and I fancy you know what effect cold feet have upon a person.

Bundling, I would define to be, the act of laying down, with our dress on, upon a bed, by the side of a rustic nymph, without malicious intentions. Perhaps you think this cannot be done, since you, Sir, judge from your knowledge of cities, where the young men are generally debauched. Evil to him, who evil thinks! We can do it, and think no more of it; and no more harm follows,

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than from your kissing the cheek of a fine city lady.

We are so harmless on these occasions, and so unsuspicious are the girls, that we scruple not to bundle at a ball, or a party. After one set has danced a figure, the boys (so we call the young men) frequently retire to the bed-room, and rest themselves with their partners, by taking a short bundling match. When they feel revived, they again dance. But here, Sir, there is no unpinning or unbuttoning. If we are on a fishing party, while some amuse themselves with the line, others bundle. The boys sometimes set out on horseback, get partners, borrow a waggon there, club their horses, and go to a dance. If dark and cold, in returning, they borrow blankets, set the fiddler at driving, and bundle all the way home in the waggon. This, Sir, is a sketch of my knowledge of the matter, which, if agreeable, is at your service.

Adieu.

F.

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me,
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In the following exquisite Parody, the sentiments are not less admirable than the talents of the author. We have often expressed our contempt for *German* plays, and we are happy to fortify our opinion of the Teutonic Muse, with the wit of a man of genius, and a polite scholar.

Ode to the German Drama, by Mr. Seward.

A Parody of Gray's Ode to Adversity.

Daughter of night, chaotic Queen!
Thou fruitful source of modern lays,
Whose turbid plot, and tedious scene,
The *monarch* spurn, the *robber* raise.
Bound in thy necromantic spell
The audience taste the joys of hell,
And Britain's sons indignant grown
With pangs unfelt before, at crimes before unknown.

When first, to make the nations stare,
Folly her painted mask display'd,
Schiller sublimely mad was there,
And Kotz'bue lent his leaden aid.
Gigantic pair! their lofty soul
Disdaining reason's weak control,
On changeful Britain sped the blow,
Who, thoughtless of her own, embraced fictitious woe.

Aw'd by thy scowl tremendous, fly
Fair Comedy's theatric brood,
Light satire, wit, and harmless joy,
And leave us dungeons, chains, and blood.
Swift they disperse, and with them go,
Mild Otway, sentimental Rowe;
Congreve averts the indignant eye,
And Shakspeare mourns to view the exotic prodigy.

Ruffians, in regal mantle dight,
Maidens, immers'd in thought profound,
Spectres, that haunt the shades of night,
And spread a waste of ruin round.
These form thy *never*-varying theme,
While, buried in thy Stygian stream,
Religion mourns her wasted fires
And Hymen's sacred torch low hisses, and expires.

O mildly on the British stage,
Great Anarch! spread thy sable wings;
Not fired with all the frantic rage,
With which thou hurl'st thy darts at kings.
As thou in native garb art seen,
With scattered tresses, haggard mein,
Sepulchral chains and hideous cry
By despot arts immur'd in ghastly poverty.

In specious form, dread Queen! appear;
Let falshood fill the dreary waste;
Thy democratic rant be here,
To fire the brain, corrupt the taste.
The fair, by vicious love misled,
Teach me to cherish and to wed,
To low-born arrogance to bend,
Establish'd order spurn, and call each outcast friend.

The last Stanzas of the ensuing burlesque have been published before. But we are studious to preserve the whole of a very successful sarcasm upon Shenstone and Co.

HINT TO PASTORAL WRITERS.

Your Poet most saucily writes,
On subjects he can't understand,
And talks of the "Village delights,"
Up three pair of stairs in the Strand.

He sings of the sweet gentle zephyrs,
So charming to those who an't near 'em,
Lambs bleating, and mild lowing heifers,
So pleasant to those who don't hear 'em.

Of shepherds, as true as the Sun,
Of damsels as chaste as the moon;
If the Poet means aught but his fun,
I'll tell him another tale soon.

His zephyrs I cannot espouse,
For often my corn they will parch;
And I know that the roof of my house
Was most sweetly blown off in last March.

The cow, in my yard, which I keep,
All night does her calf so bemoan,
That I can't get a wink of good sleep,
Though I'm weary and lying alone.

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Of nymphs, and of swains, what they say,
I never could read but I smil'd,
For my shepherd's—at *Botany Bay*,
And my dairy-maid's *always with child.*

A honey-moon Parody, occasioned by the marriage of a certain Irish journalist.

Tune—"*Friend and Pitcher.*"

The wealthy Feds, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My bonny bride, my Lloyd, and Pitcher.
My Lloyd so bare, my wife so fair,
With such what Paddy can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet bride, my Lloyd and Pitcher.

In dirtiest job I'd never grieve
To toil a Democratic ditcher,
If that, when I return at eve,
I might enjoy my Bride and Pitcher.
My Lloyd so bare, my wife so fair,
With such what Paddy can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet bride, my Lloyd and Pitcher.

The popular Burletta of Midas has been long in vogue, and its easy and humourous airs have been sung by our grandmothers. Every one remembers the jocund song of the Old Shepherd:

"Since you mean to hire for service,
"Come with me you jolly jolly dog."

Let it be parodied, and, instead of the Shepherd and his Man, let the interlocutors be one of our Irish Journalists and his paragraph grinder, who escape from Newgate to America.

Since you mean to climb my garret,
Come with me, you growling dog,
Squalling nonsense, like a parrot,
Railing, lying, drinking grog.

With three cents, your standing wages,
You shall scurvily be fed,
Cowheel, oxcheek, lights, and liver,
Skimmed milk, and mouldy bread.

Come, strike hands, you ragged rover,
When from thraldom once you flee,
When Aurora's labours over,
You shall booze in *Gin* with me.

Done—strike hands, I take your offer,
The felon side is rather worse,
Zounds, I can no longer suffer,
Empty paunch, and empty purse.

The following character, drawn by a great Painter, is a close resemblance of many a sinful mortal.

He swears as many oaths as he speaks words; one that sleeps in the contriving of lewdness, and wakes to do it. Wine loves he deeply, dice dearly, and in women out-paramours the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, and greedy of hand: let him keep his foot from brothels, and his pen from lender's books, and defy the foul fiend.

Vide Shakespear's King Lear.

Shakespear has vividly described what the French call a *bon Diable:*

"I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. I am good at these kickshaws as any man in Illyria; I am excellent in a *galliard*, and, faith, I can cut a caper; I can go to church in a minuet, and come home in a coranto; my very walk is a jig."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Master Slender's' verses are gratefully inserted. This poet, like his immortal namesake, has his little "book of songs and sonnets" and writes poetry. "All his successors gone before him have done it, and all his ancestors that come after him may." Seriously, our correspondent may assume the name of Slender, but he belongs to a family of much more intellect.

"Mercutio," the gay the gallant Mercutio, is neither fighting with Tybalt nor jesting with Romeo. He is alive, but not always merry. We challenge him to *come out*, and break a lance with the *Roman* knights, or draw the sharp poignard of lampoon against the absurdities of the hour.

The Lounger, with the signature of 'J,' is not only a very pleasing sketch of the sorcery of song, but is highly creditable to the youthful author, for purity and neatness of English style. A *habit of industry* in this gay department of literary composition will not only oblige us, but benefit him.

'Jaques' *sighs away Sundays*, but, in the intervals of his suspiration and of his devotions, we hope he will find leisure to call to his Muse for a song with a "prythee more," or at least, to "comment upon the sobbing deer."

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

[The inclosed are part of a collection of poems, written by a young gentleman (at present) of this city. The only apology for their imperfections is the youth of the author, as they were all written before his 21st year, and many of them before his 16th. If they be thought worthy of the notice, at any time, of the editor of the Port Folio, the author will be gratified by their insertion, as, though so far remote, he still peruses that entertaining and useful miscellany. C. B.

Quebec, Dec. 24, 1805.]

None of these trifles ever appeared in print before.

TRANSLATION FROM BION.

As late in slumber wrapt, I lay,
Venus approach'd me blythe and gay;
Her infant Cupid by her side,
And thus in friendly accents cried;—
" Dear Bion, take this child from me,
" And teach him how to sing like thee!"

She spoke, and into air retir'd;
Whilst I (with proud ambition fir'd),
Fool as I was, began with joy,
To teach my music to the boy!
The pipe of Pan, Minerva's lute,
The lyre of Hermes, Phœbus' flute,
These all I labor'd to impart;
But the wild stripling spurn'd my art;
And, raising high his amorous songs,
Taught me the music that belongs
To themes immortal, themes that move
To all his Mother's charms of Love!
Till I forgot my wonted lays,
And now but sing what Cupid plays. C. B.

From Moschus.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O Hesperus! fair Venus' evening light;
The sacred glory of the dawning night;
Less than the moon, but fairer than the stars,
O hail!—and since that setting moon debars
Her blaze, bestow thy more propitious ray
To whose fair influence yields the closing day!
I come not thus, with false designing soul,
The nightly wand'rer's musings to control;
But thou art Venus, thou my love canst see,
And Love allures me to converse with thee.
C. B.

From Moschus.

CUPID TURN'D PLOUGHMAN.

His wonted torch and arrows cast away,
Cupid usurp'd the ploughman's rude array;
Coupled his oxen in the rustic chain,
And strewed his harvest o'er the fertile plain!
Then cried, whilst smiling on the heav'ns above,
'Burn up these vales of Ceres, mighty Jove,
'Lest you yourself, *Europa's bull*, should bow,
'Ere long, beneath my unresisted plough.'
C. B.

FROM CASIMIR.

Nero's Mother addressing him when about to kill her!

Why does thy sword thus destine to the tomb
Thy mother's bosom and thy mother's womb!
Support and life that womb and bosom gave,
Each claim thy love and duty—not the grave!
Ah no! 'tis false! the breast and womb that hurl'd
Thy tyrant being on a wretched world,
Are worthy both, in death, with blood to flow,
And *Nero* worthy to decide the blow! C. B.

FROM CASIMIR.

From Christ's dying exclamation—'I thirst!"

'I thirst,' the Prince of Heav'n expiring cries;
'I thirst'—and lifts his agonizing eyes!
O drink, my spouse, and satiate thy call,
Though the sad cup, embitter'd, tastes with gall;
Yet drink, my spouse—to heav'n's high will resign'd,
And be the health—'Salvation to mankind!'
C. B.

SIR,

The following tribute to one whom we all love to praise, has been *tried*, like Cumberland's 'Observer' in an obscure paper. It now, however, ventures to solicit your approbation. It is a translation of a Greek ode, written by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. and prefixed to his late elegant version of the Odes of Anacreon, in order, as he informed me whilst he was in this country, to illustrate the frontispiece of the first quarto edition.

The argumentative part resembles a dialogue, supposed to have been held between Aristotle and Anacreon. It is quoted by Joshua Barnes, in his elaborate *Vita Anacreontis*, as from a work, which he calls *Novi Dialogi Mortuorum*; and the extract he gives is also in the Latin language.

Upon a further research, I find that this passage, which has every appearance of being from a Latin work, is merely a translation of a part of a dialogue in the celebrated *Dialogues Nouvelles* of the French Lucian, Mons. Fontenelle.

Once the Bard of Teïos smiling,
With his harp his hours beguiling:
Sweetly swell'd the jovial strain
Into pleasure-melting pain.—
The sparkling goblet pass'd around,
Enliven'd by melodious sound:
The gentle loves their force combin'd,
And in their arms the Poet 'twin'd.
They rais'd the song of Hymen's chains,
And sang the joys of Cupid's pains.

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With choicest flowers of various hue,
With lilies white and violets blue,
Their hands a rural garland made,
To crown the gay Anacreon's head.

Now from Jove's empyrean groves,
Minerva views the sportful loves:
And, as they twin'd the mazy dance,
In accents bland she broke their trance.
'Since on earth the sages call
'Anacreon, wisest of them all,
'Why doth the beauteous Queen of Love
'And Bacchus, *all* thy numbers move?
'Why only sing in amorous lays,
'Nor let thy harp resound my praise:
'Why prefer the nymphs and wine?
'To every sober love of mine.

'Nay, chide me not,' the Bard replies,
With pleasure beaming in his eyes,
'That all on earth unite to call
'Anacreon wisest of them all.
'I dance and sing—my fingers roll
'O'er the chords that melt the soul:
'Around in crowds my vot'ries play,
'List'ning to the rapt'rous lay.
'And though from wit I ne'er refrain,
'I scorn the jest that leaves a pain;
'Since, like my harp, my soul affords
'Nought, but love's harmonious chords.
'Thus I live, my soul and lyre,
'Nought but love and joy respire.
'Thus am I the friend of mirth,
'Thus am I most wise on earth.

SEDLEY.

TO MY FRIEND THOMAS!

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes,
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adriâ
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere:

Dear *Tom*, thy pate no longer teaze
'Bout what they're doing 'cross the seas;
I guess they've business plenty;
But, should they try to *do us harm*,
Why, damme, let our *youngsters* arm,
We're both past *six-and-twenty*.

I like that system, which supports
No idle waste of fleets and forts;
For those enrage your foes:
When Britain, France, or even Spain,
Kick us, did we kick back again,
We'd get some ugly blows.

We felt a little queer or so,
When that *big-whisker'd plenipo*
Convey'd his swaggering letters,
Which spoke, as plain as pen could tell,
'Parbleu! ye yankee imps of hell,
'We'll make ye know your betters!'

If fight we must, why you and I
Prefer the plan of *fighting shy*:
Allow when 'tis time to squat us.
Such charming *hiding holes* we know,
The devil himself must be our foe,
Before the rogues get at us.

[A gentleman who had used his scissors in extracting, not only from the Port Folio, but from many other papers, and even the Aurora itself, some of the moral, didactic, and descriptive pieces, which were published in the first, and such prominent articles of European intelligence, and political speculation, as he chose to take from the last, pasted the whole, at the end of the year, in rather a slovenly manner, and without any attention to arrangement, on the leaves of a blank book, which he had obtained for the purpose. His friend was requested to furnish something, by way of introduction, and those who have made similar selections, and are too lazy, or too busy, to write a poetical preface for themselves, may use the following]

Dedication, to all sorts of People.

BY MASTER SAMUEL SLENDER.

When Eastcourt* invited his neighbours to dine,
To eat mutton and beef, and drink porter and wine;
It was always agreed, that each guest who came there,
Should bring with him some meat, or some wine, or some beer.
So one brought a sirloin, and one brought a joint,
One furnish'd a bottle, another a pint;
A potato itself was a competent boon,
Or a knife, or a fork, or a dish, or a spoon;
And some were admitted to sit and to soak,
Who had nothing to bring, but a song or a joke.

A feast in like style we 've endeavour'd to make,
And you all are invited to come and partake;
'Tis true that no food for your stomachs you 'll find,
But you 'll get what is better—some food for the *mind*.

Our Olio is made up of ethics enough:
And of poetry, politics, law, and such stuff.
The ingredients are sound, and without any fault.
Well season'd with vinegar, pepper and salt.

The *food*, we confess, is not *dress'd* with much care,
Nor the table-cloth laid with much neatness, we fear;

---

* Master Slender supposes that, at the moment his friend Goldsmith was writing the Retaliation, he might not have considered that the origin of Pic Nic clubs was not exclusively referable to the husband of Madame Maintenon.

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But then, bear in mind, you 've read in your books,
'Though the Lord sends you victuals, the Devil sends cooks.'

The mixture of *company*, too, you 'll think strange;
Some are brought from the college, some taken from 'change;
An emperor's chair is put next to a cit,
And an alderman's placed along-side of a wit;
Fraud sits down with Virtue, and Truth with Chicane,
And D—e is station'd quite close to Duane.

But cease we to wonder—for look but at France,
And see who are 'leading the national dance:'
See those that were low, bounding higher and higher,
And those who were high, sinking low in the mire;
See Bonaparte riding aloft in the gale,
And the silent Moreau in the shades of the vale;
Look how coblers and tinkers to power have got,
And powerful men put in prison to rot.

Then come, take a chair, and sit down at your ease;
You are heartily welcome—pray chuse what you please.
If digestion be good, and your appetite sound,
No nauseous repletion will ever be found;
But, regaling as much as you will on our store,
You 'll feel better and wiser, by far, than before.

ODE TO THE VENUS URANIA.

To heights, where fancy ne'er aspir'd,
In what blest region of the sky
Eludes, the Queen of Love retir'd,
The sophist's art, the poet's eye.

Not she for whom Cytherea's bowers,
Or Aphac's violated steep,
Or proud Assyria's guilty towers,
Licentious revels wont to keep.

Thee rather, modest nymph, I greet
The sage Athenian's chaster theme,
While echoed to his accents sweet,
The oliv'd roofs of Academe.

Still, Goddess, thy permitted view
Charms more than mortal can reveal,
Instruct each sense to nature true,
The eye to judge, the heart to feel.

Within us dwell those forms divine,
Which thy sole image can impart,
We rear to thee no marble shrine,
Whose living temple is the heart!

FROM THE FRENCH OF MALHERBE.

(*See Port Folio, p.* 60.)

Thy grief, Duperrier, then must be eternal,
And this thy sad discourse,
That harrows in thy mind the love paternal,
Add hourly to its force!

Thy daughter lost, and with the dead contounded,
Of all that live the fate,
A labyrinth is it, whence thy mind, astounded,
Can ne'er be extricate?

She was of this world, where all things the rarest
Have still the shortest race;
A rose, she lived (so lives of flow'rs the fairest)
A little morning's space!

TO A FRIEND.

Her image, who enslaves my mind,
Urge me no longer to discover;
Fain would I sing, but ah! I find
The bard can ill express the lover.

Yet trust me, he whose happier skill,
For terms could ransack earth, air, ocean,
Might shew, perhaps, more wit at will,
But less of genuine emotion.

Though art the florid phrase deny,
Yet truth can never want expression;
For that best language of the eye
Is still in her's and love's possession.

EPIGRAM.

One day, when in preaching, a text spinning spark
The whole length of his body reach'd over the clerk,
And, stretching his neck, like a game cock in fighting,
Inveigh'd against chousing, and cheating, and biting.
Moses turn'd up his head, and said, 'Sir,
'while you 're preaching,
'Among all other crimes, you forget over-reaching.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

No. 7.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, February 22, 1806.* [Vol. I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 157.

MR. SAUNTER,

HAVING for some time past observed the title which heads the various essays, with which, under your sanction, we are periodically visited, I have been at first surprised that no one has yet undertaken to rescue from unmerited reproach, and delineate in its genuine colours, the respectable character of a lounger: particularly as we are not deficient here, as well as in other cities, in living models, from which the most striking portrait might be drawn. But, upon a little reflection, I recollected, that nothing could be more contrary to the fundamental principles of this quiet fraternity, than to undergo the labour of writing, even in their own defence.

I am one, who am not yet decidedly of that sect; though after much enquiry among books and much observation of men, I have at length become a convert to its principles. Hitherto, I have sometimes employed myself in the fatigues of writing, and before I lay aside altogether that habit, let me once more employ my pen in expressing to you the excellency of that character, which has at length won my undivided heart.

I think it established beyond all question, by the writings of the greatest of modern philosophers, that a state of nature is the happiest condition of mankind, and that, in proportion as we are assimilated in our life to the brutes do we enlarge the bounds of our felicity. I need hardly mention to you the name of the immortal Rousseau, who has clearly proved this truth, in his solid and useful productions. In pursuance of this principle, the Lounger endeavours, as much as the state of society in which he is unfortunately cast will permit, to think and behave like the *Savage*. Let me descend to particulars.

1. The savage never thinks, unless compelled by the last extremity of hunger or distress. Indeed, without science or art, without books or writing, we may well suppose his ideas exceed not much in number, those of the brutes around him. And it is his glory and happiness to stupefy and debase his mind.

The Lounger abhors the very name of thought; it is worse than poison: and he would rather suffer pain, poverty, ignominy and ridicule, than seek to raise himself above them by the labour of thinking. He adopts, as the polar star of his life, and the undeviating maxim of his conduct, the position of Rousseau, *that the man who thinks is a depraved animal*, and has degenerated from the original simplicity and perfection of his nature.

2. The unconquerable laziness of the savage, unless driven to exertion by extreme necessity, is proverbial. We are informed by *Don Ulloa*, one of the most intelligent observers of savage life, that

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no motives, not even the most valuable presents, can induce an Indian, who has squatted himself in his hut, to advance to the door, and direct the traveller in his path. And it is well known, that savages pass days together in a state of stupid torpor.

What can be a more just and lively representation of the conduct of the true Lounger? He abhors exertion of body as much as that of mind. He sits for hours with a vacant stare on his countenance, arms folded, legs outstretched, between sleeping and waking, wholly inattentive to the convenience or wishes of others.

3. A savage, when spoken to, either makes no answer at all, but remains in undisturbed tranquillity, or, if he does take notice, answers, at the most, only *uhm*; heaving the sound from the bottom of his throat, without opening his mouth or moving his tongue.

A Lounger in company, unable to bear the fatigue of talking, is always absent in mind. We should not know of his presence, did not a yawn or a gape occasionally announce, how great a compliment it is, that the pleasures of our neighbourhood (for I cannot call it company) detain him from his sofa. And frequently the utmost charms of beauty, address, and conversation, cannot draw from one, who maintains his character, more than a nod or a *hem hum*.

In a word, the genuine Lounger ardently longs to enjoy the untroubled quiet and freedom from care, that the blissful inhabitants of the *Terra del Fuego* possess; who, when discovered wandering naked over their wild regions, by certain navigators, rejected with contempt every article of use or ornament, which was offered them, and treated their visitors, who called themselves civilized, with the utmost scorn and haughtiness, looking on them, like their illustrious eulogist, as a degraded race of men. Worthy disciples of the Genevan philosopher! How would it have rejoiced your great advocate, to have greeted you on your own territory, scarcely advanced beyond the wolves and the bears who are joint tenants with you of the desert wilderness you inhabit!

I have perceived, however, with heartfelt regret, Mr. Lounger, that although you have adopted the name, you do not act up to the character I describe. You sometimes tell us of wasting the midnight oil, in quest of learned lore: when, instead of this, you should be buried in the oblivion of sleep: a state, in our contemplation, the happiest that we enjoy: since it banishes all thought, and steeps in dumb forgetfulness every corporeal and mental faculty. You refer us to philosophers of old, and poets of modern times, as sources of information and delight. Whereas, were you the true representative of the Loungers, you would hold a torch to the pile of learning, and consume, in one conflagration, every monument of human art and industry. You even quote Solomon sometimes, as a teacher of wisdom: when he has written the severest satire on us all, and has foolishly advised us to go to the Ant, for instruction, while we more wisely look on the Sloth as our great prototype and model, whose motion natural historians tell us, even when hunger invites him to stir, is so slow as to be invisible.

I therefore warn you, by all the dull gods of Lounging, whether hovering over the happy Hottentot, wrapped round with entrails, or over the vacant heads of the saunterers of Market-street or Broad-Way, either to lay aside the name you profess, or to adopt a career altogether new. Throw aside your Shakespears, your Miltons and your Solomons, and if you will write, creep on in the dull monotonous strain that befits you. Keep us in countenance by an abhorrence of all wit, or sprightliness of thought. Contemn all figures and allusions in writing; move like the sluggish waters of Lethe, in a heavy mixture of mud and slime, which shall carry your readers on without motion or exertion, and leave them in the end ten times more stupid than when they began.

Unless you can do this, we must brand you as an impostor. We must abandon your pages to those prejudiced

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beings, who enjoy flashes of merriment, or who delight in novelty of thought, and brilliancy of style. I must seek one of our neighbouring cities, where Editors, though they, through modesty, assume not the name, display all the ignorance, vacancy, and muddiness of a full-blooded Lounger.

I remain your obedient, but all-trouble-hating, servant,

SEBASTIAN SLUGGISH.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

(*Continued.*)

This was the last publication which he gave to the world with his name. From this time, the state of his health, which had always been infirm and delicate, began visibly to decline. He frequently complained of a lowness of spirits, and was occasionally subject to deafness, which, though he seldom felt in any great degree, was sufficient in his situation, to whom the sense of hearing was almost the only channel of communication with the external world, to cause very lively uneasiness. Amidst these indispositions of body, however, and disquietudes of mind, the gentleness of his temper never forsook him, and he felt all that resignation and confidence in the Supreme Being, which his earliest and latest life equally acknowledged. In Summer, 1791, he was seized with a feverish disorder, which at first seemed of a slight, and never rose to a very violent kind; but a frame so little robust as his was not able to resist; and after about a week's illness, it carried him off, on the 7th of July 1791, in the 70th year of his age. He was interred in the burying-ground of the Chapel of Ease, in the parish of St. Cuthbert's, where, on a tomb-stone erected to his memory by his wife, is the following inscription, written by Dr. Beattie:

Viro. Reverendo.
Thomae. Blacklock, D. D.
Probo. Pio. Benevolo.
Omnigena. Doctrina. Erudito.
Poetae. Svblimi.—
Ab. Inevnabilis. Vsqve.
Ocvlis. Capto.
At. Hilari. Faceto
Amicisqve. Semper. Carissimo.
Qvi. Natvs. xxi. Novemb. MDCCXXS.
Obiit vii. Ivlii. MDCCXCI.
Monvmentvm. Hocce.
Vidva. Ejvs. Sara. Johnston.
Moerens. P.

Τὸν πίερ μὲν' ἐφίλησα, δίδε δ' ἀΐσαβόν τε, καὶόν τε,
Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδε δ' ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδήν.

In 1793, a new edition of his *Poems*, reprinted from the 4to edition 1756, with several additional pieces never before printed, *together with an Essay on the Education of the Blind*, translated from the French of M. Hauy, and "A "New account of the Life and Writings "of the Author," written by Mr. Mackenzie, was published at Edinburgh in one volume 4to. In this edition, the following acknowledged poetical productions of Blacklock are not inserted; *Prologue to Sir Harry Gaylove; Absence, a Pastoral; Panegyric on Great Britain;* and *The Graham*, published separately; and *An Epistle to Two Sisters on their Wedding day; Estimate of Human Greatness; to the Dutchess of Hamilton, on her recovery from Childbed, after the birth of the Marquis of Clydesdale; Ode on a favourite Lap-dog; Ode to a Successful Rival: Cato Uticensis to his Wife at Rome: The Chronicle of a Heart; Song Inscribed to a Friend, in imitation of Shenstone*, originally printed in the first volume of Donaldson's "Collection of Poems, by the "Rev. Mr. Blacklock, and other Scotch "Gentlemen," 12mo, 1760. It may be observed, that the verses "to a Lady, "with Hammond's Elegies," inserted in this edition, are not printed as Blacklock's, in Donaldson's "Collection." The present writer has not ventured, upon the authority of Mrs. Blacklock, to deprive Mr. Gordon of the "Epistle "on Taste," to which he has put his name. His *Poems*, reprinted from the edition 1793, together with the several pieces omitted in that edition, are now, for the first time, received into a collection of classical English poetry.

Besides these publications, which are known to be Blacklock's, and to some of which he put his name, he was the author of several pieces, not so generally known to have come from him. Among these, there are some articles in

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the "Encyclopædia Britannica," 1803. The interesting article of *Blind* (first published in the "Edinburgh Maga- "zine and Review" 1774, is mentioned with just approbation by Mr. Mackenzie. The article of *Poetry* in the "En- "cyclopædia," as well as some others on various subjects of the Belles Lettres, were likewise, it is believed, the productions of Blacklock; and it is said that he had drawn up for the same work an *Essay on Predestination*, though it is not known whether the manuscript be preserved. He is known also to have written a *Tragedy;* the manuscript of which was put into the hands of the late Andrew Crosbie, Esq. an eminent advocate at the Scottish bar, but has not been recovered. Some *Memoirs of his Life*, written by himself, are now in the possession of Dr. Beattie. He has left some volumes of *Sermons* in manuscript, as also a *Treatise on Morals*, both of which it is in contemplation with his friends to publish. It is probable that the most important of his other pieces may be collected and republished on that occasion.

His character, private habits, domestic manners, and most observable peculiarities, have been delineated with so much accuracy of discrimination, and strength of colouring, by the happy pencil of Mr. Mackenzie, as to render any additional strokes from a casual hand unnecessary.

"The tenor of his occupations," says Mr. Mackenzie, "as well as the bent of his mind, during the early period of his life, will appear in the following plain and unstudied account, contained in a letter from his most intimate and constant companion, the Revd. Mr. Jamison, formerly minister of the Episcopal Chapel at Dumfries, afterwards of the English Congregation at Dantzic, and who now resides at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

"His manner of life was so uniform, that the history of it during one day, or one week, is the history of it during the seven years that our personal intercourse lasted. Reading, music, walking, conversing, and disputing on various topics, in theology, ethics, &c. employed almost every hour of our time. It was pleasant to hear him engaged in a dispute, for no man could keep his temper better than he always did on such occasions. I have known him frequently very warmly engaged for hours together, but never could observe one angry word to fall from him. Whatever his antagonist might say, *he* always kept his temper. "Semper paratus et refellere sine pertinacia, et refelli sine iracundia" He was, however, extremely sensible to what he thought ill usage, and equally so whether it regarded himself or his friends. But his resentment was always confined to a few satirical verses, which were generally burnt soon after. The late Mr. Spence frequently urged him to write a tragedy; and assured him that he had interest enough with Mr. Garrick to get it acted. Various subjects were proposed to him, several of which he approved of, yet he never could be prevailed on to begin any thing of that kind. It may seem remarkable, but, as far as I know, it was invariably the case, that he never could think or write on any subject proposed to him by another. I have frequently admired with what readiness and rapidity he could sometimes make verses. I have known him dictate from thirty to forty verses, and by no means bad ones, as fast as I could write them; but the moment he was at a loss for a rhyme or a verse to his liking, he stopt altogether, and could very seldom be induced to finish what he had begun with so much ardour."

"This account," Mr. Mackenzie observes, "sufficiently marks that eager sensibility, chastened at the same time with uncommon gentleness of temper, which characterized Blacklock, and which indeed it was impossible to be at all in his company without perceiving. In the science of mind, this is that division of it which perhaps one would peculiarly appropriate to poetry, at least to all those lighter species which rather depend on quickness of feeling, and the ready conception of pleasing images, than on the happy arrangement of parts, or the skilful construction of a whole, which are essential to the higher de-

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partments of the poetical art. The first kind of talent is like those warm and light soils which produce their annual crops in such abundance; the last, like that deeper and firmer mould on which the roots of eternal forests are fixed. Of the first we have seen many happy instances in that sex which is supposed less capable of study or thought; from the last is drawn that masculine sublimity of genius which could build an *Iliad* or a *Paradise Lost*.

"All those who ever acted as his amanuenses, agree in this rapidity and ardour of composition which Mr. Jameson ascribes to him. He never could dictate till he stood up; and as his blindness made walking about without assistance inconvenient or dangerous to him, he fell insensibly into a vibratory sort of motion of his body, which increased as he warmed with his subject, and was pleased with the conceptions of his mind. This motion at last became habitual to him, and though he could sometimes restrain it when on ceremony, or in any public appearance, such as preaching, he felt a certain uneasiness from the effort, and always returned to it when he could indulge it without impropriety. This is the appearance which he describes in the ludicrous picture he has drawn of himself (in the *Author's Picture*). Of this portrait the outlines are true, though the general effect is overcharged. His features were hurt by the disease which deprived him of sight; yet, even with those disadvantages, there was a certain placid expression in his physiognomy which marked the benevolence of his mind, and was extremely calculated to procure him attachment and regard.

"Music, which to the feeling and to the pensive, in whatever situation, is a source of extreme delight, but which to the blind must be creative, as it were, of idea and of sentiment, he enjoyed highly, and was himself a tolerable performer on several instruments, particularly on the flute. He generally carried in his pocket a small flagelot, on which he played his favourite tunes; and was not displeased when asked in company to play or to sing them; a natural feeling for a blind man, who thus adds a scene to the drama of his society.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

New York, Feb. 4, 1804.

OLIVER OLDSCHOOL,

Our fashionables are *all awake* to the sudden appearance of a youth, who may justly be stiled a *lusus naturæ*. This lad (who is not yet thirteen years of age) was first known, a fortnight since, as the editor of a little paper, entitled the *Thespian Mirror*. The discovery of him was *accidental*, and made by Mr. Coleman, the editor of the Evening Post; as he relates in an editorial paragraph of a recent date.

By Mr. Coleman this extraordinary boy was immediately made acquainted with several literary gentlemen, whose admiration and astonishment increased with every interview. Plans were immediately proposed for the suitable education of the lad, with a zeal and liberality, which nothing short of a miracle could have given birth to—acquaintances became his friends, and every one was impatient to know him: until the little *editor of the Thespian Mirror* is almost the only topic of fashionable *table-talk*.

This miraculous youth, whose personal acquaintance I was among the first to be honoured with; possesses a person, short for one of his age; yet well-proportioned and graceful; a large blue eye of unusual sweetness and expression; and a complexion of the most susceptible delicacy. The *tout-ensemble* of his features is *discrimination* and *intelligence*, added to a vivid consciousness, which is a language to his most latent emotions. His voice is music itself. His conversation is elevated and refined; and his writings, of which the public have as yet seen but hasty and imperfect specimens, possess a freedom from affectation, and a strength and maturity of character, which lead us to exclaim with the bard of Mantua:

Qui tanti talem genuere parentes!

In what I have said, I have not been influenced by a blind admiration; or an unguarded zest for something new and strange: every interview which I have with the lad, adds to my respect for his talents, and admiration of his heart. If we are to judge from the brightness of the *dawn*, the *noon* will, indeed, be resplendent.

That you may judge for yourself, I enclose you the last two numbers of the Mirror. The critique on the *Duenna*, and the Memoirs of J. Hodgkinson are from the closet of the boy. You will perhaps do well to notice the work. I only regret that I cannot

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at the same moment, introduce to your patronage its interesting *editor*.

I remain, yours, &c. B.

For the Port Folio.

REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

The edict of Nantes was given by Henry IV, in 1598. By this edict, the free exercise of the reformed religion was authorised in all places depending, immediately, on the same parliament. The Calvinists were allowed to print their books in the cities where their religion was tolerated. They were declared capable of all the offices and dignities of the state. A chamber was expressly created in the parliament of Paris, composed of a president and sixteen counsellors, before whom all protestant causes were to be tried, not only for the immense district dependent on Paris, but also on that of Normandy and Bretagne. This chamber was called the *Chamber of the Edict*.

The minister of Lewis XIV began by suppressing the *Chamber of the Edict*. A succession of orders of council followed, for exterminating the proscribed religion. On the 22d October, 1685, all clergymen who would not embrace the Roman catholic faith were ordered to leave the kingdom within fifteen days. The pastors being thus driven away, a great part of the flock followed. More than fifty thousand families, in the course of the three following years, left the kingdom, and were afterward followed by others. They carried among strangers their arts, their manufactures, and their wealth. Almost all the north of Germany, a region then uncultivated, and without manufactures, received a new face from these transplanted multitudes. They peopled whole towns. The stuffs, galoons, hats, and stockings, which were previously purchased from France, were now made at home. An entire suburb of London (Spitalfields) was peopled by French silk-weavers. Others carried to the same city the art of the lapidary, which was thenceforth lost to France. In Germany, the coin is still frequently met with which the refugees dispersed there. Thus, France lost about five hundred thousand inhabitants, a great quantity of specie, and above all, the arts we have mentioned; with all of which her enemies were enriched.

Some Frenchmen endeavoured to settle themselves so far off as the Cape of Good Hope. The nephew of the celebrated Duquesne, lieutenant-general of the marine, founded a little colony at that extremity of the earth. It did not prosper; the greater part of those who went there perished; but some remains of it still subsist. Thus, says a French writer, the French are scattered more widely than the Jews!

For the Port Folio.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL.

In an article inserted in a late PORT FOLIO, it is observed that "Truth is the sport of "writers, and mankind, always greedy of "it, are therefore always their dupe." It would certainly be unfair to suppose that the author has made this assertion in an unqualified sense. He never meant, either that writers always intentionally violate the truth, or, that, even innocently, they have always written untruths: with this explanation, I think there is no person, conversant in books, who will hesitate to agree to his proposition. It is assuredly one of the idlest, I wish it were not one of the most injurious, errors of mankind, to rely on history for a fair delineation of character. It is time we were saved of the sing-song adages of those, who tell us that—

To her *just bar*, *impartial* hist'ry brings
The gorgeous troop of heroes, statesmen, kings.

Risum teneatis, amici! Connected with a particular application of the question before us, I shall beg leave to recite, from your own miscellany, the following passage, out of an article altogether worthy of more than common admiration: "If you give an account of ancient history, proscribe, I conjure you, all idle proclamations against certain conquerors. Let Juvenal and Boileau, from the recesses of their closets, lavish ridicule on that Alexander whom they would have wearied and disgusted with incense, had they lived under his reign; let such call Alexander a madman; but do you, an impartial philosopher, respect, in Alexander, the Captain-General of Greece, in many points of view to be compared with a Scanderberg, or Huniade, like them commissioned to avenge his country, and only more fortunate, more illustrious, more polished, and more magnificent. Do not merely represent him as subjugating the entire empire of the enemy of Greece, and pushing his conquests even to India, whither the domination of Darius extended, but represent him also as giving laws amid the tumult of war, forming colonies, establishing commerce, and founding Alexandria and Scanderoon, which are to this day the centre of oriental commerce. These are the features in the conduct of kings which we ought to study, and which we really neglect. What good citizen will not be more delighted with an account of the cities and ports which Cæsar built, of the calendar which he changed, &c. than with that of the men murdered by his command?" I do not enter into many of the subordinate sentiments avowed in this passage, though I cannot help remarking, by the way, how very different epithets have been bestowed on the warfare which was carried on between the republics of Greece and the Persian king of kings, and on the

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same warfare, when prosecuted by Alexander! I say, I do not enter into the subordinate sentiments avowed in this passage, but I make no apology for asking you to re-print a paragraph of good sense, such as we so rarely find to oppose to the deluge of reiterated common-place. Every school-boy, every sophister has thought himself privileged, and the vulgar philosophy of the world has allowed him the privilege, to say smart things of Alexander; but, when we are asked,

> And shall not twice a thousand years unpraise
> The boisterous boy, and blast his guilty bays,

we may, with more reason on our side, inquire, whether twice a thousand years shall not at length set the memory of a great man above the reach of the whole herd of witlings.

The article from which I have quoted this passage contains another so just in itself and so happily illustrative of more than one of the positions of that in your late Port Folio, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of extracting it: "I pray you to impress it on the public mind, that if our modern histories, written by contemporaries, are more certain in general, than the ancient, they are sometimes more doubtful in the details. I explain. Men differ from each other in profession, party, religion. The soldier, the magistrate, the jansenist, the molinist, do not view the same facts with the same eyes; and this vice is common to all ages. A *Carthaginian* would not have written a history of the Punic wars in the spirit of a *Roman*, and he would have reproached Rome with that perfidy of which Rome accused Carthage. We have but few ancient historians who have written in opposition to each other on the same event; if we had, they would have cast doubt over things which are at this day regarded as incontestable. However slight the probability attached to them, we respect them for two reasons; because they are ancient, and because they have not been contradicted. Contemporary historians, are in a different situation, frequently resembling belligerent powers. Bonfires have been lighted at Vienna, at London, and at Versailles, for battles that have been gained by neither party: on each side, they cry, victory! and on both they are in the right. How many contradictions are there with respect to Mary Stuart, the civil wars of England, the troubles of Hungary, the establishment of the protestant religion, and the council of Trent! Speak of the revocation of the edict of Nantes to a Dutch burgomaster, and it is an imprudent act of tyranny; to a minister of the French court, and it is a stroke of the soundest policy. What do I say? The same nation, at the end of twenty years, no longer entertains its original opinions of the same event, of the same person".

PORT FOLIO, vol. iv, p. 292.

Sir, though I have allowed myself to be long impeded, I come at length to the topic I had principally at heart when I began this letter. I wish to draw, from the history of CHATTERTON, one example of that profligacy with which writers sometimes *designedly* make truth their sport. It is not to the factitious poems of Rowley that I allude. I make a wide distinction between a fiction of this kind, and the *swindling* of the renowned, or more properly notorious, *maestere Irelande*.* It is not therefore the poet CHATTERTON that I call to the bar, but CHATTERTON (unhappily that same CHATTERTON!) the party-writer. This young man used to make it, we are told, a common assertion, "that he would settle the world before he had done." There is a *blackguardism* in this phrase, which, perhaps, I do not entirely understand; but, the most moderate construction I can put upon the resolution "to *settle* the world," is that he would make a fool of it! How well, and how early, he had begun to put it into practice, unfortunately for his memory, is but too well known.

A misapprehension of its sense has occasioned many to refuse their assent to that maxim of the poet—

> A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod;
> An honest man's the noblest work of God;—

but, in looking at the history of CHATTERTON, we must be disposed to receive it in its widest extent. He had formed, it seems, the design most notably ingenious (not ingenuous, by your leave) of writing on both sides: "he is a poor author," says he, "who cannot write on both sides;" and, accordingly, we find him, at one and the same moment, writing "abusive" and "very abusive" public letters to my lord Mansfield, and other members of administration, and setting up a periodical paper in favour of that very administration!

It will only be doing justice to society, to dwell upon the character of CHATTERTON, as seen in this point of view; but, I must by no means increase the length of my letter. I will take another occasion of submitting to you my further remarks. At present, I shall conclude with adducing, in support of the reflection, that a public man ought not to have his future history too much in mind, a charge made by the emperor Francis against

* Let it be remembered that this worthy gentleman *took in* his subscribers for five guineas each, while poor Chatterton gave away his MSS. and only aimed at gaining that reception for the writings of another, and an ancient, which he could not hope for his own.

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Napoleon—with what justice it is not for me to determine: it is the theory only in which I am interested. The Austrian sovereign attributes the war which so unhappily rages in Europe to the French;—"To his ardent desire of military achievement;—his passion to be recorded in history under the title of a conqueror."

LECTOR.

For the Port Folio.

On the Spaniard called the Incombustible.

All the European papers have spoken of certain experiments of which a young Spaniard has been the subject. These papers have named him the *Incombustible*, because he has appeared to be actually invulnerable by fire. On this question, I propose to set down some particulars, of which I pledge myself for the authenticity.

It is absolutely true, that there is at Paris a Spaniard who touches and licks red hot iron; but, let us not therefore return to a belief in magicians, and the *red magic*. Those who had faith in sorcerers, who were styled the peculiar servants of the devil, were tempted to ascribe to this devil, or demon, more power over nature than to the Creator himself. Every thing that went against the accustomed order of things was ascribed to the evil one. Thus, there was formerly, at Toledo, a professorship of magic. The professor was a monk, who was called the *reverend father in Satan*. In that city, those persons were burnt who, without permission of the bishop, attempted to converse with the demon.

This superstition has passed away. In nature, every thing matures; even the human understanding. It is asserted, that among the people of China, one of the most ancient on the earth, especially, among persons elevated above the lowest class, there exists no superstition. This condition is happily that of almost all the French; and yet, at the moment of my writing, there is stuck against every corner of the streets in Paris, an advertisement of a book entitled, *De la Magie, ou les Demonolatres du 18ème siècle*. The author of this book is assuredly neither a sorcerer nor a magician; for the word *magus*, *magician*, signifies a sage, one specially conversant in nature.

The ancients, observing that fire and water purify every thing, thought that water and fire ought to purify the body and the soul: hence, in all temples and places of expiation, there were expiatory baths. There was no temple without fire and water. According to these ideas, the multitude was persuaded that he who could expose himself, without injury, to fire and boiling water, was a creature without spot, and one that had nothing to expiate in the eyes of the divinity. Hence, the ancient priests, who desired to be regarded by the people as the interpreters of heaven, plunged, on certain days, their hands into boiling oil, and withdrew them without injury. Hence, according to the testimony of Virgil, they walked on burning coals, in honour of Diana Perusia;* and, at the celebration of the mysteries of Eleusis, a priest walked on nine red-hot plough-shares.†

If we descend to modern times, we shall find that even the priests of the Christian religion possessed these secrets; but, that they employed them for strengthening their dominion over states, and for the ruin or safeguard of illustrious and even crowned heads, whom they caused to be accused and condemned at their pleasure. The culprit underwent the ordeal of fire or water; and, at the choice of the instigators, they gave him a champion, prepared or not prepared, to handle fire.

These ordeals are known to have been only tricks of juggling, now abandoned to mountebanks; but, to lay open the means by which they are performed, is to advance the progress of knowledge, and even, under new points of view, to be sometimes useful to the arts.

Let us pass to what has been done in the chemical amphitheatre of the school of medicine at Paris, in the presence of a great number of pupils. It is to be observed that the Spaniard, who is from twenty-four to twenty-eight years of age, is from Toledo, a city where a reverend father taught magic, and where it is useful to have recipes against the fire of the inquisition.‡

Here, M. Leroi details the experiments to which the Spaniard was subjected in the school of medicine, and which are already known.

The question which is agitated concerning this man is, whether the incombustibility be a property inherent in his person, or whether it proceed from a non-conductor

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* — Et medium freti pietate per ignem
Cultores multâ premissus vestigia pruná.

† In the *Antigones* of Sophocles, the guards offer to prove their innocence by holding hot iron in their hands, and walking through flames. Strabo, *lib.* xii, speaks of the priests of Diana, who walked on burning coals without being burned.

St. Epiphanius relates that the priests of Egypt rubbed their faces with certain drugs, and afterward plunged them into boiling cauldrons, without appearing to suffer the least pain.

‡ In Spain, many gypsies perform tricks of this sort with fire; but they must previously secure themselves by a patent of the inquisition, that they may not be arrested as unprivileged magicians.

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of caloric; and, in this latter case, what the non-conductor be?

We sometimes see cases of paralysis, in which the power of moving the arm and fingers is preserved, when all sensibility is so completely gone, that the patient can touch hot iron and burn his skin, without experiencing any sensation; but, in this case, there is no acceleration of the pulse after the experiment, and moreover there is, in the part paralised, a difficulty of movement, which indicates a state of disease. Here, there is nothing of the kind; and all the phenomenons must be referred to the use of a non-conductor of caloric.

There are non-conductors of caloric, as well as of water, air, cold, and magnetism. We know that after having rubbed the hand over with lycopodium, we may, without wetting it, take up a piece of money from the bottom of a vessel full of water. We may plunge the finger, without scalding, into hot melted sugar, which has more heat than boiling oil, if we have previously plunged it into cold water. The naturalist easily explains this phenomenon, by the laws of chemical affinity. Another, also the effect of affinity, and still more astonishing, is that we may plunge the finger, or the hand, into melted lead. To do this with impunity, however, there must be still in the crucible some lead not melted; because in this case, the caloric, according to the laws of affinity, is more strongly attracted by the lead which is not melted, than by the finger. This experiment has been repeated in the laboratory of Fourcroy. Haller, in the fifth volume in quarto of his Physiology, reports that Boerhaave had seen founders plunge their hands into melted iron and copper; but they previously dipped their hands in oil, in the same manner as they are to be dipped in water before they are plunged into melted sugar.

Haller says he has seen workmen plunge their hands in melted iron. To enable them to do it, they first dipped them into the juice of purslain root, mallow-root, or a mercurial preparation. I have seen plumbers solder pipes, and hold in a glove rubbed over with fat, the melted solder.*

But living bodies, without the aid of any medium, may endure extraordinary heat. At great forges, the smiths approach the fire within a distance at which meat would be quickly roasted. I have seen workmen go to examine their metal, and approach so near the fire, that any one not accustomed to the heat would have had his hands and face burnt. It is to be added, that these workmen endure the exposure only a certain time; after which I have always observed their pulse to be accelerated, and in the generality a need of rest. But these are not the only examples; we find leeches and fishes in waters as hot as boiling water, and in which eggs and meat may be cooked.

It is difficult to conceive to what we may may attain, through exercise and habitude. In Spain, there are families who exercise themselves in the endurance of fire, by every experiment on the body; as there are others who exercise themselves in feats of address.* There have been seen in Spain, men who would walk between lighted logs of wood. What then may not be done, if habit be seconded by a non-conductor of caloric?

We are not sufficiently aware of what prodigies men perform in all extremes.

I have seen blind persons on the one hand, and dealers on the other; and the first could discover by the touch the different colours of cloths. Every day, we see blind persons playing at cards in public. Between this delicacy of touch, and that total absence of the faculty, through which a man can handle red hot iron, or expose his flesh to boiling oil, what an immense space there must be, and how many intermediary points!

I shall be asked, perhaps, whether there be not non-conductors of cold? † For my own part, I have no doubt of it; and chance has thrown in my way the following proof. In the middle of the winter of 1801, I saw a prostitute in the streets, who was almost naked. I was curious to know, how with

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* We read in the *Amusemens Physiques* of Pinetti, third edition, chap. 29, a method of washing the hand in melted lead, without injury: Take good white wine vinegar, and mix it with fish-glue and a little alum; boil these ingredients together, stirring them in the same manner as chocolate. When cold, add to the mixture, black or green liquid sope. After washing the hands in this preparation, we may take up a bar of red-hot iron, or tread barefoot upon it, without burning ourselves.

* Mademoiselle de Sevigné, in one of her letters, relates that she had just seen, in her own apartment, a man who dropped upon his tongue ten or twelve drops of lighted sealing-wax, and whose tongue was found, after the operation, to be as uninjured as before.

There was in France, fifty years ago, a mountebank, named Gaspard Toulon, who rubbed his hands with melted lead.

† Dr. Leroi here holds a language, from which our ideas of nature lead us to revolt. We believe that what he calls *non-conductors of cold* are *non-conductors of caloric*. Whatever confines the animal heat within the system, as spirits of wine, or about its surface, as flannel, feathers, &c. saves as from the sensation of cold. In a word, Dr. Leroi regards cold as a body, while we regard it only as the sensation of the absence of caloric.

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her bosom and arms bare, she could endure a degree of cold which I found insupportable beneath my clothes. She informed me that, before she came abroad in this manner, she rubbed over her whole body with spirits of wine, and that some of her companions rubbed themselves with oil.

I once advised the father of one of my pupils to keep, in six different parts of his vineyard, a heap of three trusses of straw, ready to be lit, in the event of a frost severe enough to injure his vines. Through this precaution, his vineyard was preserved, at a time when those in the neighbourhood were destroyed. It is flame that is necessary in this case, for reasons that are too complex to be given here.

Let us return to the non-conductor of caloric. We may apply to wood, non-conductors of caloric; thus wood is rendered incombustible by plunging it into a ley of allum, after which, if thrown into the most intense fire, it is consumed with difficulty, and never inflamed. Rabelais, with his learned playfulness, tells us, that the nuns of the Abbey of Thelême were made of wood, rendered incombustible by means of a ley of alum. Books may in this manner be rendered incombustible. Thus, when, after the taking of Toledo, there was a violent dispute between the priests of the two liturgics about the preference to be given to a *Mos-Arabic*, or *Mos-Roman* missal, each party agreed to throw its missal into the fire, in order, by the evidence of a miracle, which was to save it from the flames, to secure the public voice in its favour. But, to their mortification, each saw its book become a prey to the flames; for these priests had not been so expert in the use of the alum-ley as the joiner of Thelême.

When the Dutch landed for the first time at the Cape of Good Hope, the Hottentots regarded them as gods, and demanded a miracle. The Captain promised them one. He went the next day into the midst of their assembly, took a cup, and having filled it with brandy, set it on fire, and presented it to the savages to drink, who drew back with horror, while he swallowed it as a draught. In our coffee-houses, this little miracle is performed a hundred times a day. It is well known to the lovers of fire-punch, and we see some young people skilful enough to devour the flame with ease, while the awkward burn themselves.

I return to our Spaniard, and those who, like him, handle red-hot iron, and caloric in all bodies.

The dermis is an organic, nerveless substance, which covers the skin. It may be rendered more or less thick, and to tread with safety upon red hot iron, or take boiling oil into the mouth, it is only necessary to thicken the dermis, a nerveless, organic substance. This dermis acquires the nature of horn, and we know that horses have hot iron applied to their hoofs, without being painfully affected.

We may even diminish the sensibility below the degree which seems to belong to the hardened epidermis. Thus, one of my companions at college rubbed his hands with garlic, juice of onions, and alum, and thus provided, encountered the cane, a vile and barbarous mode of punishment, justly abolished from the modern discipline of schools. The cane, which, to all others, gave horrible pain, caused him none. Every thing, therefore, that thickens the epidermis, is capable of being a non-conductor.*

In 1667, there was in London a famous fire-eater, named Dowell. He placed upon his tongue a thin slice of veal. This he overspread with hot coals, and over all he laid another slice of veal or beef. The English were struck with this new method of cooking a steak; several made sacrifices of money, to discover the secret. The fire-eater's valet was seduced, and he betrayed his master. The secret agrees with our physical and anatomical knowledge. This man rubbed his hands, and washed his mouth, lips, palate, and tongue, with spirit of sulphur, which hardened and almost cornified the epidermis, so as to constrain the motions of the mouth. It is probable, from the appearance of the Spaniard's tongue, that he has recourse to a method nearly similar.

When the English juggler wished to get rid of his cornified skin, he washed his mouth with boiling water and hot wine, after which it would come away. In the same manner as before, he hardened the new epidermis, and, little by little, familiarised it with the fire; and the oftener he repeated the operation, the less difficult and dangerous it became. Before he licked the spatula, the Spaniard collected on his tongue a quantity of saliva, which, combined with the caloric, volatised it, and prevented its passing through the cornified tongue.

In my youth, I saw on the Boulevards a woman who walked on a long bar of red hot iron, and who washed her mouth with boiling oil.

Tavernier, in his travels, relates that he saw a slave who, for a small piece of money, wound round his body red hot iron chains, and wore them till they were cold. Our Spaniard is far behind this slave. It is in Malabar, and the countries of the east in general, that these juggleries are carried to the highest perfection.

It is said that it was in contemplation to forbid the public exhibition of this Spaniard's

* I shall observe here, that two persons of my acquaintance, who, in their infancy, were in the habit of destroying their sense of touch, have at present a less degree of sensibility in their fingers than usual, and a swelling in the tendons that should bend the fingers.

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experiments. I think, on the contrary, that they ought to be made as public as possible, because the people should be accustomed to see, in what is shown as a prodigy, nothing but a natural effect, which they do not comprehend, but which science can explain and imitate: it is by this mean, that reason advances among a people. We must discover the method employed by this man: if it be old, our knowledge will be confirmed; if it be new, science, and perhaps the arts, will make an acquisition. "The practices of mountebanks," says Hippocrates, "ought sometimes to engage the attention of philosophers."

How much has not the cause of reason been assisted by Robertson's phantasmagoria! an exhibition that might be rendered still more marvellous and awful. Nothing is better adapted than this kind of exhibition for destroying superstition, dissipating vain prejudices and idle terrors, and establishing the reign of reason and science.

To this paper another writer has subjoined the following remarks:

We think that M. Leroi has improperly given the name of non-conductor to that state of the skin which is insensible to the impression of a red heat, or, what is the same thing, which undergoes no alteration from heat.

In sound physics, to insulate heat, is to possess the proper of transmitting caloric but very slowly. The incombustible quality of the Spaniard in question has certainly nothing in common with this property.

We are inclined rather to believe, that the incombustible property of the Spaniard's skin depends on the state of composition of his skin. It is well known, that the easy decomposition of vegetable and animal substances depends upon the entrance of principles that have an affinity for caloric more or less superior to that of boiling water, into the composition of these substances. These principles, in vegetable substances, are hydrogene and oxygene, for the formation of water; and, in animal substances, the same, with hydrogene and azote, for the formation of ammoniac. If a substance were composed only of carbon and hydrogene, or carbon and azote, it would not be decomposed even by contact with a body red hot, but only by becoming itself incandescent, and at the same time being in contact with the air. The skin of the Spaniard, it is easy to conceive, may be in great part of this nature, having the one or the other of these compounds for its base. In this case, we know that the sulphuric acid, which is only made to burn by the act of uniting the principles of water, cannot be decomposed by boiling oil or water, which, by covering the skin, do themselves preserve it from the contact with the air. The iron, of which the contact is only momentaneous, cannot, in so short a space of time, communicate its red heat, and decomposition is equally impracticable. Its effect is also greatly mitigated by the saliva of the tongue, which is evaporated.

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming;
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In his catalogue of Tourists, Sterne would probably class the author of the ensuing sketches, as the *Desultory* traveller. Our rover, however, has gleaned some particles of information, which will probably please the *Loungers*. Airy anecdote, however trivial, is generally the first article to captivate the attention of those who choose to peruse a Journal, like the *Port Folio*, immediately after dinner, or half asleep in bed. He, who is habitually idle, or he who is eternally employed, is equally enlivened by short essays, where, from the levity or the choice of the author, the topic is perpetually varied, and our active curiosity, like the sailor's horse, though continually goaded, has the satisfaction to have the spur often changed.

Covent-Garden comprehends an acre of ground, and is the property of John, the most noble Duke of Bedford. The revenue it brings the Duke is immense. Here, in very natural alliance, you perceive the play-house and the brothel.

In Covent-Garden (square) are the Hummums, the rendezvous of midnight men; that is, lobby loungers, &c. who repair thither,

To lose in sleep the labours of the day.

From Bolt Court the man of cultivated genius catches a local emotion. It was here the great Johnson lived, lucubrated and died. It is now frequented by the minor bards. It is here (at a chop-house) that Dyer eats his solitary stake, and tipples his half pint of port.

I never went to the Chapter Coffee-house, in Paternoster-Row, but I always saw that oracle, Doctor Buchan, seated in the box next the fire. He lodges, or rather sleeps, at a hair-dresser's adjoining. When the Chapter was ad-

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vertised for sale, a wicked wag put down the Doctor's name in the catalogue, among the fixtures.

Mr. Longman keeps open house every Saturday for authors. I was present one day at this assemblage of genius, learning, wit, and humour. I had hoped to be edified. But the discussion of the learned men of the British metropolis related to this: Which book is the most likely to experience a good sale; a folio, quarto, octavo, or duodecimo?

I once saw the learned Dr. Porson descending the steps of the Cider-Cellar in Maiden Lane. The pale face of "*the jolly old Grecian*" was illuminated with the brightest ray of Bacchus.

When I visited Godwin at the Polygon, in Somers' Town, he was consulting a huge folio, to eke out his own leaden Tome of Chaucer. Every time he turned over a leaf, he wetted his fingers. Mr. Godwin has not sacrificed to the graces. A portrait of the "Melting Mary" hung over the chimney; she who loved the compiler of Tracts on Kentucky, and endured the 'author of Political Justice.'

Great men have not unfrequently condescended to play on words: Cicero, Shakespear, Julius Cæsar, &c. Marshal Turenne, describing a cowardly officer, observed, that of the faculties of the human mind, Capt. —— possessed but one, and that was *apprehension*.

A lady of easy virtue declared before some friends, that she continued her profession in order to amass money sufficient to enable her to enter some religious house. Madam, replied a man of wit, your conduct reminds me of the practise of watermen, who pursue their way to the place of their destination with their backs turned towards it.

Persons in warm countries certainly possess powers of imagination superior to persons in colder climates. The following description of a small room will appear very poetic to an English reader. 'I am now,' says a Turkish spy, writing to his employers, 'in an apartment so little, that the least suspicion cannot enter it.'

A certain author was not only irritable in his disposition, but very unfortunate in his productions. His tragedy and comedy had both been rejected by the managers of both theatres. I cannot account for this, said the unfortunate bard to his friend, for no one can say that my tragedy was a *sad* performance, or that my comedy was a thing to laugh at.

Some one observing to Lord Chesterfield, that the French were a more polite people than the English, he hesitated very much: the observer continued to corroborate his opinion by adding, My Lord, the English confess it themselves: Nay then, returned the peer, that confession proves the English their superiors.

If *names* were any thing, we should recommend to the Emperor of *Russia* to put his troops under the command of Count STRONGONOFF.

Lon. paper.

In the Spectator, Ambrose Philips has translated an Ode of Sappho into very easy and flowing English. Every one remembers

Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth, who fondly sits by thee.

Let us imagine an imported *Patriot* of the true Milesian breed thus addressing one of his loving countrymen:

Drunk as old David's sow is he,
The wretch who takes his grog with thee,
While with thy Irish tongue so glib
You boldly swear, or quaintly fib.
'Twas you first made me love the dose
Which rais'd such pimples on my nose;
But whilst I drank each *July* toast,
My health was gone, my senses lost,
I fancied whisky, like champaigne,
In flame my blood, and mad my brain;
While oaths fell faultering from my tongue,
I lost the bawdy catch you sung,
I felt my gorge and sickness rise,
The candles danced before my eyes;
My eyes grew dim, the room ran round,
I tumbled senseless on the ground.

Men of a red skin, who live in temporary mansions of bark, who are deplorably ferocious, and stupid, who delight in the atrocities of war, and subsist by the chase, are called savages. In

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history and conversation, I have learned that the forefathers of New England, when they landed at Plymouth, were illiberal, coarse and intolerant men. The country, then, witnessed no real revolution; one race of savages was extirpated to make room for a new. Persecution of a witch, or a Baptist, or a Churchman, was the same, in essence, as the roasting of an Indian prison. A compulsory recantation in a conventicle may be likened to the death-song at the stake. It requires neither Fancy nor Reason, to shew that those who could view a classical *liturgy* as tasteless and anomalous, belonged to the Pequod or Penobscot tribe. The Indian, indifferent to gold, gazes at glass beads, with childish complacency. The Plymouth settler abhorred the clean linen of the surplice, and invested his *sturdy* limbs with coarse *Scot's* stuff, from John Knox's manufactory. They are both savages; and, between the Puritan and the Esquimaux, it would be difficult to adjust the precedence. There were savages then, there are savages now of fair face, and who never shot arrows from a bow, or wielded the tom-ax in the battle. A sulky fanatic, a frantic democrat, ungrateful republicans, and the rude rabble, are all Indians, more hateful than the Miamis or the Creeks.

Therefore, make war with them, man of genius! they never are friends to thee; they never read, they cannot comprehend thy pages. *Of style or sentiment they take no cognizance;* they never mark the tints of the painter, they never gazed upon marble, "polished after the similitude of a Palace." Down therefore, with such their works of dulness, and detest the wampum of their vulgarity.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In consequence of the Port Folio appearing *four* times in each month, we have it in our power, from our own stock, and the rich repository of others, to publish four *original* essays, during that period. In this important respect, we have a decided superiority over any Magazine published in Europe. We are happy to announce that, in addition to the Lounger, the Lay Preacher, &c. a new periodical paper, entitled "THE DAY," will in a very few *days* appear in the Port Folio.

We are engaged in perusing with attention, in order to review them, in this paper, "Letters from Europe, during a tour through Switzerland and Italy, in the years 1801 and 1802, by a native of Pennsylvania;"—"Semple's Travels at the Cape of Good Hope," and Nichols's American edition of "Kett's Elements of General Knowledge," &c.

"Floranthe" has no reason for "concealment." We can exclaim to her, in the words of Sir WILLIAM JONES.

Sweet maid! if thou wouldst charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck infold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.

'Metoicos,' is a very agreeable correspondent, and he displays the combined force of industry and genius. We have the promise of further contributions from this writer, who, unlike the majority of authors, is willing to maintain a literary correspondence, with some punctuality.

"The Vintager" is worthy of an employment on Parnassus, and he may call to the cupbearer,

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say.

"Robin's note" appears to us like "The *shallow cuckoo's bill.*"

CARPE DIEM!

The first Number of a Paper, to be called "The Day," will appear in the Port Folio of Saturday next. The author of it is not unknown in the literary world, and he promises us faithfully *a day* in every week.

Of *night* impatient, we demand the *day*.

We have to apologize for the non-appearance of several advertisements, which are omitted for want of room.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

[The following "LOVE plaint" is slightly altered from an old ballad, in order to render it more suitable to modern taste. It was probably written by some rhyming, whining, love-sick, valetudinary student, more attentive to the charms of his mistress than to the regularity of his metre.]

I love a black and laughing eye,
A plump, but well-turned waist;
I love a cheek of crimson dye,
A nose of Grecian taste.

I love two dimples wily play,
Around a mouth of Cupid's mould;
A mouth that boldly seems to say,
"I am not to be sold."

I love no sullen brow of care,
No look of proud disdain;
Love dwells not with his quiver there,
Or points his darts in vain.

Venus, tho' well she knew his guile,
Smil'd jocund at his birth;
His is the soul-enchanting smile,
That springs from native mirth.

I love a skin divinely fair,
The chesnut ringlets curly flow;
I love an arch, but modest air,
A bosom of the purest snow.

A bosom that remains unseen,
Hid from the lawless glance;
No charm, there is, so great, I ween,
Which fancy's dream cannot enhance.

The scanty robe, and bosom bare,
Wither the bud of virgin shame;
The sleeveless arm, and forward stare,
Ill become the virgin's name.

What steals the blush of timid shame,
Steals the first of beauty's charms;
What grace and modesty disclaim,
Can add no force to beauty's arms.

I love to see the maid aspire,
By other arts to please,
I love the simple neat attire,
Combining elegance with ease.

And who that loves, and loves not these?
Mine is the pain to love still more;
What can the throb of love appease
When 'tis the mind that we adore?

I love a mind with ev'ry grace,
The seat of purity and sense,
That fights abroad upon the face,
And leaves no op'ning for defence.

I love a temper of unclouded ray,
With manners gentle and refin'd;
By age the features lose their sway,
But these continue still to bind.

Yet love I one that knows not love,
Nor knows the anguish of my breast,
Nor feels the bitter pangs I prove,
Nor soothes my heart to rest!

Ah! wretched I, condemn'd to grieve,
To waste my youth in hopeless woe;
To number sighs that still must heave,
And tears that still must flow.

To speed the lazy-footed hours,
To ease the torments of the mind,
I sometimes cull poetic flowers,
And murmur couplets to the wind.

Ah, could these idle couplets rove,
As roves the passing gale,
And reach the ear of her I love,
And tell my melancholy tale!

What tho' no charms of form are mine,
Nor wealth's attractive store,
Yet, knowing, might she not decline,
A far more estimable lore.

The lore of science, that supplies
The means of wealth and pow'r;
That leads the high-born soul to rise
Above the insects of the hour.

To nourish virtue's holy flame,
To seek the meed of studious toil;
To pant for fair and spotless fame,
To win from men an honest spoil.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[I take the liberty of enclosing you an Ode, extracted from a Liverpool paper of Dec. 7, under the impression that you would not only gladly receive it, but would willingly attest its merit; by giving it an insertion in the Port Folio.

Yours, &c.
T.

Ode on the Victory of Trafalgar and Death of the lamented Hero, Lord Nelson.

Hark! heard ye not a shriek, that rent
The trembling air, with loud lament!
Mark'd ye the Maid
As toward the glade
She bent her hasty steps?
Britannia 'twas—I saw her spear
In cypress and in laurel dressed,
From her wild eyes I marked the scalding tear
Stream down her cheek, and wet her heaving breast.
With me (she cried) my Britons share,
Share a Parent's anxious care!
My Hero, lo!
Now dares the foe,
And hurls his vengeful fires.
He views the fleet in crescent power,
As the grim lion views the mad'ning bull.
Hark to his thunder! Hark his cannons' roar!
Hark, to the cheering shouts, that spread from hull to hull!

CHORUS.

Tremble, now, deluded race!
Tremble ye with dire alarms;

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Vengeance now, with hasty pace,
O'ertakes and overwhelms your arms;
Tremble ye, who, aw'd by Gaul,
Dastards, 'fore her Tyrant fall.
Our country's Champion, 'flam'd with ire,
Hurls on your giant ships his fatal fire:
Explosions vast ensue, annihilation dire.
But, lo! the gloom of darksome clouds,
The sanguine glow of æther shrouds:
What direful form,
Within the storm,
Girt with horror, sits enthroned?
'Tis death—I saw his pond'rous lance
Uplifted 'gainst our Hero's breast—
He falls—and, smiling, sinks in iron trance:
I heard Britannia shriek, and rend her plumy crest.

Mournful Britain, weep no more;
Immortal shall your Hero soar,
And mem'ry rest
In ev'ry breast
Of these and future years!
The tar, in raptures, at the *Name*,
Shall kindle into martial wrath;
And, with a bosom warmed with Nelson's flame,
Shall tread with eager joy the same heroic path.

CHORUS.

He, our tutelary god,
Ever shall propitious smile,
And destroy the *Despot's* rod,
Pointed at this matchless Isle.

GRAND CHORUS.

He, in the battle's raging day,
Success to British arms shall sway,
And, wrapt in lightning, while his bolts he waves
O'er myriads of degraded Gallic slaves,
Britons, in freedom's cause, shall drag them to their graves.

CECINI.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[Should the following pieces merit your approbation, you will do the author an honor by inserting them in your valuable miscellany; if not you will do him a favor by burning them.]

A translation from the third Idyll of Bion.

To me, when youth had ting'd my cheek,
Fair Venus came; and with her led
The infant love, in guise so meek,
Bowing to earth his little head;
And thus she said, in accent mild,
'Shepherd, to thee this gift I bring;
'With you I leave this infant child;
'Instruct the bashful god to sing:'
And, speaking thus, she left the youth,
I, foolish, sought the boy to train;
And, in my rustic mode, forsooth,
I began the pastoral strain:
'How Pan the reeds together bound;
'How cunning Hermes form'd the lute;
'Phœbus the harp of sweetest sound;
'And Pallas' self the breathing flute.'
I taught him thus; but, careless, he
Nought car'd for all my rustic strains;
But sung *his* little songs to me,
Teaching of love the joys, the pains.
Alas! I could remember nought
Of all the strains *I* did impart;
But those sweet little songs *he* taught,
I have learn'd them all by heart.

BION.

CANZONETT.

Lady, not for her we sigh,
Loving only fashion's dye,
And her charms to every eye
Revealing;
But, we love the bashful maid,
In sweet modesty array'd,
All her beauty 'neath its shade,
Concealing.

Lady, when with graceful care,
You would deck your bosom fair,
Or your wanton flowing hair,
With roses,
Ah, you throw the flower away,
Which open glares upon the day;
The modest bud more sweets you say,
Discloses.

BION.

SONNET TO A FAVORITE CAT.*

From the Italian of Tasso.

With stormy rage while Ocean's billows roll,
And midnight's added gloom obscures the sky,
The toil-worn seaman to the starry pole,
With eager wishes, turns his anxious eye;
And thus, my tabby friend, must hapless I,
Dark victim of misfortune's stern control,
On thee alone for comfort's light rely,
And call thy sacred eyes my starry pole.
Thou and thy purring child must form to me
Of arctic bears the constellation bright;
By whose kind aid your luckless bard may see,
In gloom's nocturnal hours his lays to write;
And so may heaven both milk and flesh provide,
And shield from cruel blows each velvet hide.

---

*Tasso, in a humorous sonnet to this favorite Cat, earnestly entreats her to lend him the light of her eyes, during his midnight studies, not being himself able to purchase a candle to write by.

Adventurer, No. 59.

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ODE.

STROPHE.

Come, let us pleasure's maze pursue,
Pleasures ever gay and new;
Careless, we'll disdain to borrow,
Smiles or sadness from to-morrow:
Trip the glitt'ring Rainbow round,
List the timbrel's silver sound,
The breathing flute, so soft and clear,
And let Apulia's lyre be here!
Nor less the bard of Grecian fame,
Skill'd the pall'd senses to reclaim!
Fill oh fill the melting measure,
Soul of music! Soul of pleasure!
Now the soft entrancing song
Steals the conscious wire along,
Beauty mantles o'er the bowl,
Beauty wantons through the soul.
Form of airy essence! wed
Enchantment to thy roseate bed:
Array'd in visionary charms,
Oh clasp me in thy glowing arms!
Then give the liquid glance of fire,
The breathing lip of young desire,
The murm'ring sigh, that melts away,
And ever let me bask in rapture's golden ray!

ANTISTROPHE.

But ah, what means that deep drawn sigh,
That heart-unburth'ning groan?
And must the stinging transport die?
And is the gay illusion flown?
Perfidious fiends! that would angelic seem,
Yet only angels are in passion's dream;
I see the wild, the haggard stare,
Of him your arts have taught despair;
See the black triumphs of remorseful rage,
O'er reason's *infancy* in nature's *age!*

LODINUS.

[Lodinus will feel himself indebted to Mr. Oldschool for the argument and comments on the ensuing Ode.]

THE ARGUMENT.

In this exulting Ode, the poet, with all the pride of genius, rejoices in the fortune of his lyric poetry, and predicts the eternal renown which he shall derive from his lays.

Some of the commentators have very idly employed themselves in framing apologies for the apparent vanity of Horace. But nothing is more common among the Romans than a pompous display of their own merit and popularity. Cicero is a well known instance. At the conclusion of the Metamorphoses, Ovid vaunts of his genius: even the diffident Mantuan sometimes manifests his self-complacency. Horace had the strongest reasons to exult at his success in literature. Born of humble parentage, robbed of his patrimony by the civil wars, his genius not only procured him competence and independence, but the attachment of every eminent character contemporary with Augustus. To exult, says a recent translator, in a degree of good fortune so seldom experienced by the votaries of the Muse, will not surely be deemed an unpardonable vanity; nor can his prophecies of still more extensive fame be deemed presumptuous by us, who have seen them so fully accomplished.]

HORACE, ODE 30. Lib. iii.

Translation.

See o'er my tomb a monument arise,
And lift its spiry summit to the skies;
More nobly faithful to its founder's name,
Than loftiest relics of Egyptian fame;
More durable than brass its form it rears,
Defies the fury of the storm,
The change of seasons, or the flight of years.
While, at the hallow'd hour, unseen and still,
The priest and virgin scale the sacred hill;
Perpetual as the rite survives my praise,
And fates, that takes the Bard, shall leave unhurt his lays.
O'er parching plains, where Daunus' courts preside,
His is the rustic's uninstructed theme;
Where rolls Aufidus' torrent tide,
He swells the thunders of the stream—
The bard of humble name, who dar'd to raise
Eolian measures to Italian lays.
Come then, ambitious of deserts like thine,
And round the grateful poet's head,
Melpomene, thy Delphic laurel twine,
And, in immortal youth, oh bid its verdure spread.

LODINUS.

EPIGRAM.

Brisk Janet agreed with soft Lubin to wed,
And shortly the nymph to the altar he led.
Returning and chattering he seem'd indispos'd,
He hung down his head, and his eye lids he clos'd:
"I'm afraid, my dear Janet, I am greatly to blame,
"I've been guilty of somewhat I hardly dare name;
"Hitherto I the matter, with care, have conceal'd,
"But sooner or later it must be revealed"
"Good heaven!" says Janet, "what's the secret behind?
"You alarm me, pray speak, this is very unkind:"
"Oh," says he, "I'd a child ere my Janet I knew,"
"*One* child!" exclaims she, "Lord, Sir, I've *had two.*

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

No. 8.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, March* 1, 1806. [Vol. I.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 158.

MR. SAUNTER,

I AM peculiarly pleased with a passage I have lately met with in that short but interesting account of himself which has been left us by Mr. Hume. After mentioning the neglect with which his first writings were received, and the notice which after some time they excited, he says, "these symptoms of a rising reputation gave me encouragement, as I was ever more disposed to see the favourable than unfavourable side of things; a turn of mind which it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a year."

This is indeed the true practical philosophy, which yields more felicity than any wealth or external distinction; producing in the mind a calm and cheerful serenity, which remains unsubdued by adversity, and derives double comfort from prosperity; and no argument can be stronger to prove its happy influence than the history of that eminent man, whose sentiments I have quoted. His first works fell, as he strongly expresses it, *dead born from the press*, without attracting even censure. To one so eager for literary distinction, and after long preparation presenting the first fruits of his toil to the world, no event could have been more mortifying; and we owe to that cheerful bent of disposition, which could anticipate success in the midst of disappointment, a history which has rescued the English character from reproach, and has added new lustre to modern literature.

But, for one who could congratulate himself on this disposition, how many have been made wretched merely from a turn of mind contrary to this! The history of literary men, particularly, will afford numerous instances; men of refined minds and ardent imaginations feeling its influence most powerfully. A person of this turn is depressed by the slightest failure or misfortune: every thing wears a dark and gloomy aspect; and he is constantly terrified with evils that have no existence, or dangers altogether imaginary.

It is true that these men do not always continue in this melancholy mood. On the contrary, their minds occasionally receive a contrary impulse: and they are then elevated as much beyond the bounds of moderation as they were before depressed. But, as the evils of life are much more frequent than its joys, the balance upon the whole is much against them; and the raptures which they occasionally feel beyond other men are by no means equivalent to the pains. These flashes of pleasure dart a stronger light; but they only make the subsequent darkness more visible. While that calm and temperate serenity beams with a constancy and moderation, which never exhilarate,

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but diffuse uniform health and tranquillity.

One remarkable victim to that gloomy turn of mind, which sees only the unfavourable side of things, was the poet Cowper: a writer who, for originality of thought, force and compass of expression, and justness of sentiment, will deserve to be marked in the first class of English poets; yet, as a man, who would be willing to take even his rich endowments of mind with that awful bent of toil that sowed with thorns every footstep of his life, and at last wholly "overthrew his noble mind."

The productions of most poets are the dreams of fiction, and should we attempt to ascertain their character from their works, we should probably err as widely as the lady who decided on Thomson from his Seasons. But the writings of Cowper are a faithful transcript of his own mind, and they are every where pervaded with that gloomy turn which had seized so strongly on the man.

If so much of the happiness of individuals depend on their turn of mind, if a disposition to view the brighter side be more valuable than the inheritance of fortune or distinction, it were to be wished that writers who are endued with exalted talents, to whom we look up as our sources of amusement or instruction, should exert their powers in giving us rather pleasing than disagreeable views of human life. The temper of an individual who is not distinguished as a teacher, can affect only himself or the immediate circle around him. But the opinions of those who are the instructors of our youth, the companions of age, and the standards of composition, extend through the whole nation, and even to the latest posterity.

I can never therefore read the moral writings of Johnson without imbibing a portion of their gloom and melancholy; a state of mind which, though it may have been eulogized by a Zimmermann or a Madame Roland, is by no means the object of my envy. On the contrary, the essays of Addison operate like a healing balsam to a wound: they soothe every angry passion, lighten our cares, gently raise our spirits, and make us better satisfied with ourselves and the world. Reading the one is like retiring to a thick covert hid in shade and obscurity, where every object becomes ten times more sad and terrific. Perusing the other is like wandering in silent contemplation of the planetary system, where the heart gradually buries all low and petty resentments, and swells with gratitude and admiration at the Creator and his glorious works.

T.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

(*Continued.*)

Of the happiness of others, however, we are incompetent judges. Companionship and sympathy bring forth those gay colours of mirth and cheerfulness which they put on for a while, to cover perhaps that sadness which we have no opportunity of witnessing. Of a blind man's condition we are particularly liable to form a mistaken estimate; we give him credit for all those gleams of delight which society affords him, without placing to their full account those dreary moments of darksome solitude to which the suspension of that society condemns him. Blacklock had from nature a constitution delicate and nervous, and his mind, as is almost always the case, was in a great degree subject to the indisposition of his body. He frequently complained of a lowness and depression of spirits, which neither the attentions of his friends, nor the unceasing care of a most affectionate wife, were able entirely to remove. The imagination we are so apt to envy and admire serves but to irritate this disorder of the mind; and fancy, in whose creation we so much delight, can draw, from sources unknown to common men, subjects of disgust, disquietude, and affliction. Some of his late poems, now first published, express a chagrin, though not of an ungentle sort, at the supposed failure of his imaginative powers, or at the fastidiousness of mo-

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dern times, which he despaired to please:

Such were his efforts, such his cold reward,
Whom once thy partial tongue pronounc'd a bard;
Excursive, on the gentle gales of spring,
He rov'd, while favour imp'd his timid wing;
Exhausted genius now no more inspires,
But mourns abortive hopes, and faded fires;
The short-liv'd wreath, which once his temples grac'd,
Fades at the sickly breath of squeamish taste;
Whilst darker days his fainting flames immure
In cheerless gloom, and winter premature.
Epistle to Dr. Ogilvie.

"These lines are, however, no proof of "exhausted genius," or "faded fires." "Abortive hopes," indeed, must be the lot of all who reach that period of life at which they were written. In early youth the heart of every one is a poet; it creates a scene of imagined happiness and delusive hopes; it clothes the world in the bright colours of its own fancy; it refines what is coarse, it exalts what is mean; it sees nothing but disinterestedness in friendship, it promises eternal fidelity in love. Even on the distresses of its situation it can throw a certain romantic shade of melancholy, that leaves a man sad, but does not make him unhappy. But, at a more advanced age, "the fairy visions fade," and he suffers most deeply who has indulged them the most."

As an author, under disadvantages which seem unsurmountable to nature, Blacklock has eminently distinguished himself. Though blind from his infancy, the impulse of curiosity, and the vigorous exertion of his talents, conducted him to uncommon knowledge. He acquired tongues and arts by the ear, in many of which he excelled. There is no science with which he was not acquainted; he was familiar with the learned languages, and he knew with accuracy those of modern Europe that are the most cultivated. Among philosophers, he has obtained a conspicuous rank by his *Paraclesis*. His little treatise *On the Education of the Blind*, in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," is valuable, not only on account of its peculiarity, as being the production of a blind man, but of its intrinsic merit. It contains chiefly reflections on the distresses and disadvantages of blindness, and the best means of alleviating them; directions for the education of blind, and a description of various inventions for enabling them to attain to and to practise several arts and sciences. The sympathy and active benevolence of Blacklock prompted him to this composition, as well as to the translation of *M. Hauy's* account of the charitable institution for the blind at Paris, which is annexed to the last edition of his poems.

As a poet, though not of the highest class, he is entitled to a rank not inferior to Addison, Parnell, and Shenstone, with respect to proper imagery, correct style, or creative genius. His compositions exhibit ample proofs of ready invention, lively fancy, ardent feeling, correct taste, and a copious command of poetical language. They are the productions of a mind not deficient in fire or poetical enthusiasm; but they are more recommended by simplicity, tenderness, animation, and harmony, than by sublimity, variety, comprehension, or originality; they bear evident marks of poetical genius and classical taste, though we do not find in them the traces of that patient industry which fixes the stamp of faultless accuracy upon every line. Pope seems to have been his model for versification, and it must be allowed that he has copied his pauses, cadence, and cast of diction, with considerable success; many passages are written with an elegance, correctness, spirit and harmony, which rival the best productions of that celebrated poet; but he does not uniformly maintain his easy elegance, nor breathe his free and unwearied spirit.

His *Elegies*, *Hymns*, *Odes* and *Epistles*, are chiefly distinguished by seriousness of subject, sublimity of thought, opulence of imagery, tenderness of sentiment, and strength and elegance of composition. Of his *Pastorals*, the principal merit consists in the harmony of the versification. The images are seldom new, and the sentiments and the descriptions are generally trite and common. His *Songs* are commonly tender,

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delicate and sprightly. The *Braes of Ballendyne* ranks with the most popular compositions of the kind in the English language. His *Occasional Poems* and pieces of humour and pleasantry have their brighter passages, and may be read with pleasure; but they require no distinct examination or particular criticism.

Mr Spence's estimate of his poetical character is candid and judicious, and does equal honour to the taste and benevolence of that amiable and elegant critic:

"There is a great perspicuity, neatness, and even elegance of style, to be observed in several of his pieces; particularly, in his *Wish* (which has so many other beauties), in his *Imitation of one of the Psalms* (139th); his *Poem on the Refinements in Metaphysical Philosophy* (in which he owns he had plunged too deep, formerly, himself), in his new dressing the *Old Scotch Song* and his *Ode to a Coquet*. The last mentioned of these is written with something of a gayer air than is usual in his poems; though he is far from wanting a talent for vivacity and satire, if he would give himself leave to indulge it; but he is so good-natured, that he has scarce given us any direct specimen of it against any one, except himself. This is in the piece called the *Author's Picture;* from which, and his earliest piece of all (that has some glances of the same kind), it may fairly enough be conjectured that he had a natural bent this way: and it might probably have appeared much more frequently, and more strongly in his writings had it not been for his superior goodness of heart, and his being struck (as soon as he came to a reasoning age) so much more strongly with the charms of morality and philosophy. His *Pastoral Song*, and his *Ode to a Friend that was going Abroad*, are very well written, each in its way; and have beside several good pathetic strokes in them. His *Pastoral, inscribed to Euanthé*, is poetical as well pathetic, to a great degree; and his *Soliloquy* is both, in a very high one. His *Elegy on Constantia* flows on, all in one stream of distress and passion; and rises, about the middle of the piece, to very high poetry. This, with the soliloquy just mentioned, and two of his hymns, *one to the Supreme Being*, and the other *to Fortitude*, are the parts of his poems which would be the most proper of any to prove that he is not incapable of himself to rise to a true sublimity, both of thinking and writing. His *Hymn to Benevolence* is an amiable piece, for its enlarged notions; and both that and his *Ode to a Lady, on the loss of her Child*, abound as much in good morals as they do in good sense and poetry. His translation of *Buchannan's Desiderium Lutetiæ*, and his own *Plaintive Shepherd*, give the best proofs of his ease and fluency in the pastoral sort of versifications; and, in the latter of these, there is a strong instance of his varying his notes according to the occasion. I mean, where he speaks of his own distress in slow solemn numbers; and of his rival's happiness in a more enlivened and joyous run of verse. Much the same thing may be observed in his two *odes*, printed together; one writ in the time of *sickness*, and the other in *health*. These sorts of miscellaneous poems have not generally much of planning in them. The best planned among Mr. Blacklock's seem to be his *Wish Satisfied*, and *the Monody;* the latter of which, beside this merit, is very pathetic, and very poetical. The most distinguishing character of poetry is to be descriptive; and it is this which gives the very near relation that there is between poetry and painting. Mr. Blacklock is very descriptive in many parts of his poems; but it is very easy to be observed, that where his descriptions are of any length, they are generally not descriptions of things, but of passions. To which one may add, that they turn much more on the melancholy passions than the joyous or pleasing ones. Both of which are perhaps to be accounted for, from his unfortunate loss of sight in his infancy.

"The Gentleman, who has given the account of our author prefixed to his works, says, that it has been observed by others, "That it must be matter of amusement to the curious reader, to

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remark how well the poet describes objects which he never saw, and expresses, so as to be understood by others, those ideas which he himself could never conceive." It is remarkable enough, that some of the greatest poets that ever were in the world, have been blind; and it is very probable, that the loss of their sight may have added to the force of their imagination, as far as it went; in the same manner, and for the same reasons, that we think the more intensely of any one thing, when we shut out all the other objects that are round about us. But a poet born blind, or (which is much the same thing) one who has been blind from his early infancy, is still a novelty, and a thing much to be wondered at. Our great Milton did not lose his sight till he was about fifty years old; and Homer, for ought we know, might have enjoyed his till after he had finished his two most celebrated poems. Our author lost his sight entirely, before he was a year old; and consequently whatever ideas he may have, in relation to visible objects, must have been acquired only from the characters he has learnt of them from books and conversation; and some supposed analogies between those characters and any of the ideas in the stock he has laid in, either from his other senses, or his own reflections upon them. Notwithstanding which, he speaks very frequently of the objects and ideas belonging to sight, with great familarity and boldness, and generally without impropriety. After putting many passages together relating to visible objects, from our author's works, I am less surprised than I was in the first reading of them, at his speaking so frequently as if he actually enjoyed his eye-sight. The stock of ideas which he has stored up in his mind, and substituted in the room of our ideas of things visible, and with like names affixed to them, are so familar to him, and are used by him in so uncommon and unaccountable a manner, that they seem to serve him as a subsidiary sort of sight, and put one in mind of his own expressions of intellectual rays, internal day, and the mental eye; as well as of that passage cited from the Psalmist, in the title page, Κυριος σοφοι τυφλους, or as our translators (by joining the senses of the original, to their own) might have rendered it, "The Lord giveth [internal] sight to the blind."

[*To be continued.*]

Mr. Oldschool,

I lately met with the following article, extracted from a Letter of a Traveller in a Italy, in September, 1799, and having been myself a witness of the events of that period, in Milan, Florence, and Turin, I can safely vouch for its correctness.

VIATOR.

Effects of Suwarrow's Victories on Italian Literature.

"A more sudden revolution of Italian literature than that which took place *before* and *after* the arrival and victories of SUWARROW, you hardly can imagine. In Turin I visited, during the *French epoch*, all the booksellers' shops, and in none could I find any new publications, except such as related to the Gallo-Italian revolutionary system. Among others, the shop of a certain Boschi was full of Registers of the crimes of emperors, kings, popes and Italian princes; and therefore Suwarrow, without the tedious formalities of a trial, quickly passed sentence on him, ordering Baron Latour to confiscate his whole stock. The printing offices [*stamperie*] all assumed the surname *patriotic*; and the *Leggi relative alla Costituzione Francese* lay for sale on the counters of Ferrero, Pomba, Rameletti, Pane, Barberis, in in short, of all the booksellers, at the low price of 20 S. S. and in the French language the *Instructions militaires simples et faciles pour apprendre l'exercice en peu de temps, à l'usage des Gardes Nationales*, were published by Benfa and Ceresola, for the instruction of the Piedmontese. But, heavens! what a metamorphosis on the appearance of the Russian victor. Every press teemed with maledictions against the French army, and hymns in praise of the Russo-Austrian deliverers. Of the former the *Arringa alli Soldati Francesi*, the *Eccitamento d'un Tedesco ai Soldati*

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Francesi (in Italian and French) and the Call *Alla Italia, colle Epigrafe, Patientia læsa fit furor*, may serve for specimens. More satirical were the productions of the press at Milan. The *Testamento della fu Republica Cisalpina;* the *Relazione ex officio della malattia e morte della fu Republica Cisalpina, spedita al Direttorio Francese dal Medico della Defunta;* the *Sentimenti di un Suddito Austriaco nella occasione dell' anniversario del di* 17 *Aprile;* belong to this class. Nor were there wanting *religious Riflessioni*, among which the *Moderna Democrazia schmascherata, o sia Parallello fra lo stato democratico, e lo stato monarchico*, published at Turin by Matteo Guaita, maintained the foremost rank. To the *historical* class belongs a book published at Milan by Pogliani and Co. intitled *I Francesi in Lombardia*, in 8vo. in which are enumerated all the calamities which the French have brought upon Italy since the year 1495.—Since this political metamorphosis of Italy, such works are most saleable as furnish fragments of the history of the war, written partially in favour of the Coalition.—The *Esatta narrazione del Fermento popolare che l'Ambasciata Francese a occasionata col esposizione di una Bandiera tricolore nel di* 13 *Aprile* 1798 *in Vienna*, was reprinted in Milan and Modena, after the edition of the *Stamperia governale* at Trieste. Even the summons sent to the commandant of Philipsburgh by General Bernadotte was amply commented on in a pamphlet which appeared at Trieste under the title *Riflessioni sulla intimazione della Resa della Fortessa imperiale di Philipsbourg, fatta dal Francese Generale Bernadotte al Ringravio de Salm, Commandante della medesima.* It being now the fashion to publish such details, you will be less surprised to learn that the *Corrispondenza dell' Armata Francese intercettata della Squadra de Nelson*, was at Milan translated from the English. The literary novelties during my stay at Florence, Pisa, Livorno, and Sienna, were already so exclusively of a politico-monarchical tendency, than even at the latter places I could find nothing new, of any note, in the other departments of science, except a *Viaggio in Grecia di Saverio Scrofani Siciliano, fatto nell' anno* 1794 *e* 1795, in three volumes 8vo. Of the change of the newspapers too, from one extreme to the other, during the abovementioned two epochs, you can still less form any idea. Instead of the *Monitori* of Rome, Florence, Milan, Turin, &c. the Vienna Court-gazettes Extraordinary are translated under the title *Li fatti d'Armi dall' incominciamento di questa Campagna in poi, fidelissimamento tradotti dagli' Originali Tedeschi.* Only a few, as for example the *Corriere Milanese*, and the *Gazzetta Universale* of Florence, were permitted to be continued without interruption, having undergone however a metamorphosis in their outside appearance. Of the new journals which have started in existence during the Suwarrowan epoch, I can recommend to your notice only the *Gazzetta Veneta privilegiata*, published by Zarletti.

The spirit of translation becomes daily more and more awake in Italy. A complete translation of Gibbon's Works is published by Zatta in Venice. From the French, the *Mercurio Britannico* of Mallet du Pan is regularly translated, and published at Milan by Pirotta. For the lovers of the German language several dictionaries now appear, the newest and best is the *Dizionario Italiano e Tedesco*, sold by Storti in Venice. The Russian language begins to be cultivated too in Italy; and a *Vocabolario delle Parole le più famigliari della lingua Russa* has made its appearance at Milan. Nor have the Theologians been idle, now that bigotry and piety begin to breathe again, and the impending election of a pope excites general attention. The *Giornale Ecclesiastico Universale* published by Taglioretti in Milan, and *La difesa del Catechismo del venerabile Cardinale Bellarmino*, by Andreola in Florence, were their first fruits after the retreat of the French.—With respect to the election of the Pope, the treatise *Della Condotta della Chiesa Cattolica nella Elezione del suo Capo visibile, il sommo Pontefice Romano*, is really interesting. The author of it is the Abbate Francese Gusta of Florence. The forms,

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regulations and deviations in the election of a pope out of Rome are minutely described in it.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

DRUNKEN POETS.

Among other curious traits which occur in the *Memoirs of Marmontel*, are the following portraitures of two poets, one of whom in particular has acquired no mean reputation, in the lighter walks of the Muse. Marmontel acknowledges his having had recourse to their productions for ornamenting the *Mercure de France*, while he was its editor.

In Paris, the republic of letters was divided into several classes, scarcely known to each other. I neglected none of them, and the little verses that were produced in the societies of the citizens, in short every thing that had a certain degree of elegance and nature to recommend it, was acceptable to me. At the house of a jeweller, on the *place Dauphine*, I had often dined with two poets of the ancient *Opera Comique*, the bent of whose genius was gaiety, and who were never in so good a vein as when the bottle was passing quickly. The happiest condition, in their esteem, was drunkenness; but, before they were quite drunk, they had moments of inspiration which rendered credible what Horace has said of wine. One of them, whose name was Galet, passed for a scoundrel; I knew him only at table, and I shall speak of him only in reference to his friend, who was a good man, and whom I really liked.

This scoundrel, however, was a character of an original description, with which it was curious enough to be acquainted. He was a grocer, in the *rue des Lombards;* but, more attentive to the *theâtre de la foire* than to his shop, he was a ruined man at the time I first saw him. He was dropsical, but not the less of a drinker, nor less cheerful; he was as thoughtless of death as careless of life; and, in a word, such a man, that in poverty, in a gaol, on a bed of sickness, and almost in the midst of agony, he made a jest of the whole.

After his bankruptcy, he took refuge in the Temple, a sanctuary, at that time, for insolvent debtors. As he daily received *mémoires* from his creditors, "Behold me," said he, lodged in the *Temple des Mémoires.* When his dropsy had almost strangled him, the ordinary of the Temple entered his chamber, to give him the extreme unction: "Ah! M. l'abbé," said he, "you are come to grease my boots; but that is unnecessary, for I am going by water.—The same day, he wrote to his friend Collé, wishing him a happy New Year, in some verses, to the air, *accompagné de plusieurs autres;* and the following was his last *jeu-d'esprit:*

De ces couplets soyez content,
Je vous en ferai bien autant,
Et plus qu'on ne compte d'apôtres;
Mais, cher Collé, voici l'instant
Où certain fossoyeur m'attend
Accompagné de plusieurs autres.

Poor Panard, as thoughtless as his friend, as forgetful of the past, and as negligent of the future, had, in the affairs of the word, rather the tranquillity of a child, than the indifference of a philosopher. The care of feeding, lodging and clothing him did not belong to himself, but was the business of his friends; and he had friends good enough to justify this confidence. In his manners, as to his wit, he had a great deal of the simplicity and *naïveté* of Lafontaine. Never did an exterior announce less delicacy; but he had much, notwithstanding, in his thoughts and expressions. More than once, at table, and before the wine had taken its full effect, I have seen escape from this heavy lump and thick envelope, verses *impromptu*, full of ease, delicacy, and grace. When, therefore, in editing the *Mercury*, I had need of some pretty verses, I used to visit my friend Panard. "Look into my wig-box," would he say. The wig-box contained, thrown carelessly together, and even twisted round the curls of his wig, the verses of this agreeable poet. On seeing on almost every one of his manuscripts, a stain of wine, I used sometimes to reproach him: "Take them, take them," said he, "it is the seal of genius!" His affection for wine was of so tender a nature that he always spoke of it as the friend of his heart; and, glass in hand, looking at the object of his worship, and the source of his enjoyments, he would indulge himself in such soft emotion, that the tears came into his eyes.—I have seen them flow on a very singular occasion; and I beseech the reader not to regard as a romance, the trait with which I shall finish this picture of a drunkard.

After the death of his friend Galet, meeting him one day in the street, I expressed the share I took in his affliction: "Ah! sir," said he, "it is poignant and profound! A friend of thirty years standing, with whom I have passed my life on the public walks, at the theatres, at the taverns,—always together! He is gone. I shall write no more verses; I shall drink no more wine with him. He is dead. I am alone in the world; I know not what will become of me." Talking thus, the good man melted into tears; and, so far, nothing could be more natural; but, listen to what he added!—"You know that he died in the Temple; I went, to give way to my tears and affliction over his grave. What a grave! Sir, they have laid him under a water-spout; him who, from the time he knew what it

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was to be a man, never drank a glass of water in his life!"

For the Port Folio.

EXTRAORDINARY SINGLE COMBAT.

Aubry de Mondidier, travelling alone through the forest of Bondy, in France, was assassinated, and buried at the foot of a tree. His dog remained for several days upon his grave, and quitted it only through the force of hunger. It returned at length to Paris, where it went to the house of an intimate friend of the unfortunate Aubry, and, by its melancholy howlings, appeared desirous of communicating the loss it had sustained. After eating, it recommenced its cries, went to the door, turned its head to see whether any one followed, returned to his master's friend, and pulled him by the coat, as if inviting him to follow it. The singularity of these actions of the dog, its returning without its master, whom it never had been known to quit, and the sudden disappearance of that master, altogether determined the friend to follow the dog.

As soon as the dog reached the foot of the tree, it began to scratch up the earth, at the same time redoubling its cries. The friend immediately dug, and found the body of the murdered Aubry.

Some time after, it accidentally met the assassin, who is unanimously called by historians the chevalier Macaire. It seized him by the throat, and could with difficulty be made to let go its hold; and, every time it saw him, it attacked and pursued him with the same fury. The ferocity of this dog, who was mild to every one else, began to be thought extraordinary; its attachment to its master was called to mind, together with some symptoms of hatred which Macaire had often manifested toward Aubry. Other circumstances strengthened the suspicion.

The king, informed of what was said on the subject, caused the dog to be brought into his presence, where it was tranquil till the appearance of Macaire, among twenty other courtiers. Immediately, it turned upon him, barked, and endeavoured to seize him. In those times, when the proofs of a crime were not sufficiently convincing, a combat was ordained between an accuser and accused: this species of combat was called the *judgment of God*, because it was believed that heaven would rather work a miracle, than allow innocence to suffer. The king, struck with all the particulars which united themselves against Macaire, thought proper to command a single combat between the chevalier and the dog.

The lists were prepared in the isle of *Notre-Dame*, which was then a waste and uninhabited spot. Macaire was armed with a large club, and the dog had an empty cask allowed it, for a retreat. It was let loose, and it immediately sprang upon its adversary, ran round him, avoided his blows, threatened him, now on this side and now on that, wore away his strength, and at length seized him by the throat, and threw him him down. In this situation, and in the presence of the king and all his court, the chevalier confessed the murder. There is a picture of this battle, which took place on the 8th of October 1361, in the great hall of the castle of Montarges.

For the Port Folio.

On a singular superstition at Mayence.

Near the new burying-ground, situate at the gates of Mayence, there is a place where the dead are deposited before they are buried, and where they are kept for some time, uncovered, in the coffin. The design of this establishment is, to prevent any person, apparently dead, from being buried alive. A keeper is employed to watch the body, and into the hands is put the cord of a bell, to the end that, if life should return, assistance may be immediately obtained. An anonymous correspondent of the *Mayence Gazette*, after praising with great reason this truly humane institution, condemns a custom which still prevails, and which, if persevered in, is sufficient to counteract its aim. A large board is fixed under the chin, and it is secured in that situation, by means of nails and screws, which enter into the coffin, on each side. It is evident that, confined in this manner, a person awaking from a long sleep can never raise himself, nor discover the bell-cord which alone can enable him to give notice of resuscitation, and draw assistance. The author of the letter stigmatises, in the most forcible terms, a custom so barbarous; and we ought to hope that his efforts will be crowned with success; but what is more generally interesting is the explanation he offers of the origin of this abuse. He discovers it in a prejudice formerly general in Mayence, and which is still cherished by a part of the inhabitants. According to this, it often happens that the dead seize their grave-clothes with their teeth, and then never cease to gnaw, till they have totally destroyed them. In this case also, according to the same prejudice, while this strange meal continues, the relations of the dead die one after the other, till the grave-clothes are consumed. It is to prevent the arrival of this misfortune that the board in question is nailed underneath the chin of the dead. Our judicious writer does not content himself with relating this popular tradition, but clearly demonstrates that, like the generality of others, it has a degree of truth for its foundation. "It has but too often happened," says he, "that persons have been interred as dead, who really were alive. When their graves have been opened, it is nothing marvellous that

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some have been found who, after awaking, have torn their clothes, and even their own flesh, into pieces. Now, which are the coffins that are most likely to have been exposed in this manner, a little time after their being laid in the grave? Those certainly of which the graves have been opened for the reception of some corse of the same family." Here are facts sufficient to explain the prejudice in question. When they buried John, the brother or cousin of Peter, they have found that Peter had gnawn his shroud; *therefore* it was Peter who, in gnawing his shroud, caused the death of John. This reasoning is not of the strictest kind; but it is of that sort which, in all times, has been adopted by superstition. It has been clearly shown, that judicial astrology had no other origin than that disposition of the human mind to regard, as the cause and effect of each other, all those phenomenons which have often been seen to recur in the same order of time. The utility of repressing such prejudices is evident; for it is better to know why a man who was believed to be dead has gnawn his shroud, and to take precautions against burying our fellow-citizens alive, than to prevent the unhappy persons buried from eating their grave-clothes, under the pretext that by so doing they will draw all their family after them into the grave.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

Mathurin Regnier, the French poet, was born at Chartres, in 1573. From his youth, he betrayed a satirical propensity. His father often corrected him for it, but in vain. There are some happy and pointed verses in his satires. The colouring of his pictures is vivid. He has imbibed much of the spirit of Horace and Juvenal:

De ces maîtres savans disciple ingénieux,
Regnier seul, parmi nous, formé sur leurs modèles,
Dans son vieux style encore a des grâces nouvelles;
Heureux si ses discours, craints du chaste lecteur,
Ne se sentaient des lieux que fréquentait l'auteur;
Et si de son hardi de ses rimes cyniques,
Il n'alarmait souvent les oreilles pudiques.
BOILEAU.

Regnier died, through intemperance, to decrepitude, at thirty years of age, he died at forty, the 22d October, 1613. He wrote this epitaph for himself:

Ci-gît qui vécu sans nul pensement,
Me laissant aller doucement
A la bonne loi naturelle;
Et je m'étonne fort pourquoi
La mort daigna songer à moi,
Que ne songeai jamais à elle.

The Abbé Ruceflay was born in Florence, whence he brought the *vapours* into fashion in France, where he became the founder of the order of *petits maîtres*. His table was served with vermilion basons, filled with essences, perfumes, gloves and fans. His constitution was very delicate. The sun, the dew, the heat, the cold, the slightest intemperance of the weather deranged it. He died 22d October, 1628.

For the Port Folio.

Fragment of a Letter of a Mother to her Daughter, on the Education of Young Ladies, and on Literary Women.

* * * * Coquetry, my dear child, is not the worst of our qualities. If a coquet of sixteen have no other desire than to be thought pretty, she soon learns that, to please, she must be amiable. Afterward, she wishes to be loved; and, as they grow older, women often carry their coquetry so far as to become good.

In all conditions of life, a woman has need to please; it is her only medium of authority, and even of defence. She must lead the will of others, in order to enjoy her own: she must reign, lest she be forced to obey. Indeed, while some restrain all this within the limits of what is really necessary, others stretch it to what is superfluous. But, she who goes the furthest in this way, has no other object than that of embellishing the circle of her existence; she who desires admiration, seeks rather to extend it. The one wishes to be preferred by all who know her; the primary object of the other is to be known. The first makes those who surround her the objects of her attentions; the second rarely regards them but as the means of propagating her reputation. In a word, if the one make a little too much use of the advantages afforded her by her sex, the other exceeds all bounds. "I have seen those," says Labruyère, "who wished to be girls, "and beautiful girls, from thirteen to twen- "ty-two, and after this to become men." * * *

In my time, however, it was a sufficiently agreeable condition in life, to be an amiable woman. She was known precisely on that account which it was desirable to know her; people did not quote her sayings, but they loved her conversation. As she was too much distinguished to be resembled by others, and too inartificial not to be always the same, she was never left but with a desire to be seen again. The pleasure of her company, always expected, and never fore-known, gave to her intercourse that agreeableness which charms and that novelty which attracts. Ease gave the grace, and a certain restraint the value. People could not continually say, I have seen Mrs. ***, as we now say, I have read Mrs. **'s works; and Mrs. ****'s conversation could not be repeated with the same facility

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as, now, the phrases of Miss ***; we did not quit, without regret, her of whom we could retain nothing but the remembrance; and we never sought, but with eagerness, her who never communicated herself but with reserve. I cannot easily understand, how her conversation can be much desired who has deposited her best thoughts in a book of which there has been two thousand copies printed; her, the finest of whose thoughts, and the most delicate of whose sentiments, every bookseller will give for a little silver; her, who has nothing striking in her mind, or attractive in her person, which she has not generously sacrificed to the reputation of her work!

* * * * * A woman printed, is like a woman posted; a person whose adventures are public: it would be ridiculous in her to appear timid; she is, at the utmost, allowed to be modest. If you approach her, to speak of her wit, she must understand you at the first word. It is a point settled that she has it. She has published her knowledge of it. It is evident that she wishes for the reputation; that she is anxious to be congratulated upon it. She has given all the world a title to afford her that pleasure. As she has asked for notice, she ought to manifest her gratitude, to feel flattered by every species of compliment, and honoured by every species of praise; but all these timidity shuns, modesty repels; and they often cannot be accepted without great humiliation: we are humbled by them, my child; and who would ever have thought humiliation one of the results of self-love? I am not sure, indeed, that there was not rather more pride than modesty in that custom which women formerly followed, of publishing their works under the names of their friends. They would have thought themselves degrading their dignity in appearing to court the eyes of the public, and losing it by fixing them; like that woman who, having always her bosom much uncovered, never failed to wear a kerchief before her servants, were it only in going down to her carriage; "because," said she, "it was not made for those people." It was thus that, not for *those people*, Madame de la Fayette desired to shine. Hence she chose, amongst her friends, him whose species of genius would render it most easy to believe him the author of the works she published. It was not to M. de la Rochefoucault that she gave her *Zaïde* and *Princess of Cleves*, her romances appeared under the name of Segrais; those of Madame de Tencin were attributed to Pontdeveyle; and, what is singular, the comedies of Pontdeveyle were attributed to Madame de Tencin. The women of those times well knew how to establish the reputation of their wit, without publishing it in their works. Without ever having seen Ninon, every one still knows how beautiful she was.

The women of the present day imagine that, to be convinced of their beauty, we must absolutely have seen it; and that no one will believe their wit who has not heard it from their own lips. They extend, therefore, as widely as they are able, the number of ocular witnesses; they cause themselves to be printed; some *with* their names, better known than their wit; and others who, while they lay bare their wit, refrain, at least, from putting their name at hazard. As to the latter, their sincerity is not believed; and, apparently to compensate for their silence, it is said, in the journals, that there has appeared such a work, of Mrs. such-a-one, who has not given her name. The name appears in the catalogue, where it is soon sought for as an article of a dictionary; for you know there has appeared a *Dictionary of French Literary Women*, comprehending all who have existed from the beginning of the monarchy to the present day, and to-morrow, if you please: for there are to be found in it the names of some who, hitherto, have printed nothing. With respect to these, there is joined to the list of the works they have in their port-folio, an eulogium on their modesty. How delightful it must be, for a woman to see her modesty printed! It is nearly as if they painted her blushes. You must be aware, after this, with what officiousness they give you the name and the catalogue of the works of such or such, *who has never given any thing but under the veil of anonymy;* and who, in the obscurity of her name, consoles herself a little, perhaps, for that of her work. * * *

What a charming noise such a work as this would have made in Madame de Sévigné's time! * * * It is true that, during the current year, a thousand and six productions have appeared, and that we have about an hundred and fifty living female authors. * * *

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I have a project in my head, of which I am about to inform you, fully persuaded that you will not hesitate to give it your full approbation. First of all, however, you must know who I am. The manner in which I pass my time in the world is delicious, and will be to the last moment; for, I am determined not to advance a step in life, from the moment I discover my loss of any portion of its charms. I am twenty years of age, and very pretty; every thing that is agreeable surrounds me, and is heaped upon my person, with a profusion truly astonishing. A greater number of adorers continually flutter round me; the incense which they lavish has always the same zest; and it tastes deliciously, from morning to evening, without ever cloying. I have, besides, a husband, of whom I shall have no occasion to speak. Every woman, who possesses a little beauty, may have the same advantages, however, in proportion to her merit,

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but all finish by becoming the most unfortunate persons in the world; and this I mean to avoid. By an assumption the most insupportable, but pardonable, they pretend that their admirers remain after their charms are fled; but it is ridiculous pretension; they possess the one no more than the other; and, after struggling hard, they see them escape, in spite of all their efforts.

In order to avoid this series of misfortunes, I have resolved to break at once, at a certain epoch, with the enchantment in which I live, and to quit it abruptly. By this mean, I shall have none but happy days; and I am astonished that every pretty woman has not the same idea with myself. Here follows my project: a few years hence, I shall make it a custom to examine, every morning, with the most scrupulous attention, and with the assistance of a microscope, every nook and corner of my face. At the first wrinkle I perceive, I will blow out my brains. My end will be pathetic and philosophical. At my death, my beauty will still purchase me the most interesting *souvenirs* of all my acquaintance, charming elegies on such a moving exit, and details in prose, from which I shall acquire immense reputation. All this happening at the moment when the eclipse of my lustre is just at hand, I shall enjoy the greatest possible sum of benefit from exterior advantages, in this world and the other. I defy a better calculation. I have been induced to communicate this project to you, that I might have the pleasure of putting the notion into the heads of many pretty women who have need of advice on this point, and who have not, as formerly, the resource of turning devotees at a certain age, now that we are philosophers all our lives.

But shall I be able to discover, sir, the moment at which I ought to put my plan into execution? I fear, indeed, that I shall not! I am not ignorant of the false ideas which women form of their person at thirty, and even forty years of age; and I am much afraid that I shall resemble them. They say beauty has two lives; the first a short reality, the second a long illusion. Shall I escape from this second life, or shall I pass it in a melancholy manner, accusing the men of injustice? I hope not; I will look so scrupulously, that I must certainly see this first wrinkle, and instantly.—But shall I believe my eyes? In truth, I feel a degree of uncertainty on this subject, which never occurred to me till the present moment, and which strikes me as very ridiculous. When I cast my eyes on many others, I am led to despair of myself, and to believe that, with all the microscopes in the world, I shall never discover this first wrinkle. I repeat it, I persist in the project of killing myself, which I think a very happy thought; but I feel that I cannot promise myself to do it at the first wrinkle.

HONORIA.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

You do not need to be informed that a curious controversy has arisen in this city, the subject of which is the expedience of contributing pecuniary assistance to the Baptist mission in the East Indies. One writer, under the signature of JUSTICE, supports the first; and another, under that of DECIUS, the second. JUSTICE, on the broad basis of Christian charity, exhorts his fellow-citizens to give their mites for the spiritual benefit of the Indians of the East; DECIUS, on the principles of more immediate duty and national policy, bids them limit their benevolence to the Indians of the West.

It appears to be equally believed by both parties, that the eternal welfare of the Hindoos is dependent, more or less, on the liberality with which the Americans bestow their cents upon this occasion; and, with so momentous a consideration on their minds, and so strong ground as there exists for each of their opinions, I am not surprised to discover some earnestness in both.

A friend to religious missions, and at the same time an enlightened reasoner, would come, as I am disposed to believe, to a conclusion formed on the united principles insisted on by JUSTICE and DECIUS. He would, with the first, regard the whole world, in a spiritual point of view, as composing one great republic, like that of letters; the members of which, are all of the same nation, bound to each other by the same ties, and entitled to the same good offices; but he would, with DECIUS, reflect that, as human means are narrow, as they can be made efficacious only by confining their direction, as we must necessarily make our choice among the objects that deserve our active benevolence, as that choice ought unquestionably to fall on those who are nearest to us, either physically or morally, it follows that the duty of serving the Indians of the West is paramount to that which we owe to those of the East.

In this analysis of the question, we see that the argument of JUSTICE, in the abstract, is good; but, that he has left it unaccompanied by the practical limitation, which is equally good, and which, without impeaching his own principles, justifies the partizans of DECIUS. I omit to say the *principles* of DECIUS, because these appear to me confused, and some times reprehensible; and it is chiefly on that account that I trouble you with this letter.

I shall touch but lightly on what I have first to notice; for they are topics of little importance to the question: I think it well, however, to subject them to some review. It would be unworthy of my argument were I to cavil with the phraseology of DECIUS; but it is to a faultiness here, or a more serious one elsewhere, that I attribute a singular definition of justice, which is so far

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evil as it tends to throw into obscurity the nature of a quality which is as clear and easy of conception as can well be imagined. "Justice," says DECIUS, "is a constant desire or inclination to render every man his due; or a habit by which the mind is disposed and determined to give every one his own.

I understand by *justice*, a *practice*, not merely a *disposition*. This, however, is obviously nothing more than an inaccurate use of terms; but, what follows I am totally unable to comprehend:

"It also possesses subdivided qualities; being distinctly proportioned" [separated or classed] "into distributive, commutative, and legal."

Now, sir, I conceive justice to be (to adopt a well-known expression) one and indivisible. I can make nothing of the distinctions attempted to be set up by DECIUS; and I believe justice to be no other than the collective term for what the schoolmen call perfect obligations, or those virtues which we expect in our fellow-creatures, not of favour, but of right.

The next argument on which DECIUS makes a stand is derived, it would seem, at first sight, from an assertion of his own, and which is no other than that the East Indian is any enemy of the United States. I believe I shall hazard nothing in pronouncing that the meek and uninquisitive Hindoo is as free from enmity as information with regard to the Americans; but, DECIUS denominates him an enemy, because he is a subject of Great Britain, whom he accounts a power in hostility with the United States; and his idea appears to be, that to convert the Hindoo to Christianity is to serve Great Britain. This I think a very doubtful proposition.

It is not these arguments, however, that would have drawn a single comment from me, had they been unaccompanied by one of a character on which I can never look without indignation. DECIUS, in the earlier part of the controversy, had held out the infant state of this country, and the numerous and expensive improvements which it requires, as affording arguments against the dissipation of its means. In so far, he was perfectly right; but, he adds to this the extraordinary consideration, that the conversion of the Hindoos would contribute nothing to the extension of our commerce! A reader might well doubt his eyes when he meets with the word *commerce* in such an argument as this; but there is no mistake, either on his part or mine. DECIUS has not only weighed what he believes to be the salvation of the Hindoos against the commercial interests of these States, and found it light; but JUSTICE has condescended to meet the argument, and endeavours to prove the converse of the proposition! Here, DECIUS struggles again for the mastery, and in these words:

"If the benevolence which you desire to be exercised in promoting the propagation of the gospel in India can any wise benefit our commercial relations, it is too trifling [they are of an extent too trifling] to be considered. Two or three centuries must revolve before even such small consequences can be experienced by us."

How able a calculator! Some profits may indeed accrue; but, they are small, and, what is worse, they are remote; the interest of your money will swallow up the whole: it is a losing speculation.

It is impossible to have read, and not here recollect, Mr. Burke's description of the religion of a merchant; but, though by quoting it I might greatly deepen that impression of disgust which I hope to leave on the mind of the reader, I prefer employing my paper in the short recital of a fact, which DECIUS has also made me recollect. Soon after the *concordat* was arranged between the Pope and the First Consul of France, a report was printed in Paris on the revival of the manufactures of the empire. In this document it was observed, that Frenchmen had reason to congratulate themselves on the restoration of a *showy* religion, the various rites of which would occasion the consumption of so large a portion of the products of popular industry! Couple this, Mr. Oldschool, with the commercial zeal of DECIUS, and you will have that which might have shocked our fathers, but which is eminently characteristic of the age.

MODERATOR.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Amid the crimes of the French revolution, it is consolatory to meet with an instance of virtue. The following is not perhaps among the least of those that present themselves. When the Brissotine faction was accused, the articles were drawn up by Andrew Amar, on the authority of certain passages in a pamphlet of Camille Desmoulins, in which he had charged Brissot and the Brissotines with *Orleanism*, or attachment to the duke of *Orleans*. Desmoulins protested strongly against the misuse that was made of his pamphlet, and declared to the committee of general safety that all the imputations it contained were only vague declamations, totally unfounded. This declaration, far from saving his colleagues, only brought upon him his own destruction.—What an impressive lesson for calumniators, both before and after their crimes! It calls to mind, sir, the story of a girl of fourteen years of age, who, a few years ago, in England, after making free with the character of one of her acquaintances, was so tormented with

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shame and remorse, on finding the scandal spread and traced to herself, as, in a fit of desperation, at that early age, to put an end to her life. Z.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In this age of innovation, when no longer "green with bays each ancient altar stands," when the "Fathers of verse" no longer receive the accustomed homage of universal admiration, it can scarcely be deemed singular that the Latin poets of modern France and Italy are forgotten or contemned. The incense of literary idolatry has ceased to smoke before the shrine of classic lore, the temples of the Dii majorum gentium of literature are deserted or polluted, can we then wonder that the priest and the votary are insulted and despised.—Although the fame of Theodore Beza now rests not on the elegance of his juvenile effusions, but on the solid foundation of many a ponderous tome of controversial divinity, and even the dignity of the Cardinal de Polignac has scarce preserved his verses from oblivion; yet might the original Sanazarius, the chaste Vida, the wanton Secundus, and the classical Fracastorius, have flattered themselves with the hopes of a better fate. Nor have their merits been always unknown. Taste has often banquetted on their beauties; and genius derived from them new powers of invention and new felicities of expression. The imagination of Pope was perhaps originally neither brilliant nor ardent, but the frequent perusal of these now neglected bards tinctured it with many a rich and glowing colour. His gratitude was evinced by a splendid edition of the Poëtæ Italici; but his own poems are a more noble and durable monument both of their genius and his own.

Of the modern votaries of the Latian Muses, one of the least, not in merit but in notoriety, is the Italian Gualinus, a soldier and courtier of the first Francis—the successful imitator, I had almost said rival, of Catullus. The following delicious morceau of this bard may perhaps not be deemed unworthy of a place in your elegant miscellany.

LUDOVICO.

In hostum floreum nunc solum suum solamen Calaï mortuâ, Chloeque lenta tabe consumente.

Herbis-Phœbe potens, et Aura cœli
Blande perpetuans, rosasque et herbas
Oh solatia nunc Catulliana!
Direptis Zephyri faventis alis
Opellam properate, nam crudelis
Mors herbas superabit impotentes;
Tu Phœbe in Lachesin agas triumphos.
Astate et Dryades, Oreadesque
Omnes lacrymula tument globosa
Gemmis flammeolos micant ocellos
Agnoscunt Venerem miselliorem.
Heu quantus dolor! Heu Venus muella!
Heu mors, palidulum ferale numen
Avolsit Calain, puellulorum
Florem, moliculas necesse plantas
Exosi ripulas Stygis vagari
Jam Chloen nigris tremendulatis
Inclusunt dolor, et morbus, gemuntur
Et Chloe et Calaïs. Quis oh Deorum
Fert solatiolum Catullianum!
Conservet duplices, duplex Apollo
Hic Chloen medicus, potente dextra
Dum servat, Calaïn canat poëta.

For the Port Folio.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

In the fourth act of Macbeth, scene the first, are the following lines:

What is this
That rises like the issue of a king,
And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty.

"The round," say some of the commentators, "is that part of a crown which encircles the head: the top is the ornament that rises above it."—I wish, through the medium of the Port Folio, to put in my protest against this explanation. The truth is, that Shakespeare, in his usual manner, speaks of a crown by two names; a *round* and a *top*; the one referring to the form, and the other to the mode of wearing: he means, the *round* of sovereignty, for as much as a crown is round; and, the *top* of sovereignty, forasmuch it is placed upon the head; but, instead of this, he is here made to describe the two parts of a crown. It might be misemployment of time to point out the folly of such comments, were it not that they are of a nature to deceive those who confide in them as to the genius of the whole language of Shakespeare, and pave the way for endless misconstructions.

INQUISITOR.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Have the goodness to beg the favour of Mr. Eckstein that an eye may be had to those Lilliputian men and horse which are scaling the pedestal of the immortal Washington, in his proof print, at the Coffee-house; and, of Mr. Peale, that young people may be set right about *Meliager*, the *Couching* Venus, and the Venus *Calliope*. *Barbyrouesa* or *Barbyrouesa*, to say the least, is new.

PERAMBULATOR

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THE DAY.

No 1.

BY DAVID DIARY.

CARPE DIEM....HOR.

Were the Day *breaking* in a more northern latitude, that twilight-introduction which is all that can be expected thus early, might with propriety extend to no inconsiderable length; but, by just so many degrees as we are nearer to the equator, it shall be shorter and less gradual. Thus warned, it will be unreasonable in any reader, though accustomed to even a polar dawn, to marvel at the abruptness with which he may find the Day before him appear: he must reconcile himself to it, even if it come upon him with the rapidity of the stage-lights at a play. Influenced in this manner by the parallel under which I live, I had well nigh forgotten every "note of preparation." It is by the merest accident that I, David Diary, have not omitted to anounce even my own name. All I shall add is, that, as the Day advances, my reader shall become better acquainted with me.

But, disposed as I am to bring on the artificial Day with the same swiftness that characterises the natural, I may yet detain him, while the dew dries up, to explain, in few words, the business in which it is to be employed. It will have escaped the reflection of none, that the original design of a Periodical Paper was that of discussing the topics of the Day. The Day, in its Morals, Manners, Opinions, Amusements, Arts, Sciences and Literature, is the legitimate object of writings of this class; and, in all its extent and variety, it will be mine.

I know very well that the Day is not always considered as so fruitful as it really is. The Day past, indeed, is acknowledged to deserve a better character; but the Day present, and the Day to come, are thought to be good for nothing. Alas! is there not in all this something that belongs to our habitual failing, through which we too seldom discern the value of any thing till after it is gone by? The world entertains an idle notion that the harvest of things has not only been gathered but housed and that the best to be hoped for by the present race of labourers is the humble character and still humbler rewards of gleaners. Yes! this is the common notion of the Day, though every Day demonstrates its falsehood.—Its falsehood; for, after all, who will show me the field, I do not say from which every sheaf has been carried; I do not say in which every stalk has been cut; I do not say, in which every ear is swelled and yellowed; I do not say, in which every blade is high upon the ground but, I say, the field into every quarter of which the plough has been turned and the region in which every field has been broken up?

The truth is, there are some few spots of earth of which our precursors have taken eternal possession. Like the Pharoahs, they have raised upon them fabrics which Time is unable to wear away, and which all men admire, but without proposing to themselves to produce the like. It must be observed, however, that the works of this character are all comprehended within a very limited class. They consist chiefly in a small number of poems. No man will think of writing another Iliad or Paradise-Lost. Here, indeed, the career to moderns is closed; but, in every other direction, it is as open as it was four thousand years ago. Every Day, we have need of new compilations of history, new views of science, and new applications of ethics; for, though truth be unchangeable, though nature be always the same, though right and wrong are invariable, every Day calls for the assertion of principles which the Day before were not understood, or which no man dared to avow, or for the correction of those which have been falsely set up; for the combination of new facts, and for the overthrow of new vices and follies.

In some parts of this question I am not immediately interested. I do but assert the general pretensions of the Day. In behalf of my discursive undertaking, it is enough to remark, what no man will deny, that the Day is never without its novelties; never without

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objects to which it gives peculiar interest; never without absurdities which it is necessary to condemn; never without things estimable which it is delightful to applaud: in a word, that, in a literary as well as moral point of view, the Day deserves (for I shall so translate my motto) our continual regard.

My Day will partake of all the changes of an April day. Clouds no doubt will sometimes hang heavily over it; anon, succeeded by a gleam of sunshine, I shall break early on the dreams of the slumberer; my warmth shall animate the industrious labourer in the field of national improvement; and my gales shall annoy the trifler, whose life, like that of the butterfly, is but a continual round of useless foppery and parade. Kitty Pry will report to me the fashionable chit-chat of the Day. Tom Bustle has promised me all the *good things* said by his witty acquaintances, and Mr. Hogshead *guesses* that he can forward me, *per* his little boy, the reports in circulation on the wharfs and other mercantile resorts. Thus we shall know our Days of Fashion, Days of Levity, Days of Business, and, we trust, Days of Pleasure. If I can, in my Day, alleviate but an Hour of pain, I shall think myself sufficiently remunerated.

VARIETY.

The readers of the Port Folio are indebted to a Correspondent for the following translation of one of the most favourite fables of Lafontaine; *Le rat retiré du monde.*

Les Levantins, en leur légende,
Disent qu'un certain rat, las des soins d'ici-bas,
Dans un fromage de Hollande
Se retira loin du tracas.
La solitude était profonde;
S'étendant par-tout à la ronde,
Notre hermite nouveau subsistait là-dedans;
Il fit tant des pieds et des dents,
Qu'en peu de jours il eut, au fond de l'hermitage,
Le vivre et le couvert; que faut-il davantage?
Il devint gros et gras: Dieu prodigue ses biens
A ceux qui font vœu d'être siens.
Un jour au dévot personnage
Les députés du peuple rat
S'en vinrent demander quelqu'aumône légère:
Ils allaient, en terre étrangère,
Chercher quelque secours contre le peuple chat;
Ratopolis était bloquée,
On les avait contraint de partir sans argent,
Attendu l'état indigent
De la république attaquée:
Ils demandaient fort peu, certains que le secours
Serait prêt dans quatre ou cinq jours.
Mes amis, dit le solitaire,
Les choses d'ici-bas ne me regardent plus:
En quoi peut un pauvre réclus
Vous assister? que peut-il faire?
Que de prier le Ciel qu'il vous aide en ceci:
J'espère qu'il aura de vous quelque souci.
Ayant parlé de cette sorte,
Le nouveau saint ferma sa porte.
Que désignai-je à votre avis,
Par ce rat si peu secourable?
Un moine? Non, mais un Dervis.
Je suppose qu'un moine est toujours charitable.

THE RAT RECLUSE.

The legend says, and legends never lie,
A rat, once, weary of this changeful life,
Into a good Dutch cheese
Retir'd from the strife.
In solitude profound,
His cell extending round,
Our new recluse subsisted at his ease:
So well his hands and feet he did apply
That, in few days, he in his cave possess'd
Shelter and food; and could he more be bless'd?
Plump he became; Heaven doth its gifts pour down
On those that vow themselves its own!
Drawn by the hermit's reputation,
Came envoys from the Rattish nation
One day, to ask some pittance at his hands:
They travers'd foreign lands,
Seeking assistance 'gainst the Cattish bands
Ratopolis that close invest;—
They had been forc'd with empty pockets out,
So grievously distrest
They left the public chest;—
They wanted very little;—without doubt,
Relief would come, and fortune turn:—
My brethren, the father said,
The things below no longer me concern:
What can a solitary man perform?
What can he, from your heads to shield the storm,
But pray that Heaven may become your friend?
May it in time its holy aid extend!
Thus spake the saint: but spake no more,
He turn'd, and shut again his door.
Whom, in this pitiless rat, do you
Boldly fancy that I drew?
A monk? Oh no! a dervise points the fable;
Monks I think always charitable!

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

FAITES LE BIEN.

Richards, soulagez l'indigence,
Et faites régner l'abondance
Chez le plus petit plébéien :
Avec une amante chérie
Formez le plus tendre lien ;
Et, tous les jours de votre vie,
Faites le bien.

Maris, qui ne savez que faire
Pour adoucir le caractère
D'une *Honesta* de haut maintien;
Comme le jour du mariage,
Renouez le doux entretien :
Pour vivre en paix dans le ménage,
Faites le bien.

Femme, qu'un sombre époux afflige
Que votre gaieté le corrige :
L'Hymen demande aide et soutien :
De rappeler la jouissance
C'est le véritable moyen ;
Mettez-le vite en évidence :
Faites le bien.

A vos yeux, jeunesse adorable,
Que tout objet soit respectable ;
Qu'on soit turc, arabe ou payen :
Mais cependant, par préférence,
Caressez le concitoyen;
Et, sans espoir de récompense,
Faites le bien.

Fac bene, dit la sainte Eglise;
Idem l'iman à barbe grise,
Le grec et le canadien :
David ajoutait avec grâce,
Parlant au sexe iduméen,
Si vous voulez qu'on vous le fasse,
Faites le bien.

La maxime n'est pas nouvelle;
La morale si naturelle
De mêler le tien et le mien
Sur les livres sacrés se fonde ;
Tous les jours au peuple chrétien,
On crie, encor dans l'autre monde,
Faites le bien.

For the Port Folio.

LES DEUX TAPIS.—Fable.

Où gît la Vanité, Sottise est avec elle.
Je vais à ce propos vous conter la querelle
Qui survint entre deux Tapis
Habitant le même logis.
Nué de mille fleurs, et tout parfumé d'ambre,
Le premier décorait un superbe sallon ;
Tandis que plus uni, humble, le second,
Etait placé dans l'anti-chambre.

—"Ma foi, mon cher, disait le beau Tapis
A ce voisin de modeste apparence :
Plus je vous vois, et plus je pense
Que le sort entre nous a mis
Une étonnante différence.
Vous êtes sans éclat, d'un tissu fort épais :
On vante mon duvet et ma riche teinture :
Au fond d'une anti-chambre obscure
Vous n'entendez ou ne voyez jamais
Que de misérables valets ;
Moi, je vois le beau monde, et si par aventure
Le maître du logis donne un bal, un concert
A coup sûr je suis de la fête :
Il n'est point d'assemblée honnête,
Où je ne paraisse en hiver."

Ami, reprit alors son compagnon plus sage,
C'est bien à tort qu'ainsi vous vous glorifiez ;
Car enfin nous servons deux au même usage,
Et malgré vos efforts pour être un personnage,
Tous deux également sommes foulés aux pieds.

S. E Geraud.

LINES,

Addressed to the Cardinal de Richelieu.

(See Port Folio, p. 63.)

You at your choice direct mankind;
Your will determines peace and war;
You smile to see poor me confin'd
To village scenes, from courts afar.

I am content with what my fortunes give,
My desert love, and wisely know
My wishes to the Times must bow;
Fly glory, and a hermit live.

Yes, I obscurity enjoy;
Live to myself, and calmly wear
My days, untoss'd by hope or fear;
Unknown, unsought, without employ,
Well pleas'd I see my age advance:
And, if that Heaven, so kind to me,
Have pity upon you and France,
You will, my lord, as happy be.

APOSTROPHE TO A NEW-BORN INFANT.

From the Arabic.

After the Versions of Carlyle and Sir William Jones, the only Plea for the following attempt, says the author, is the captivating simplicity of the Original.

Burst into life, 'midst loud and wanton jeers,
Thy feeble cries, sweet innocent, were drown'd:
But summon'd hence, midst friends dissolv'd in tears,
Be thou, still pure, in holy rapture found.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, March* 8, 1806. [No. 9.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 159.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IN defending the reputation of a writer unfairly decried, we not only gratify our natural love of justice, but give support to the empire of good taste, which is equally menaced when that which is worthless is praised, and when that which is admirable is condemned.

The poetry of Gray is invested with a glory which can belong only to that which has been severely tried: it holds the first rank in our literature, in spite of the rigour and the authority of Johnson. The critic has not prevailed upon the world, nor has he prevailed upon me, to adopt all the severity of his censure; but, since his opinions are ordinarily received with deference, it becomes us to give them, upon this occasion, a candid examination, and divest ourselves of prejudice on either side. It is the odes severally entitled the *Progress of Poesy*, and the *Bard*, and of these the former, on which the more elaborate critique has been bestowed. I propose to reconsider these odes, and, with them, the remarks of Johnson. In speaking of the *Bard*, which I shall defer till a future opportunity, I shall seldom be called upon to offer minute observations; but, with respect to the Progress of Poesy, I find it necessary to pursue the closest analysis. I have resolved, therefore, on transcribing the stanzas of this latter ode, together with the remarks, and with such notes of the author as seem to elucidate his ideas: I shall also punctuate the stanzas according to my own conceptions. It is to be observed, that the notes appended by Gray were expressly directed to the removal of the objections of Johnson and those who thought with him. He did not add them, however, without introducing a *retort courteous* on his critics: 'When the author first published this and the following ode, he was advised, even by his friends, to subjoin some explanatory notes; but had *too much respect for the understanding of his readers* to take that liberty.' Dr. Johnson's exordium is sufficient evidence that he wrote in a moment of *exacerbation;* but with what justice it is my business to enquire.

'My process has brought me to the *wonderful* "Wonder of Wonders," the two Sister Odes, by which, though either vulgar ignorance or common sense at first universally rejected them, many have since been persuaded to think themselves delighted. I am one of those that are willing to be pleased, and therefore would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza of the *Progress of Poesy.*'

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Awake, Æolian lyre! awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings!
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow:
Now, the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong;
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now, rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

On this first stanza Johnson observes, 'Gray seems, in his rapture, to confound the images of *spreading sound* and *running water*. A "stream of music" may be allowed; but where does "music," however "smooth and strong," after having visited the "verdant vales, roll down the steep amain," so as that "rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar." If this be said of music, it is nonsense; if it be said of water, it is nothing to the purpose.'

The only answer to the principal criticism here made is that given by Gray himself: 'The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united.' To the rest, Gray replies as follows: 'The various sources of poetry, which give life and lustre to all it touches, is here described; its quiet majestic progress, enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions.'

We have here the accusation and the defence fairly before us. The question turns upon a figure of speech, which Gray uses and defends on the authority of Pindar, but which Johnson treats as indefensible. 'Gray,' says Johnson, 'seems in his rapture to confound *spreading sound* and *running water*;' Gray distinctly tells us that he does so: 'The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united.' This union is no less distinctly expressed at the very outset of the simile:

From Helicon's *harmonious* springs.

The springs of Helicon are treated as *springs* of *music*. This is surely no extravagant metaphor. All that remains to be seen is, whether the poet have to the end employed such language as is equally applicable to music (that is, poetry) and to water; for here is neither more nor less than a *double entendre*: if he have, I think we must allow him the victory. Let us see how he has expressed himself:

From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take;
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

We have already heard Gray's explanation of this metaphorical phraseology. In this quatrain he describes the universal attributes of poetry, under the figure of a vivifying stream; in the remaining verses of the stanza, he speaks of the various character of poetry:

Now, the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;

and,

Now, rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour;
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

Here Johnson asks, 'Where does "music," however "smooth and strong," after having visited the "verdant vales, roll down the steep amain," so as that "the rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar?" I cannot allow my respect for a man of talents to prevent me from replying, that this question is either puerile or vulgar. It is not meeting the argument on its own ground; it is either mistaking it, or wilfully, and by the aid of a mean artifice, confounding it. We are all acquainted with that wretched species of wit through which it is ever in the power of the most ignorant trifler to give an appearance of absurdity where none in reality exists. It is only necessary to affect to understand literally that which is said figuratively. Johnson asks, 'Where does "music," after having visited the "verdant vales, roll down the steep amain?" but the thing to be ascertained is, whether music or poesy may be compared in imagination with a stream of water; whether Mount Helicon may be

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said to be the seat of its 'harmonious springs;' whether, after having traced its source to that mountain, we may follow it to the valleys, plains and steeps; and whether, as in the landscape, it refreshes the flowers, feeds the harvests, and rolls 'down the steep amain,' while

—rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar,

so, in the mind, we may discover corresponding circumstances in poesy. That is, whether we may compare the several pursuits of poesy with the windings of a river through 'verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign, deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,' and with that same river, 'rolling down the steep, headlong, impetuous?' I think there is no comparison more natural. I think that, where Johnson imagines the triumph all his own, he has, in reality, shot a bolt that has fallen harmless. Why did he not object to 'harmonious springs?' If the metaphor be a false one, it is false from the beginning. Gray designed to confound the images; that is, to unite the subject and simile. It is unnecessary that I should collect here the numerous instances in which other poets have made the same union. I pass to the second stanza:

Oh! sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of soft and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft controul!
On Thracia's hills, the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command!
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king;
With ruffled plume, and flagging wing,
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber, lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye!

'The second stanza, exhibiting Mars's car and Jove's eagle, is unworthy of further notice. Criticism disdains to chase a schoolboy to his common-places.'

The subject of this stanza is described by Gray to be the 'power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul;' the criticism turns on the images in which this power is exhibited: they are, perhaps, not the best adapted to the ideas of a modern reader. Gray certainly chose them for their pomp. As to their invention, the poet distinctly tells us, 'The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar.' If it were wrong to borrow them, it was his misfortune to fall into the error to which men of learning and reading are so much exposed; that of making more use of their memory than of their imagination.

Thee the voice, the dance obey:
Temper'd to the warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light, in frolic measures:
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes, in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow, melting strains their queen's approach declare;
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay:

With Arts sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way;
O'er her warm cheek, and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young Desire, and purple light of Love.

'To the third it may likewise be objected, that it is drawn from mythology, though such as may be more easily assimilated to real life. Idalia's "velvet green" has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet drawn from art degrades nature. Gray is too fond of words arbitrarily compounded. "Many-twinkling" was formerly censured, as not analogical; we may say "many-spotted," but scarcely "many-spotting." This stanza, however, has something pleasing.' The mythology in this stanza is from the same source as that in the foregoing. Of the imagery in the former part, Gray tells us 'this is a faint imitation of some incomparable lines in the same ode;' that is, the first Pythian of Pindar.

The criticism of Johnson is, in this place, moderate, and, I think, just; though I doubt the propriety of the general position which excludes epithets or metaphors drawn from art

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from being applied to nature. His censure of arbitrary compounds, and of 'many-twinkling' in particular, is sound. These compounds may be attributed to a misapplied familiarity with the Greek language. Gray was not, however, on this occasion, directly misled by it. At the line

Glance their many-twinkling feet,

he refers us to the following:

Μαρμαρυγας ὑπαιτο ποδων θαυμαζε δε θυμω.
Hom. Od. Θ.

in which we have 'shining' or 'twinkling feet,' but not 'many-twinkling.'

I had deceived myself into a belief that I could comprise my examination of this ode within the compass of a single paper; but I have reached only the conclusion of the first ternary, and my letter is already long. I must therefore resume the subject in another.

STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

(*Concluded.*)

Mr. Mackenzie's observations on his poetical writings and character are no less just than elegant. The theory of his imaginative and descriptive powers is ingenious, and though long, is too valuable to be withheld.

"In this collection of poems, the reader will find those qualities of fancy, tenderness, and sometimes sublimity in the thoughts, of elegance and often force in the language, which characterise the genuine productions of the poetical talent. One other praise, which the good will value, belong to those poems in a high degree; they breathe the purest spirit of piety, virtue, and benevolence. These indeed are the muses of Blacklock; they inspire his poetry, as they animated his life; and he never approaches the sacred ground on which they dwell, without an expansion of mind, and an elevation of language.

"The additional poems, now first published in this volume, will, I think be found to possess equal merit with those which their author formerly gave to the world. There is perhaps a certain degree of languor diffused over some of them, written during the latter period of his life, for which the circumstances I have mentioned above may account; but the delicacy and the feeling remain undiminished: One of those later poems, the *Ode to Aurora, on Melissa's Birth-Day*, is a compliment and tribute of affection to the tender assiduity of an excellent wife, which I have not any where seen more happily conceived, or more elegantly expressed.

"His peculiar situation I do not mean to plead as an apology for defects in his compositions. I am sufficiently aware of a truth which authors or their apologists are apt to forget, that the public expects entertainment, and listens but ill to excuses for the want of it. But the circumstance of the writer's blindness will certainly create an interest in his productions beyond what those of one possessed of sight could have excited, especially in such passages of his works as are descriptive of visible objects. Mr. Spence has treated this descriptive power, which the poetry of Blacklock seemed to evince in its author, as a sort of problem which he has illustrated by a very great number of quotations from the poems themselves, by hypothetical conjectures of his own, drawn from those passages, and from the nature of a blind man's sensations and ideas.

"Without detracting from the ingenuity of M. Spence's deductions, I am apt, in the case of Blacklock, to ascribe much to the effect of a retentive and ready memory of that poetical language in which, from his earliest infancy, he delighted; and that apt appropriation of it which an habitual acquaintance with the best poets had taught him.

"This I am sensible by no means afford a complete solution of the difficulty; for though it may account for the use which he makes of poetical language, it throws no light on his early passion for reading poetry, and poe-

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try of a kind, too, which lies very much within the province of sight; nor does it clearly trace the source of that pleasure which such reading evidently conveyed to his mind.

"It is observed, and I think very justly, by Dr. Reid, that there is very little of the knowledge acquired by those who see, that may not be communicated to a man born blind; and he illustrates his remark by the example of the celebrated Sanderson. Another writer (Mr. Burke) seems disposed to extend a similar observation to some of those *pleasures* of which the sense of sight is commonly understood to be the only channel; and he appeals, in proof of his doctrines, to the poetry of Blacklock: "Here (says he) is a poet doubtless as much affected by his own descriptions as any that reads them can be; and yet he is affected with this strong enthusiasm, by things of which he neither has, nor can possibly have any idea, further than that of a bare sound." The same author mentions, as a confirmation of his doctrine, the the scientific acquirements of Sanderson, which he seems to think explicable on the same principles with Blacklock's poetry.

"But, in truth, there appears to be very little analogy between the two cases; nor does the genius of Sanderson furnish by any means so curious a subject of philosophical disquisition as that of Blacklock. The ideas of extension and figure, about which the speculations of geometers are employed, may be conveyed to the mind by the sense of touch as well as by that of sight: and (if we except the phenomena of colour) the case is the same with all the subjects of our reasoning in natural philosophy. But of the pleasures which poetry excites, so great a proportion arises from allusions to visible objects, and from descriptions of the beauty and sublimity of nature, so much truth is there in the maxim, "ut pictura poësis," that the word *imagination*, which in its primary sense has a direct reference to the eye, is employed to express that power of the mind which is considered as peculiarly characteristic of poetical genius; and therefore, whatever be the *degree* of pleasure which the blind poet receives from the exercise of his art, the pleasure must, in general, be perfectly different in kind from that which he imparts to his readers.

"Sanderson, we are told, though blind, could lecture on the *prismatic spectrum*, and on the theory of the rainbow; but to his mind the names of the different colours were merely significant of the relative arrangement of the spaces which they occupied, and produced as little effect on his imagination as the letters of the alphabet, which he employed in his geometrical diagrams. By means of a retentive memory, it might have been possible for him to acquire a knowledge of the common poetical epithets, appropriated to the different colours: it is even conceivable, that, by long habits of poetical reading, he might have been capable of producing such a description of their order in the *spectrum* as is contained in the following lines of Thomson:

First the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next,
And next delicious yellow; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green:
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Etherial play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indigo, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost;
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away.

"But, supposing all this possible, how different must have been the effect of the description on his mind from what it produced on that of Thomson? or what idea could he form of the rapture which the poet felt in recalling to his imagination the innumerable appearances in the earth and heavens, of which the philosophic principles he referred to afford the explanation?

Did ever poet image aught so fair,
Dreaming in whisp'ring groves, by the hoarse brook;
Or prophet to whose rapture heav'n descends!
Ev'n now the setting sun and shifting clouds
See, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, declare,
How just, how beauteous, the refractive law.

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"Yet, though it be evidently impossible that a description of this sort, relating entirely to the peculiar perceptions of sight, should convey to a blind man the same kind of pleasure which we receive from it, it may be easily imagined, that the same words which, in their ordinary acceptation, express visible objects, may, by means of early associations, become to such a person the vehicle of many other agreeable or disagreeable emotions. These associations will probably vary greatly in the case of different individuals, according to the circumstances of their education, and the peculiar bent of their genius. Blacklock's associations, in regard to colours, were (according to his own account) chiefly of the moral kind.—But into this inquiry, which opens a wide field of speculation to the metaphysician, I do not mean to enter. I shall content myself with remarking, that, in other arts, as well as those which address themselves to sight, the same distinction is to be found. What may be termed the arithmetic and mathematics of music and of the scale depend not on a musical ear, any more than the theory of vision depends on sight. In both cases, pleasure and feeling are easily distinguishable from knowledge and science; the first require, and cannot exist, without an eye for colour, and an ear for sound; the last are independent of either.

"It is indeed the boast of genius to do much on scanty materials, to create and "body forth the forms of things," to give character to what it has not known, and picture to what it has not seen. The genius of Shakspeare has entered into the cabinets of statesmen and the palaces of kings, and made them speak like statesmen and like kings. It has given manners as well as language to imaginary beings, which, though we cannot criticise like the other, every one intuitively owns true. It has kindled the wizard's fire, and trimmed "the fairy's glow-worm lamp;" has moulded a Caliban's savage form, and spun the light down of an Ariel's wing. But this imaginative power, how extensive and wonderful soever its range, had still some elements from which it could raise this world of fancy, some analogies from which its ideas could be drawn. To the blind no degree of genius can supply the want of these with regard to visible objects, nor teach them that entirely distinct species of perception which belongs to sight. "Objects of sight and touch (says Berkeley very justly) constitute two worlds, which, though nearly connected, bear no resemblance to one another."

"If we do not assign to Blacklock any extraordinary, or what might be termed preternatural, conception of visible objects, yet we may fairly claim for him a singular felicity of combination in his use of the expressions by which those objects are distinguished.

"Whatever idea or impression those objects of sight produced in his mind, how imperfect soever that idea, or how different soever from the true, still the impression would be felt by one of a mind susceptible and warm like Blacklock's, that could not have been so felt by one of a coarser and more sluggish mould. Even the memory, that could treasure up the poetical attributes and expressions of such objects, must have been assisted and prompted by poetical feeling; and the very catalogue of words which was thus ready at command, was an indication of that ardour of soul, which, from his infancy, led him

> Where the muses haunt,
> Smit with the love of sacred song;

as the unmeaning syllables which compose a name give to the lover or the friend, emotions which others in it were impossible they should excite."

The following unbiassed decision of an ingenious foreigner in his favour, on considering his poems, relatively to his situation, merits particular attention, as it is not liable to the suspicion of partiality:

"Blacklock," says Professor Denina, in his "Essay on the Revolutions of Literature," to posterity will seem a fable; as to the present age, he is a prodigy. It will be thought a fiction, that a man blind from his infancy, besides

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having acquired a surprising knowledge of Greek, Latin, Italian, and French, should, at the same time, be a great poet; and, without having almost ever seen the light, should, notwithstanding, be singularly happy in his descriptions."

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

Without wishing you to recommend it to any of your readers, fair or brown, to adopt the sentiments of Helianthe, I shall be pleased to see in your Port Folio, as a *study* of life, and as entitled to much serious examination, the following

LETTER BY A YOUNG LADY.

I am by no means an interested person, and yet I find myself in singular circumstances. I am acquainted with a young man of twenty-five years of age, of an agreeable person; and I am seventeen. This young man is reckoned amiable, and I, during twelve months that I have known him, have never thought the contrary. He used sometimes to pay me compliments, with which I was satisfied; but other gentlemen of his age did the same, and it appeared to me that I was equally pleased. When he gave his attentions to me, I thought him very agreeable; but, when he was absent, and when others paid me the same attentions, with the same eagerness, I do not say that I esteemed those persons as more agreeable than he, but my thoughts were given to them, and when I did not see him, I forgot him.

Now, it is about three months since this young man, who was without fortune, became extremely rich, through an inheritance which he had not expected. He was absent some time, taking possession. During this interval, I heard him much spoken of, and the good fortune that had fallen upon him; he was the topic of the day; his name was mentioned in all the companies I frequented; every one asked for news of him. I found it very agreeable to be able to tell the young women of my own age that I was well acquainted with him; but, in saying this, I experienced a certain timidity: it seemed to me as if it were boasting, and I felt that I should be much humiliated, if, after saying this to my companions, he should neglect me. Others waited for his return with eagerness; I waited with some inquietude. At length, he arrived, and visited my father's house. He came in a carriage, attended by servants; his entrance had in it something more brilliant than before, and his deportment was more free and confident. Every body spoke to him at once; he was asked for particulars concerning his estate, his house, and his fortune; every one's mind was occupied with him. The women call him to them; my companions fixed their eyes upon him. In the midst of all this, I said to myself, he does not think of me; that is very plain, and it is all the same to me. Meanwhile, he turned toward me, and my heart beat; he approached me, and I coloured much. He addressed me as usual, and this, in him, appeared to me sufficient. I spoke in a manner that testified my good opinion, and I saw that it was remarked.

When he had left the room, the company said that he would be a good match; and I thought that his wife would be not only very rich, but very happy. I went to bed with this idea, and I slept but little. I revolved in my mind, that if he should ask me in marriage, it would shew that he loved me much; for I certainly had not so much fortune as he had a right to expect in the woman he might marry. I thought this would confer great honour upon me in the eyes of the world. I anticipated the congratulations I should receive in such a case, and the pleasure I should enjoy in hearing his person, his mind, and his character, advantageously spoken of. I figured to myself how much reason I should have to be proud of being made the object of his choice. I measured my own merit by that which belonged to him; and—I know not whether I exaggerated the latter, but—that night I gave it a high value.

In the morning, on awaking, I thought that it was possible I might see him; and I really did so. When he was gone, I found fault with myself for not having behaved in a manner sufficiently agreeable; and I promised myself to be more so another time. The desire of pleasing him became, from this time, the occupation of all the hours in which he was absent, and the fear that he should discover that desire occupied all the moments I passed with him. When he was present, I was afraid to converse with him, and scarcely was he gone, when I was miserable at having said nothing. My distractions were remarked, and made the subject of pleasantries: it was observed also, that I paid more than usual attention to my dress. I was so much ashamed, that I had no longer courage to lift my eyes upon any one; I felt that it was seen why I was ashamed; and the idea of what would be thought and what would be said of me, if ever he married another, became a thought that pursued me without relaxation, and which I was unable to endure.

Sometimes, I believed that he really loved me, and then I was so happy, that I loved him with all my heart. The desire of knowing the truth, and the impossibility of knowing it, threw me into a state of agitation which I was unable to calm; my colour went and came, I slept little, I could not eat, and I was on the point of falling sick, when, a fortnight ago, he declared himself, and asked me in marriage.

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From that moment I have enjoyed the height of happiness; my imagination is filled with the most charming ideas; I dream only of the time when I shall see him continually, when I shall be called by his name, which is considered, in the circles I frequent, as brilliant, through his fortune; and these thoughts fill me with ten times the more love for him who is about to procure me these gratifications: he thinks only of what will please me. He passes every day in consulting me on the colour of my furniture, the arrangement of my house, the choice of my servants, and a thousand other things, which charm so much the more because they are united with his presence. Yesterday morning, he shewed me the diamonds he designed for me; I was delighted to adorn myself before him; he surveyed me, he appeared happy in my joy, and at that moment it would have cost me but little to sacrifice to him the diamonds and every thing that was not himself. It happened, however, that, in the evening, I paid a visit to one of my cousins, who is to be married three days before me, and who will, in the language of the world, marry well. The company was small, her dress was mean, and she said nothing of the presents her intended husband had made her. No one talked of her carriage or of her house. She is, very possibly, happy; but her happiness does not appear to me to be accompanied with pleasure. If I were obliged to exchange the enchantment, the bustle, and the noise which surrounds me, with the tranquillity that surrounds her; in a word, if, of my present happiness, I had nothing left me but that which is the cause of it; I have seen with grief that it would not be sufficient; that I could not be happy in my brilliant condition, without him, but that the condition itself is also necessary to my happiness. This discovery threw me into despair. I have called myself unjust and ungrateful; I have said within myself that I deceive him in letting him believe I love him. I was determined to declare the whole, break off every thing, and renounce all: shame and fear restrained me; I hesitated, I wept, and my condition was painful in the extreme. My solitude was disturbed. To conceal my agitation, I pretended to read a book, which lay near me. Can you imagine what met my eyes? this passage of La Bruyère:

"*There is not, in any young woman's heart, a passion so violent as that interest or ambition does not add a portion.*"

"*Interest!*" It is a shocking word, and I have already said that I am not very much alive to it; but I have made some reflections on the subject, by which I am a little tranquillised. When we love any one as a husband, it is because we think that we shall be happy with him. A young woman who feels that she may not love any one but him whom she may marry, fixes the more willingly her choice on him who has the most numerous resources for making her happy in marriage; and as her happiness in marriage does not entirely depend on him whom she marries, but also on the situation in which he places her, it is natural that she should think it of some importance that this situation should be agreeable, and that, in the man she prefers, she should love not only a good husband, but also a good marriage. It is very easy also to understand that she must be the more flattered with the love of him who addresses her, when she is well aware that he has more means of occupying his mind without her; and that she should put greater faith in its sincerity or its warmth, the more easily his choice might fall upon another. I think, after considering it well, that in all this there is nothing very reprehensible. HELIANTHE.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Allow me to slip into the Port Folio the *Antiguo romance de los amores desgraciados de Fernando y Elzira:*

Vencido en infausta guerra,
De un principe moro esclavo,
Al triste son de los grillos,
Suspiros lanza Fernando.

No las delicias perdidas
Lamento de aquellos campos,
Donde por la vez primera
Le viéron del sol los rayos.

Ni le amarga la memoria
De sus padres, que entre llantos
Sin esperanza llaman,
Desde el oriente al ocaso.

Elzira, la hermosa Elzira,
Hija del rey Africano,
Es la que llorar ordena
A su pecho enamorado.

Amor, amor! quien resiste
A tu omnipotente brazo?
Desde el pastor al monarca
Triunfante arrastra tu carro.

Dígalo la tierna Elzira,
Que en la llama de Fernando
Ardió; y dixéron sus ojos
Lo que callaban sus labios.

Yo te amaré eternamente,
Dice en su mirar Fernando;
Y el de Elzira le responde:
Ama, que el premio te guardo.

Se entienden; y amor los guia
A sus templos solitarios,
De donde terrible ahuyenta
Al insensible profano.

Allí, do entre áridos montes
En precipicios tajados,
Se despenan estruendosos
Torrentes mil espumando.

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El amor les da su copa,
Y en deleytosos letargos,
En la márgen del abismo
Los va adormeciendo falso.

Ya la prudente cautela,
Ya su opinion olvidáron;
Amor dó quier los rodea;
Y es ciego el Amor incanto.

Ay! que sus tristes amores
Resuenan ya en el palacio!
Ay! que el iracundo oido
Hieren del Rey Africano!

Del Rey, que el pecho de bronce
Ni amante jamas, ni amado
En pos de los amadores
Vuela respirando agravios.

Ministros de sus venganzas
Le rodean sanguinarios
Cien inflexibles sayones
De horrendas muertas armados.

Dispertad, salid, ó amantes,
De ese funeral letargo,
Antes que rotas las nubes
Descienda mortal el rayo.

No escuchais la herrada planta
De los fogosos caballos,
Que hacen que temblado giman
Los ecos allá lejanos?

Elzira asustada atiende,
Vuela, registra, y Fernando
El Rey—exclama, y sus voces
Muriéron en un desmayo.

Fernando se alza, duda,
Vaga con incierto pasos,
Arde enfuror, y resuelve
Arrojarse á sus contrarios.

Iba ya, quando de Elzira
Se acuerda, y lleno de espanto
Torna, y la ve desmayada,
El rostro en sudor banado.

Su pallidez sostenia
Sobre un abismo un penasco
Que va á caer, y hondo espera
Un torrenta siempre opaco.

La ve, y palpita el amante:
Tres veces la nombra en vano,
Recoge su aliento, y posa
En su corazon la mano.

No vuelves? clama: y oyendo
De un zéfiro el soplo manzo
Ver á su amada imagina
Entre bárbaros soldados.

Lanza mil trémulos gritos
Y con el siniestro brazo
Estrecha á Elzira, en la diestra
Un corvo alfange empunando.

Ella entretanto volviendo
Lentamente va: sus labios
Mueve, suspira; entreabre
La vista, y mira á Fernando.

La revuelve, y en el cielo
La clava; y luego posando
En su amador la cabeza,
Prorumpe en amargo llanto.

Llora, y; te perdi, le dice—
Nos perderán?—ah!—muramos,
No hay mas partido—la muerte
Dulce me será á tu lado.

O Fernando! única gloria
De mi corazon! te amo,
Y te amaré—aqui llegaba
Quando el monarca Africano
Parece, grita, amanaza;
Mas con valor desgraciado
Su hija sobre la roca
A su querido abrazando:

Tened, tened, le responde,
Os juro que á un solo paso
Que adelanteis, al instante
Nos veréis precipitados.

En las sombras de la muerte
Buscarémos el descanso,
Y el amor que aqui nos niegan
Vuestros pechos inhumanos.

Túrbase el Rey, y dudoso
Para: mas, ay! que entretanto
Ansioso del premio á Elzira
Un sanguinoso soldado

Corre—Deten, infelice,
Dó vas? gran Dios! se lanzáron
Los tristes: los vió el torrente,
Y abrió sus ondas bramando.

Dió allí á sus amores tumba,
Y de entónces solitario,
Sin cesar oye á la roca
Clamar: ELZIRA Y FERNANDO.

I subjoin two poems by Charles D'Orleans, father of Louis XII, and uncle of Francis I, taken from a collection printed from a MS. lately discovered in the public library at Grenoble. BEE.

Belle, bien avez souvenance,
Comme certainement je croy,
De la très-plaisante alliance,
Qu'amour fist entre vous et moy:
Son secrétaire Bonne-Foy
Escrit la lettre du traicté,
Et puis la scella Loyauté,
Qui la chose témoignera,
Quand tems et besoing en sera.

Joyeux Désir fust en présence,
Qui alors ne se tint pas coy,
Mais mist le faict en ordonnance,
De par Amour le puissant Roy,
Et, selon l'amoureuse loy,
De nos deux vouloirs pour seurté
Fist une seule voulenté.
Bien m'en souvient et souviendra,
Quand tems et besoing en sera.

Mon cueur n'a en nullui (1) fiance
De garder la lettre qu'en soy,
Et certes ce m'est grant plaisance,
Quand si très-loyal je le voy;
Et lui conseille, comme doy,
De toujours haïr faulseté;

(1) Personne.

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Car quiconque l'á en chierté (*)
Amour chartier l'en fera,
Quand tems et besoing en sera.

Pensez en ce que j'ai compté,
Madame; car en vérité,
Mon cueur de foy vous requerra,
Quand tems et besoing en sera.

Fortune, veuillez-moy laisser
En paix, une fois je vous prie;
Trop longuement, à vray compter,
Avez eu sur moy seigneurie,
Toujours faites la renchérie:
Vers moi si ne voulez ouir
Les maulx que m'avez fait souffrir,
Y a jà plusieurs ans passez;
Dois-je toujours ainsi languir?
Hélas! et n'est-ce pas assez?

Plus ne puis en ce poinct durer.
Ah! mercy, mercy je vous crie:
Soupirs m'empechent le parler,
Veoir le pouvez sans mocquerie.
Il ne fault jà que je le die,
Pour ce vous veuil-je requérir,
Qu'il vous plaise de me tollir (1)
Les maulx que m'avez amassez,
Qui m'ont mis jusques au morir?
Hélas! et n'est-ce pas assez?

Tous maulx suis constraint de porter,
Fors un seul qui trop fort m'ennuye;
C'est qu'il me fault loing demourer
De celle qui tient pour amye;
Car pieca (2), en sa compaignie,
Laissay mon cueur et mon désir;
Vers moi ne veulent revenir:
D'elle ne sont jamais lassez;
Ainsi suis seul, sans nul plaisir.
Hélas! et n'est-ce pas assez?

De balader (3) j'ai beau loisir:
Aultres déduits me sont cassez (4);
Prisonnier suis d'Amour martyr.
Hélas! et n'est-ce pas assez?

(*) Quiconque l'aime.
(1) Enlever, ôter.
(2) Jadis.
(3) Faire des vers.
(4) Interdits.

For the Port Folio.

The following trial, which lately took place in the Court of Common Pleas, London, for an *assault*, may amuse if not instruct the reader. The cause kept the court and auditors in a continued roar of laughter.

LYON AGAINST MARTIN AND OTHERS.

Mr. serjeant Best opened, by observing that this was an action for an assault of so violent and unprovoked a nature, that he could not conceive what justification could possibly be alleged on the part of the defendants. The parties were members of a club that went by the name of Odd Fellows, and very odd fellows they certainly were, if they made a practice of conducting themselves in the manner he was about to state. He understood they had a president, who was neither called speaker nor chairman, but had the more lofty and dignified title of Most Noble Grand. This sublime office was filled by a person of the name of Harris, the son of the defendant's attorney, and as such he was the spokesman upon all matters of weight and importance. On one of the evenings of their meeting a debate ensued, and the Most Noble Grand, who had a preeminent seat allotted to him, made a motion that trustees should be appointed to keep the money of the society, and that himself, as Most Noble Grand, should be one of those trustees. His client, the plaintiff, recollected that there was not much money in the strong box of the society, but, on the contrary, that they were indebted to their landlord; he opposed the motion, judiciously observing, that before they appointed trustees to keep their money, they should have some money to be kept. One of the Odd Fellows, instead of moving the previous question, or the other orders of the day, moved, that the opposer of the Most Noble Grand's motion should be knocked down. This motion was not put to the vote, but was carried by acclamation.

Lord Alvanley asked, whether the defendants meant to justify under the orders of the house?

Mr. serjeant Shepherd said, that, as it was necessary, in order to knock a man down, the assailants should first get up, and approach him, these Odd Fellows accordingly rose *en masse* to attack the plaintiff. While they were venting their rage against his client, one of them desired him to get up and fight, a challenge it was not very likely he should, at that time, be disposed to accept. One of the defendants immediately exclaimed—"Go it—away with it.—It is a shilling warrant affair, and I'll stand by you." The learned counsel said it was necessary these Odd Fellows should be taught that there was such a thing as law. However ridiculously this affair had begun, there could be no excuse for the conduct of the defendants. The plaintiff had done nothing more than exercise the fair privileges of the house, by moving an amendment, which it was competent in him to propose. However Mr. Martin had thought proper to laugh at this assault, and suppose it would be satisfied by a shilling warrant, he trusted the jury would view it in a different light, and make him laugh on the wrong side of his mouth.

Moses Emanuel examined by
Mr. serjeant Best.—Pray, sir, what are you?
I am an Odd Fellow.
That I may take for granted upon the view; but what are you beside?

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A glass-cutter.

The witness said he was a member of the lodge, which met in Middlesex-street, Whitechapel. On the night of the assault, Abraham and Jacob Martin, and the other defendant, Mr. Bendaun, were there. Bendaun was Vice Grand. A motion had been made by the Most Noble Grand, that there should be a trustee to hold the money of the lodge, when brother Lyon said, there was no necessity for a trustee, for the landlord was sufficient while the lodge was in his debt. Upon this, words ensued, and Jacob Martin struck Lyon, and cut his lip in several places. Abraham Martin seconded him, and Bendaun took up a quart pot, and flung it at Lyon, which struck him on the side. When the plaintiff was down, and overwhelmed by his opponents, Bendaun desired him to get up and fight. He declined, saying he was not of a pugnacious disposition; upon which Bendaun took up his fist, and struck him again. Abraham Martin exclaimed—"Go it, go it; give it him. A one shilling warrant will pay for it all." This was addressed to Jacob Martin and Bendaun. Most Noble Grand said, "You have beat him enough, do not give him any more, or you will kill him." Their fists went so quick, that the witness could not enumerate the blows. The Most Noble Grand, observing that the pots and bottles were flying about, ordered the witness to take them away. On his cross examination, he said, he had been an Odd Fellow twelve months; he could not say he knew so much of the laws of the society as the Most Noble Grand, but he knew most of the statutes and ordinances; he was not apprised of a law which required, as a qualification, before an Odd Fellow was made Most Noble Grand, that he should have knocked down half a dozen watchmen, broke a dozen lanterns, and been indicted for an assault. The laws were all written in a book.

It was objected, that, as there were *leges scripæ*, the statutes themselves ought to be produced, and that oral testimony was inadmissible.

The witness said, the lodge had not long opened when the assault was committed, and none of the brothers were drunk. The Most Noble Grand ordered him to attend, as there was to be a committee. His office was that of Lord Warden, and his duty was to snuff the lights.

Moses Israel and Nathan Nathan, two other Odd Fellows, corroborated, in every respect, the testimony of the right honourable the Lord Warden.

Mr. serjeant Best described this as a trumpery action, unworthy the consideration of the jury. If causes of this kind were encouraged by giving damages, the whole time of the court would be occupied with them. They were only important to the attorney who brought them. He submitted, that the smallest possible damages would be sufficient. What was the true state of the transaction? A parcel of silly young men, calling themselves Odd Fellows, met to amuse themselves: a ridiculous motion was made; abuse followed, and was succeeded by a blow and a bloody nose. He was persuaded the plaintiff was a man who would willingly receive a worse beating than the defendants had given him, every day in the week, for five shillings. It was to be observed, that the principal and ringleader was Bendaun, who had actually paid the plaintiff's attorney 3l. as a peace-offering. He trusted the jury would treat this Odd Fellow, the plaintiff, as he deserved.

Lord Alvanley said, as to the payment of 3l. in satisfaction, it had not been proved; the jury ought to put it entirely out of the question. He hoped, if these Odd Fellows did not behave a little better, the landlord would not suffer them to meet any longer at his house.

With regard to the verdict, the jury would exercise their own judgment.

The jury gave a verdict for the plaintiff. Damages *twenty shillings*.

THE DAY.

No 2.

BY DAVID DIARY.

SEMPER PARATUS.

I scarcely know a more useful lesson than that by which we are taught to do our best under the circumstances that present themselves, rather than waste our existence in the contemplation of the great parts we might be able to play under those which our imagination can contrive. In the fulfilment of the first consists the true moral greatness; in the indulgence of the second, there is often room for the most contemptible imbecility. Not only to do that which is good, but to do it when and where it is necessary, is the art of life. Unequal to this, what crowds of drivellers idle away or misemploy their Days! How many half-finished heroes have I not seen, always disposed to achieve the noblest actions, but never ready when the occasion happened to call for them! Through an unfortunate star, it was ever too hot or too cold, too wet or too dry, too late at night, or too early in the morning.

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Nor is the lesson useful only to those who are to act; it demands the implicit obedience of those who are contented merely to think. Our thoughts as well as our actions should be ready for the Day. If they are for ourselves, no other are so precious; if for the world, no other are so acceptable. It is in vain that I shall be told of the importance of the future, and its claim upon our thoughts. The Day is the cradle of the future; and we must survey in that, and through that, the rising object of our devotion. To neglect the child is to neglect the man; to neglect the Day is to neglect the future.

I have yet a third application to press of the sentiment which stands at the head of my paper. Let writers always bear it in mind; let the Day find them always ready. I am not deaf to any thing they can say of posterity, of their lasting reputation, and their immortal name; and can allow them, more or less, to consult these interests: but I beseech them to make themselves serviceable in their Day.

I might here, if, indeed, I had the whole Day before me, and were not arrived almost at the end of that portion of it which alone, as the reader will shortly see, I have secured for my own speculations; I might here, I say, enter into a very entertaining inquiry, at the end of which, as I doubt not, I should be found to have made it evident that, in writing as well as in every thing else, it is, as I have said above, in the Day that we must study the future. I should be able to shew that nearly all the works which are now prized by the posterity of their authors, were, at their writing, adapted to the Day. I should bring conviction, I believe, not only that to write for the future, in contempt of the Day, is a puerile and fantastic project, but that the productions of the finest genius, and those which have the least questionable titles to immortality, are such as were written expressly for the Day. The Iliad was written for the Greeks of the Day. The Æneid was written for the Romans of the Day. Shakespeare wrote for the Day. Junius wrote for the Day. In reality, the writer for the Day enjoys a prodigious advantage, and such as may well account for the interest he inspires long after the Day is past. In addressing himself to men actually existing, in conforming himself to actual manners and actual habits of thinking, his pen acquires a portion of that life and truth on which he fixes his eye; and his writings command from subsequent generations the deep interest of pictures which give us the features of those who have once lived. But, there is still another consideration: from the invariableness of human nature, amid the fluctuation of human manners, it arises, that what is addressed to the feelings of one age is addressed to the feelings of every other.

This is forcibly illustrated in a class of compositions, to the nature of which it is more particularly my business to direct this argument and draw the attention of my reader. I allude to Periodical Papers, in the path of which I have ventured to set my foot. It is observable, that such of these as are best relished by posterity are precisely those which were most temporary in their general scope. Allusions no longer felt, and arguments no longer important, are still insufficient to inspire distaste of works which, formed on nature, because on the Day, are to us mirrors of what remains, or monuments of what is passed.

With these sentiments to direct me in the task I have undertaken, I derive peculiar pleasure from the communication of my very early correspondent, VINDICATOR. He has rightly counted on my zeal for literature; and I shall always think it at least equally my duty to keep ward over the taste as over the productions of the Day.

MR. DIARY,

Observing that you propose to make Literature one of the objects of your care, I am determined not to lose a Day in communicating to you an offence against *good letters* which calls loudly for your animadversion. I was lately turning over a few pages of what, for courtesy-sake, I must call criticism,

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when, at length, I found myself attracted by the names of Cowper and Thomson. I am not the foremost among the admirers of Cowper; but I cannot willingly omit to oppose a dissenting voice to some of the decisions of the writer before me. He tells us that he has never been able to read the *Task* a second time. This may be his best apology for not "recollecting any passages in it eminently beautiful." I give no praise to much of Cowper's cast of thought; I merely pardon it in a man afflicted with a most unhappy state of mind; but there are passages in the *Task*, and frequent and large ones too, that may safely be placed by the side of any of the inspirations of the English Muses. When a sneer is cast upon Cowper's productions in rhyme, it must be in allusion to his longer pieces; for the shorter, and lighter, have, in general, a distinguished share of beauty.

But, my critic most amazes me when he comes to speak of Thomson. Thomson is his favourite author. He reads the *Seasons* once a year. Here, also, we agree at the outset. I know of few other books on which I so freely bestow all the praise to which they aspire. But, while I had thought nothing was going forward but a solemn judgment on Cowper's Homer, I am suddenly told, "the first lines of the *Seasons* are ridiculous, as they contain absurd imagery. Observe—" Here, there follows a quotation of the *ridiculous* lines:

Come, gentle Spring! ethereal mildness, come!
And, from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veil'd in a show'r
Of shadowing roses, on our plains descend!

"Now, reduce this to painting," says the critic, "and what kind of picture does it present?" Such a picture, I answer, as it might well employ the talents of a Guido to produce.

"Spring, an allegorical personage, "is described as descending from the "bosom of a *dropping cloud* (quere, "what does the cloud drop?)"—What do all clouds drop, unless rain? rain, which produces the flowers of the spring? rain, vernal rain, which a poet may well call a shower of roses.

—"*While music wakes around.* What music, vocal or instrumental? *Non tiquet.*" This critic may be a fine fellow at law-latin; but, in spite of his annual reading of Thomson, he knows but little of the Seasons. The delicious rains of the seed-time are novelties to him. He never exclaimed with his *ridiculous* author:

Who can hold the shade,
When heav'n descends in universal bounty,
Shedding herbs and fruits and flow'rs
In nature's ample lap?

He has never observed, in winter,

How dead the vegetable kingdom lies,
How dumb the tuneful!

No! he knows no more of the music of the spring, than of the music of the spheres.

The next hard passage is this:—"*veiled in a shower of shadowing roses.*"—I can say nothing here, except, *Lascia la poetica, e studia la matematica.* I have met with persons without taste for poetic imagery, but, none, I think, so completely so as the man before me. Is there a mind, though duller

than the fat weed
That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf,

that can be insensible to the picture of the Spring, descending from a cloud, amid the music of the groves, and *veiled* in a shower of *shadowing roses?* The poet, surveying at once the present and the future, may well see in the raindrops the roses to which they are to give birth:

Tendre fruit des pleurs de l'Aurore,
Objet des baisers du Zéphir.

How diverting must it not be to hear this ingenious gentleman's comments on the whole of his favorite poet! For the rest, I have only to hope that, childish as the questions above cited may appear, yet, considering by how great an authority they have been proposed, I have not been equally childish in giving them answers.

VINDICATOR.

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VARIETY.

I believe it is Gilbert Wakefield who expresses the ensuing opinion of one the sections of the Apocrypha, which we peruse with perpetual delight, and which is earnestly recommended to every polite scholar, not only for its exquisite ethics, but as a vocabulary of some of the most brilliant phrases, which can be found in any language.

The Book of Wisdom is exprest with a perfection of eloquence and a cordiality of sentiment which must for ever preserve and endear it as a manual of piety, of benevolence, and of the milder virtues. It seems to contain, as in a nard box of alabaster, the peculiar essence of vital Christianity and evangelical religion; the *aroma* which exhales from every splinter of the true cross; the very leaven which gives its savour to the bread of Christian communion; the Sinapic seed, which has branched into the tree of life.

The following dedication of a volume of sermons by the celebrated Dr. V. KNOX is honourable to the Peer who well deserved such praise, and to the classical author, who manifests a spirit worthy of those ancients, whose style he emulates.

To the Right Honourable Lord Eardley,

MY LORD,

The servility of dedications has too often degraded the dignity of Literature. The tribute of gross flattery has not only disgraced writers and offended Patrons, but depreciated valuable works and diminished their effects on the reader.

If I were mean enough to offer you adulation, your lordship would despise it. I should despise myself. I dedicate these sermons to you for two reasons, neither of them adulatory. The first is, that I may publicly express the sense I retain of the great civilities which you have shewn me, and the attention you have paid to the place of your education, over which I now preside. The second, a desire to point out to my readers a brilliant example of one of the first Christian virtues, benificence. In imitation of the great author of our religion, you, my lord, go about doing good. God has given you a heart, large and liberal as your fortune. It may be truly said of your Lordship, that,

Dii tibi divitias dederunt ARTEMQUE FRUENDI.

But I refrain. I know you delight to do good in secret. I will not give you pain by publicly expatiating on your bounty. Heaven will record it. The world knows it; for it is so frequent and so profuse, that your endeavours to conceal it cannot be successful.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth, plays were performed by the children of the Chapel Royal, and one boy (Sal Pavy) *who died in his thirteenth year*, was so admirable an actor of *old men*, that Ben Jonson wrote the following epitaph on him:

Epitaph on S. P. a child of Q. El. Chappel.

Weep with me, all you that read
This little storie:
And know, for whom a teare you shed
Death's self is sorry.
'Twas a child that so did thrive,
In grace and feature,
As *Heaven* and *Nature* seem'd to strive
Which own'd the creature.
Yeeres he numbred scarce thirteene
When *Fates* turn'd cruell,
Yet three fill'd Zodiackes had he beene
The stage's jewell;
And did act (what now we moone)
Old men so duely
As, sooth, the *Parcæ* thought him one,
He plai'd so truely.
So by errour, to his fate
They all consented;
But viewing him since (alas too late)
They have repented.
And have sought (to give new birth)
In bathes to steepe him;
But, being so much too good for earth
Heaven vows to keepe him.

This celebrated child was an original performer in Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, and *Poetaster*, in the years 1600 and 1601.

SONG.

From Specimens of the Early English Poets

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have been brought to love thee,
But that I found the slightest prayer
That breathe and move, had power to move
thee.
But I can leave thee now alone,
As worthy to be lov'd by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, but find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind
That kisseth ev'ry thing it meets,
Then, since thou cans't with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

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The virgin-rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with its briars, how sweet it smells!
But, pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Its sweet no longer with it dwells.
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves drop from it, one by one.
Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
With sear flowers to be thrown aside;
And I shall sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for every one,
Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none.

The following Song is from the pen of the justly celebrated WILLIAM HAYLEY: it is introduced in his poem, *The Triumphs of Music*, and seems to evidence that he is himself "A mighty master of pathetic song." A father's "filial pride," however, is an unwarrrantable expression.

By a tomb that held his treasure,
All his filial pride and pleasure,
Thus a father mourn'd his child:
"Leave, ah! leave me to my sorrow!
"Dark my day, and dark my morrow;
"Life is now a dreary wild!
"Hope forsook me,
"Mis'ry took me,
"When in death my darling smil'd!"

'Ere his plaint of woe was ended,
From an azure sky descended,
Gracious Pity cheer'd his sight!
"Know," she said, "and cease to languish,
"Heav'n afflicts with transient anguish,
"Hearts, that sacred bonds unite,
"But to render
"Bliss more tender
"In eternal scenes of light."

It is a singular circumstance in Literary History that so many authors are intrepid plagiarists. Let the reader peruse the following passage from BEN JONSON, a writer by no means destitute of original genius, and then turn to OVID'S Art of Love, either in the original, or in the translations of DRYDEN and CONGREVE, and he will be astonished to discover that both authors have chosen the same topics, and discussed them in the same manner.

A man should not doubt to overcome
Any woman. Think he can vanquish 'em
And he shall; for though they deny, their desire
Is to be tempted. Penelope herself
Cannot hold out long. Ostend, you saw, was
Taken at last. You must persevere, and
Hold to your purpose. They would solicit us
But that they are afraid. Howsoever,
They wish in their hearts we should solicit
Them. Praise 'em, flatter 'em, you shall never
Want eloquence, or trust: even the chastest
Delight to feel themselves that way rubb'd.
With
Praises you must mix kisses too; if they
Take them, they'll take more. Though they
strive,
They would be overcome.

2. O but a man must beware of force.
1. It is to them an acceptable violence
And has oft-times the place of the greatest
Courtesy. She that might have been forc'd, and
You let her go free without touching, though
Then she seem to thank you, will ever hate
You after; and, glad in the face, is assuredly
Sad at the heart.
2. But all women are not to be taken all ways.
1. 'Tis true; no more than all birds, or all fishes;
If you appear learned to an ignorant
Wench, or jocund to a sad, or witty
To a foolish, why she presently begins
To mistrust herself. You must approach them
In their own height, their own line; for the
Contrary makes many that fear to commit
Themselves to noble and worthy fellows
Rush into the embraces of a rascal.
If she love wit, give verses, though you
borrow
Them of a friend; or buy them, to have good.
If valour, talk of your sword, and be frequent
In the mention of quarrels, though you be
Not staunch in fighting. If activity, be seen
On your Barbary often; or leaping
Over stools, for the credit of your back.
If she love good cloaths, or dressing, have
your
Learn'd council 'bout you, every morning
Your French taylor, barber, milliner, &c.
Let your powder, your glass, and your comb
be
Your dearest acquaintance. Take more care
for
The ornament of your head, than the safety:
And wish the commonwealth rather troubled
Than a hair about you, that will take her.
Then, if she be covetous and craving,
Do you promise any thing, and perform
Sparingly. So shall you keep her appetite.
Still seem as you would give, but be like a
Barren field that yields little, or unlucky
Dice to foolish and hoping gamesters. Let
Your gifts be slight and dainty, rather
Than precious; lest cunning be above
cost. Give
Cherries at times of year, and apricots,
And say they came out of the country,
Though you bought them in Cheapside. Admire
Her tires, like her in all fashions,
Compare her in every habit to some deity;
Invent excellent dreams to flatter her,
And riddles; or if she be a great one,
Perform always the second parts to her;
Like what she likes, praise whom she praises,
and
Fail not to make the household and the servants
Yours: yea the whole family, and salute
Them by their names, 'tis ever light cost, if
you
Can purchase them so, and make her physician
Your pensioner, and her chief woman; nor
Will it be out of your gain to make love to
her too.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Lucio, when a lover, was a rhymer, and has occasionally found you indulgent enough to insert his "effusions" in your Miscellany. The following is now at your disposal.

Let not a sigh my passion tell,
Nor, wafted to Matilda's ear,
Declare what woes my bosom swell,
Or why descends the briny tear.

For well I know her gentle breast
Would pity whom she has undone,
And Love is often Pity's guest,
And Love and Wretchedness are one.

Forbid it Heaven! Matilda's charms,
And matchless worth, deserve a crown;
And not to grace a wretch's arms,
Exposed to fate and fortune's frown.

Some happier youth may chance to gain
A heart where all the virtues dwell;
Matilda blest, I'll ne'er complain,
Nor shall a sigh my passion tell!

LUCIO.

Mr. Oldschool may laugh at the loss of a heart, but it is not always a trifling loss.

Hey, Sam! why so pale—so forlorn—so dejected?
Has Chloe prov'd false? Is she sick? Is she dead?
Or has the fair flirt your *burnt-offering* rejected?
Why, pr'ythee, so pale? Is't thy heart or thy head?

Don't laugh, my dear Dick, worse than either, believe me,
I sigh not for Chloe—I mourn not for Sue;
'Tis my pocket that suffers—The jade, to deceive me!—
I lost with my *heart* seven hundred, at loo!

LUCIO.

To E. W. D. of Philadelphia.

Ah why, lov'd Philemon, so soon could you leave
The girl, than whom kinder none ever could be;
But who laugh'd away yesterday only to grieve,
For many a to-morrow, in sadness for thee?

Or why did you whisper so soft in my ear,
And vow, that forever with me you could stay?
Then soon as I, foolishly, own'd you were dear
To this bosom, you left it, and hurried away:

I was foolish indeed!—but how cruel in you,
To sport with a heart so entirely your own—
A heart that would break ere it ceas'd to prove true,
Or cherish the object its kindness had won.

Return then, Philemon, and still these alarms,
Believe me, no frown on my brow you shall see;
Be once more but kind, and, again, in thy arms,
Aminta will own that she doats upon thee.

AMINTA.

Baltimore, February 1806.

If Mr. Oldschool think the above worth printing, he will oblige a Lady by inserting it in his elegant Miscellany.

FROM CATULLUS.

"*Vivemus mea Lesbia.*"

Lesbia, let us live and love!
Let us, Lesbia, far remove
Care and sorrow;—nor regard
Tales that happiness retard!
Yon bright Sun that gilds the main,
Sets—but sets to rise again!
We, when once life's precious light
Is out,—must sleep in endless night!
Haste then, darling of my wishes,
Bless me with an hundred kisses,
Then, succeeding each to each,
Tho' the number thousands reach,
Still encrease the boundless store,
Still, O! still, give myriads more;
Till when myriads we have given,
(Rapt in all the joys of Heav'n;)
Let us cease to count our treasures,
Lest we fix a bound to pleasures;
Or lest others envious prove,
When they see such hoards of love!

C. B.

EPIGRAMS.

From Catullus.

Hal strives to climb the hill of *Tenе;*
But *Reason* hurls him headlong thence!

C. B.

From the same.

Lesbia my fond proposal still dis'proves,
Yet may I perish but my Lesbia loves!
Whence is my proof?—the same revoking will
Is mine—I curse her, yet I love her still!

C. B.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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Proposals for publishing by Subscription,

A CHEAP EDITION,

Highly improved, and much enlarged, of the original work, entitled

NATURE DISPLAYED,

IN HER MODE OF TEACHING LANGUAGE TO MAN;

Or, A new and infallible method of acquiring a language in the shortest time possible, deduced from the analysis of the human mind, and consequently suited to every capacity.

ADAPTED TO THE FRENCH.

BY N. G. DUFIEF, OF PHILADELPHIA.

NATURE BEGINS....REASON COMPLETES.

TWELVE months have scarcely elapsed, since a large edition of the present work was first ushered to the public, and, from the present demand, it is now indispensably necessary to publish a second.

The Author, therefore, has found himself under an obligation to the public, to scrutinize his production with the eye of a critic; and the result of his scrutiny is, that several passages have been suppressed, and many corrections made. Experience, our infallible guide, has been consulted with respect to omissions; and numerous additions will take place in the course of the work, comprising a part entirely new, and which consists of dramatic selections. He begs leave to request the public attention to this material improvement.

In the preliminary discourse of the first edition, he recommended Dramatic Writings, as tending, in a great degree, to perfect the scholar in the knowledge of French, when the memory had been supplied with a sufficient stock of the *Conversation Phrases* contained in the first volume. The difficulty of making a good selection rendered such a recommendation of no great benefit. On that account, and from a desire of rendering the work completely independent of other aids, and the cheapest extant, as it precludes the necessity of any other, he was induced to undertake the arduous task of compiling a collection of *Dramatic Pieces*, in which the modes of expression and turn of phrases, found throughout the work, will receive, from lively and interesting dialogues, that animation which cannot fail to render the impressions already made on the memory more durable, and pave the way to an easy and natural conversation, by presenting numerous models thereof. These will conclude the second volume.

Those who have not read the work will perhaps wish to be made acquainted with its contents, which are as follow:—*viz.*

The first Volume contains a complete refutation of the method of teaching a language by the rules of grammar, in the first instance; pointing out the errors and absurdities of that system, and its ill

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effects on the human mind: also, a display of that natural method by which we successfully learn our native tongue, applied to the French language, and consisting of the phrases made use of by the French, in the social communications to which their wants and pleasures give rise.

The second volume contains—

1. The History of the simple means by which rude and uninformed man proceeded to the formation of language: a work that throws light on the science of words, in its connection with that of ideas, and facilitates the study of the best metaphysicians. Its principles are applied to the French Language, respecting which we have set down several essential particulars, such as the conjugation of Verbs, embracing in its classification every French verb.

2. The French Syntax simplified and made plain, by substituting *new* rules, instead of the *old*, many of which are scarcely intelligible.

3. A selection of Dramatic Pieces.

It is probable that the author may be asked, in what time French might be attained by the new method. He anticipates the question with pleasure; as that language, considered by all an elegant and useful accomplishment, cannot be acquired by the old method, even after years of painful drudgery and great expense. He is sensible the reader will be surprised at the answer (but, no matter; the force of numerous facts is irresistible), when he is informed that many persons of both sexes in Philadelphia have, in less than six months' application, acquired the French language, in a degree amply sufficient for any social purpose whatever. A list of their names will be published in the preliminary discourse of this work.

This answer overwhelms the advocates of the Old School,* whose revilings, abuse and misrepresentations gradually sink into contempt, whilst their rankling prejudices render them utterly incapable of conceiving the admirable simplicity of Nature's process in teaching language.

Emboldened by success, which exceeded the most sanguine expectations, the author invited to his chambers (through the medium of the public prints) "those desirous of witnessing the powerful effects "of the natural method." Several gentlemen did him the honour of a visit, but, strange to tell! of the shoals of professional sectaries of the Old School, who swarm in this city, but one came. It is unnecessary to say that this gentleman (a man of considerable abilities, and an author of merit) became a zealous convert to the Method of Nature.

Learning French by the shortest method possible is not the only advantage derived from the method of Nature. It also facilitates the acquisition of every other language by the establishment of an

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* As the idea of experience is generally associated with the notion of antiquity, those advocates, from a vain hope to mislead or dazzle mankind, assume the appellation of the *Old School*. But is not the School of Nature something older than what is now termed the *Old School*, to which only my strictures apply, and not to the Old School of morality and religion, of which the author is an humble follower.

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universal mode; and often renovates the memory † by exercising, in a simple yet subtle manner, that noble faculty of the mind, while the judgment is improved and invigorated by a method founded on *analogy* and *analysis*, our unerring guides in the art of thinking.

Observation has fully proved, that those who have learned French by the new mode have obtained much facility in their other studies.

EXTRACTS FROM RESPECTABLE REVIEWS, &c.

The author tenders his most grateful thanks to the gentlemen who recommended the first edition to public patronage, and in particular to Thomas Jefferson, Esq. president of the United States, to whom the manuscript was submitted. He was pleased to write an encouraging letter on the subject, and thereby greatly promoted the success of the undertaking. It concluded in the following handsome and polite manner.

"*I can see by what you have done, that your work will be eminently "useful, and ask permission to subscribe for half a dozen copies for the "different members of my family.*

"*Mr. N. G. Dufief.* THOMAS JEFFERSON."

AND ALSO,

To the respective Editors of the following periodical works, who, since its publication, have reviewed "Nature Displayed."

It is a matter of much regret to the author, that the limits of a Prospectus permit him to publish only the latter parts of their reviews:

"The chief merit of this method consists in its being a close imi-"tation of the process of nature, in conveying the knowledge of lan-"guage to children. A higher encomium need not, in our opinion, be "sought by the ambition of the author.

"We hope this performance will be in the hands of all who wish to "spare themselves the drudgery, the circuitousness, and the waste of "time, which attend the acquisition of languages in the modes com-"monly practised." *Medical Repository.*

"We earnestly recommend Mr. Dufief's "Nature Displayed" to "all those parents who are desirous of having their children instructed "in the French language." *Monthly Register.*

"Finally, we conclude, that those who peruse "*Nature Displayed*" "with attention, will agree with us that it has much originality and "much merit, while it promises such utility to society (as the princi-"ples are applicable to all languages) that the laws of the old world "will probably be lost in those of the new, in teaching this important "branch of literature." *Port Folio.*

"We consider this work, not only as a valuable acquisition to the "student of the French language, but as a performance which reflects "credit on the literature of our country."

Monthly Anthology and Boston Review.

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† There can be no genius without a strong memory. The retentive power is the source whence imagination draws her materials, and the moving principle of all the operations of judgment. The Greeks, therefore, that ingenious nation, were very correct in conferring on the Muses the title of the "*Daughters of Memory.*" We have incontestible proofs of the great advantages it yields to those who continually exercise it, in the example of Baron, Moliere, Shakespear and Garrick, the first authors and dramatic votaries of the age they lived in.

Demosthenes, that unrivalled orator, transcribed Thucydides eight times, and committed the same to memory, to give, as he observed, more elasticity to his genius.

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Prospectus of Dufief's "Nature Displayed."

"This work is a system of instruction, which the writer has "adopted from its conformity to the precepts of simple nature, and "from his long and multiplied experience of its success. He styles it "*the method of Nature, in teaching languages*, and he anticipates the "most splendid success in his efforts to explain and introduce this "method in the seminaries, not only of America, but of every part of "the world, where the French language is attended to. This method "possesses the singular excellence of being adapted to all languages. "So far as we are able to estimate the merits of works of this nature, "we do not hesitate to bestow the feeble sanction of our praise, and "the slender aid of our wishes for its success."

Literary Magazine.

"We therefore conclude these remarks by wishing him success in "his laudable undertaking, proportioned to the ingenuity and ability "with which these volumes are executed.

"We are happy to learn that several instructors in different parts "of the United States are teaching the French language on Mr. "Dufief's principles." *Panoplist; or Christian Armory.*

This improved and enlarged edition of "Nature Displayed" is now, with due respect, submitted to national patronage, on the following

CONDITIONS:

I. This work shall be printed on fine paper, in *two* handsome large octavo volumes, at the Polyglott Press, by Mr. John Watts.

II. Price to Subscribers, for the two volumes in boards neatly lettered, five dollars; three of which to be paid on the delivery of the first volume in Philadelphia, New-York, Baltimore, Boston, Charleston, or New-Orleans.

III. Terms to non-subscribers will be greatly advanced. It is proper to observe here that the first Edition, which is much inferior to, and less copious than the present, sold rapidly at seven dollars.

IV. The subscription will close next June, when the work will be put to press.

N. B. Subscribers residing in Georgia, North Carolina, Delaware, New-Jersey, Connecticut, New-Hampshire, Rhode-Island, &c. are respectly informed that due notice will be sent to them, when the first volume is published, that they may forward the money to their correspondents or to the author in Philadelphia, who engages to have their books carefully packed up and sent *free of expense* to any place in the abovementioned States, to which there is a conveyance by water from Philadelphia or New-York.

Instructors of youth and private gentlemen, friendly to this undertaking, will be entitled to a copy, for every six subscribers they may procure. Letters from them will be punctually attended to.

Booksellers, who subscribe for a number of copies, will be allowed a very liberal discount.

Subscriptions received by the Author, No. 47, North Third-street, and Mr. John Watts, Literary Publication Office, No. 42, Walnut-street; by Messrs. Riley and Co. and Mr. Sargeant, New-York; Mr. G. Hill, Baltimore; Mr. J. Gourgas, Boston; Mr. Edmund Morford, Charleston; Messrs. Gray and Taylor, New-Orleans; and by all the principal Booksellers and Postmasters throughout the United States.

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PROSPECTUS

OF TWO

PERIODICAL WORKS.

FIRST, ENTITLED,

THE CONTINENT OF EUROPE,

OR, THE

PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

WHILE the United States, by their rapid progress in population, agriculture, commerce, and the arts, are becoming, every day, a more interesting object of attention to the nations of Europe; they, on the other hand, are no less interested to learn the state of science, literature, and arts, on the other continent.

From sameness of origin and language, by established connexions, and other causes, the people of the United States, have long been accustomed to derive almost all their European information from Great Britain. From this circumstance, their acquaintance with what takes place on the other continent, is very scanty and imperfect, often warped by the medium through which it passes; and what little knowledge they gain, from this circuitous mode of transmission is tardy and unseasonable. Possessing, however, a direct and extensive commercial intercourse with every part of Europe, the people of the United States have it in their power to obtain full and rapid intelligence of the transactions and improvements daily taking place on that continent.

France, situated in the centre of the most enlightened part of Europe, the capital of that country, will of course afford to a person resident there, of competent industry, judgment, and with good connexions all the necessary means of collecting and transmitting to America, a mass of valuable information that could not easily be obtained through any other channel. The Editor having resided twenty-five years in France, the place of his birth and education, and more than fifteen years in the United States, where he has carried on the business of a bookseller, with extensive encouragement, flatters himself, that he has become acquainted with the tastes and wants of men of literary and liberal pursuits in this country, and that by his residence in Paris, he shall be able to gratify them with more complete and satisfactory information concerning the books and literature of France, and the other continental states, than they could otherwise possibly acquire.

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PROSPECTUS OF TWO PERIODICAL WORKS.

In the first part of the work, now proposed, will be comprehended, a brief analytical account of all the productions, in every branch of literature, science, and the arts, which may appear on the continent of Europe, exhibiting successively to view the progress and state of knowledge, in FRANCE, GERMANY, RUSSIA, SWEDEN, DENMARK, HOLLAND, SPAIN, SWITZERLAND, and ITALY.—To each number will be subjoined, important state papers, Paris price-currents of merchandize, and other useful commercial intelligence.—The various articles will be arranged under the general heads of *physical and mathematical sciences,—economy and useful arts;—morals and politics.—History and biography;—fine arts;—general history of literature.*—Such an account will be given of every article as will render it easily understood, and, in such a manner as to bring into a small compass the most valuable ideas and interesting facts, in every department of science and the belles-letters, and to make known to the people of the United States the productions of men of genius and talents in Europe.

As a suitable *introduction* to this work, the Editor proposes to give a *Catalogue raisonné*, of *Greek*, *Latin*, *English*, *French*, *Spanish*, and *Italian books*, selected from the best bibliographical and periodical works that have appeared in France, and which will present a brief retrospect of the literature and science of past years. A good catalogue of books in foreign languages is much wanted by men of letters in America, many of whom are unable to make a proper selection from a want of the suitable means to guide their choice. The Editor has spared no pains in making a collection, with a particular view to the United States; and he indulges the hope, that the professors of universities, colleges, and academies, the members of learned societies, and the lovers of literature and the arts, in general, will find in the numbers of *the Continent of Europe, or the Paris Correspondent*, much useful bibliographical intelligence, and valuable information in all the various branches of human knowledge, and that they will honor the present undertaking with their patronage and support.

N. B. The first work will be printed in English, and published every month, by ISAAC RILEY & Co. of New York. Each Number will contain at least 48 pages 8vo. price 50 cents. The materials necessary to commence and carry on the work are already provided, and will in future be regularly furnished by H. CARITAT from Paris. The publication will commence as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained to defray the expenses of the undertaking.

THE SECOND WORK, ENTITLED

L'Amerique du Nord, ou Le Correspondent des Etats Unis,

is designed to exhibit to the inhabitants of Europe an account of all the publications, productions, discoveries, and improvements, in the United States. It will contain the various articles in all the branches of literature and science, arranged under proper heads, with an analytical account of the same, in the manner proposed as to the first part. The prices of goods, public stocks, and other useful commercial information will be added.

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PROSPECTUS OF TWO PERIODICAL WORKS.

As this work will be published in the French language, by H. CARITAT, at Paris, American authors, and publishers, will have an opportunity of having their productions made known throughout Europe: for which purpose it will be necessary to make early communications of them to ISAAC RILEY & Co. at New-York, by whom arrangements will be made relative to both works, for the convenience of subscribers in every part of the United States.

The second work will be comprised in numbers of about 32 pages, each in octavo, and published monthly in Paris, at 25 cents each.

N. B. The Editor will be happy to execute all orders which may be transmitted to him at Paris, from persons in America. From his residence in that city, long acquaintance with both countries, and the correspondence he has established in the European states, and the industry and attention which he is ready to bestow, he trusts, that it will be in his power to transact any business that may be entrusted to his agency, in a manner satisfactory to all those who may honor him with their commands.

THE

CONTINENT OF EUROPE,

OR THE

PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

VOL. I. No. I.

Containing a Prospectus of the Present Periodical Work,

AND A

CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ.

THE above work and the Catalogue Raisonné are repectfully offered to the patronage of the professors in universities, colleges and academies, to the members of literary and scientific associations, and to the lovers of the arts and sciences throughout the United States. This is a work, which is, in America, equally original in its nature and useful in its design—it is a compilation made for the particular use of the persons before mentioned. The object is to facilitate their acquisition of information respecting the progress of all the most important branches of learning on the continent of Europe, but more par-

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ticularly in France. The plan has been carefully adapted to the practical use of the Literati and readers of this country by a systematic arrangement of the *Greek*, *Latin*, *English*, *French*, *Spanish*, *Italian*, and other books, under their respective departments. The books have been attentively selected from the best bibliographical and periodical works published within the last ten years. Their titles are arranged in such a manner, as will readily point out those works which are conducive either to instruction or entertainment. A great number of the articles are also accompanied with appropriate remarks on their respective merits or utility. In the new editions of works of Ancient literature, their dates and places of publication, their different sizes and the names of their several editors are particularly given.

Those authors and publishers, who are desirous of having their works noticed either in this Periodical Publication, or in its counterpart, *L'Amerique du Nord*, &c. published in French, by H. Caritat, at Paris, (which will give information to Europe, respecting the progress of arts and sciences in America,) will be pleased to send copies of their books, free of expense to Isaac Riley & Co. publishers of this work, No. 1, City-Hotel, Broadway, New-York, by whom communications will be thankfully received; and also, by their correspondents, Messrs. John Conrad & Co. Samuel F. Bradford, James Humphreys, Matthew Carey, P. Byrne, Thomas and William Bradford, Philadelphia—Jeffries and Anderson, Baltimore—William Duane, Washington—Mrs. March, Georgetown—Cottom & Stewart, Alexandria—William Pritchard, Richmond—Seymour & Woolhopter, Savannah—Hobby & Bunce, Augusta—Edmund Morford, Charleston—Isaac Beers & Co. I. Cooke & Co. New-Haven—Thomas Hobby, Middletown—Hudson & Goodwin, Oliver D. Cooke, Hartford—William Wilkinson, Providence—Lewis Rousmaniere, New-Port—John W. Green, New-London—White, Burdett, & Co. John West, Munro & Francis, Thomas & Andrews, Boston—Daniel Johnson, Portland; who are authorised to receive subscriptions, not only for the work, entitled, "*The Continent of Europe*," but likewise, for "*L'Amerique du Nord*;" the numbers of which will be regularly forwarded by the earliest opportunities.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, March* 15, 1806. [No. 10.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 160.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IN my preceding letter, I concluded my examination of the first ternary of the *Progress of Poetry*, and the corresponding remarks of Johnson; but I must proceed no further before I have corrected an inaccuracy of which I was guilty, in asserting that the imagery of the former part of the third stanza was derived from the first Pythian of Pindar, an ode from which Gray has borrowed only in his second stanza. On the third, I omitted to quote a note of the author, which affords, it may be thought, some useful information; this stanza is designed to set forth the 'Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.'

In the second ternary the poet takes a more serious view of his subject. In the first stanza it is represented that, 'To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the day, by its cheerful presence to dispel the night:'

Man's feeble race what ills await,
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!

The fond complaint, my song! disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove!
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky,
Till, down the eastern cliffs afar,
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

'Of the second ternary of stanzas,' says Johnson, 'the first endeavours to tell something, and would have told it, had it not been crossed by Hyperion.' Whether the personification and description of the day here condemned be beauties or otherwise, is not very material. I shall content myself with citing, from Gray's notes, the lines of Cowley, upon which it is formed:

Or seen the morning's well-appointed star,
Come marching up the eastern hills afar.

The 'glittering shafts of war' cannot be new to any reader of the Greek and Roman poets:

Non radii solis neque *lucida tela diei*.

'The second,' says Johnson, 'describes well enough the universal prevalence of poetry; but I am afraid that the conclusion will not rise from the premises. The caverns of the North and the plains of Chili are not the residences of "glory and generous shame." But that poetry and virtue go together is an opinion so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true:'

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom,

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To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode;
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forest laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers, wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and generous Shame,
Th' Unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

The subject of this stanza is described by Gray to be the 'Extensive influence of poetic genius over the remotest and most uncivilized nations, its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend it;' and he refers us to the 'Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments; the Lapland and American songs.'

In criticising this stanza, Johnson adventures into a branch of inquiry to which he was, perhaps, but little competent. He abandons the weapons of literature, and attempts to wield those of philosophy. He has nothing to say to the language or imagery, but he attacks the argument. He admits the 'universal prevalence of poetry,' but he fears that the 'conclusion will not rise from the premises.' He goes further. He asserts that the "caverns of the North and the plains of Chili are not the residences of "Glory and generous Shame." Had he said that the 'caverns of the North' and the 'plains of Chili' are not the residences of Poesy, I could have allowed the possibility of the fact, and taken time for acquiring newer and more strict information; but I cannot conceal my surprise at the rashness with which he has contradicted what appears to me to be no more than a self-evident truism. Can there be poesy where there is not feeling, and can there be feeling unaccompanied with the love of glory, and with generous shame? In a word, who is there that considers the noble birth and benignant offices of the Muse, and can deny his coolest assent to the proposition of the poet?

Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue and gen'rous Shame
Th' Unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

There is a passage in the *Deserted Village*, in which the pathetic Goldsmith has so forcibly corroborated the sentiments of Gray, and so beautifully amplified the language, that I cannot refrain from citing it here:

And thou, sweet Poetry! celestial maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade,
Unfit, in these degen'rate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph! neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and kept me so;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well!
Farewel! and, oh! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervors glow,
Or winter wrap the polar world in snow;
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid slighted Truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of Gain:
Teach him that states, of native strength possest,
Though very poor, may still be very blest;
That Trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As Ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While Self-dependent Pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky!

In the third stanza, Gray considers the 'progress of Poesy from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. Chaucer,' he observes, 'was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch; the Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled into Italy, and had formed their taste there; Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them: but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since.'

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Illissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves,
In lingering lab'rinths, creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish!
Mute, but to the voice of anguish,
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around,
Ev'ry shade, and solemn fountain,
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound,
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains:
Alike thy scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains!
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion, next, thy sea encircled coast!

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'The third stanza sounds big with *Delphi*, and *Egean*, and *Ilissus*, and *Meander*, and *hallowed fountain* and *solemn sound;* but in all Gray's odes there is a kind of cumbrous splendor which we wish away. His position is at last false: in the time of Dante and Petrarch, from whom he derives our first school of poetry, Italy was over-run by *tyrant power*, and *coward vice;* nor was our state much better when we first borrowed the Italian arts.'

The critic would here have been more correct, if, instead of saying "his position is at last false," he had said, his last position is false; for, that the Muses scorn *coward vice* and the *pomp of tyrant power*, it is by no means the entire drift of the stanza to assert: that, at last, it is untruly asserted, I do not see reason to deny. With respect to *Delphi*, and *Egean*, and *Ilissus*, and *Meander*, if these proper names occasion the stanza to sound big, I think it an incidental circumstance, which neither honours nor disgraces the poet. They present themselves in the course of a mere historical description.—Mr. Saunter! if magnificent words are not to be meddled with, under pain of our being accused of 'a strutting dignity,' who knows how long we shall be permitted to make free with *German-town* and *Sandy-Hook* and *Bunker's-Hill?* With respect to *hallowed fountain* and *solemn sound*, I presume that Johnson cited them only for the sake of swelling his catalogue; and, through the whole of the diction of this stanza, I might perhaps rest the defence of the poet upon that of the maxim of Boileau: Soyez riche et pompeux dans vos descriptions.

Mr. Gilbert Wakefield cites the following stanzas from Milton's *Sonnets*, as the original of the passage beginning, 'How do your tuneful echoes languish.'

The lonely *mountain* o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A *voice* of *weeping* heard and loud lament:
From *haunted spring* and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting genius is with sighing sent:
With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs, in twilight shade of tangled thickets, mourn.

I shall make the third ternary, and my own sentiments of the ode, the topics of a future letter. Meanwhile, I borrow, from the critic last named, a more complete illustration of the second stanza of the first ternary than I gave at the place:

'Pindar's words are—

'———————————su-
δι ανα σκαπτω Διος αιετος, α-
πειαν πτερυγ' αμφοτερα-
θεν χαλαξαις,
Αρχος αιανων. Κελαινω-
πιν δ'επι οι νεφελαν
Αγκυλω κρατι, βλεφαρων
Αδυ κλαιζρον, κατεχωσας· ὁ δε κνισσωσα
Τυγον νωτον αιωρει, τεαις
Ριπαισι κατασχομενος. Και γας βια-
-τας Αρης, ταχυαν ανεσθης λιπων
Εγχεων ακμαν, ιαινει καρδιαν
Κωματι.'

'It is an address to his *lyre:*

'On Jove's imperial rod, the king of birds
Drops down his flagging wings: thy thrilling sounds
Soothe his fierce beak, and pour a sable cloud
Of slumber o'er his eye-lids: up he lifts
His flexile back, shot by the piercing darts;
Mars smooths his rugged brow, and nerveless drops
His lance, relenting at the choral song.'

The same scholar defends the epithet *many-twinkling*, and cites Milton and Thomson; but, the latter, I think, with most advantage:

'Gradual sinks the breeze
'Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
'Is heard to quiver through the closing woods,
'Or rustling turn the *many-twinkling leaves*
'Of aspen tall.

Spring, 155.

'which is extremely natural and pleasing.'

STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY OF ANACREON.

[The ensuing Memoir of the merriest of the Greeks is, intended, as the learned reader will quickly perceive, to resemble the Athenian Letters of Hardwicke, and the Anacharsis of Abbé Barthelemy; the plan of the ingenious author is to weave a biographical tissue, and to embroider the work with the spangles of many an ode. This scheme, however fanciful, as it has a classical basis, is sufficiently agreeable

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to us, and we hope will prove so to others. We wish the young man, who thus turns his curious eye to the monuments of Grecian genius, every boon which the favouring muses can bestow.]

INTRODUCTORY LETTER.

SIR,

The translators of the Odes of Anacreon have universally united in lamenting the paucity of Anecdotes which have been preserved, respecting the domestic life of that admirable poet. It might reasonably be supposed that one who lived but in society, and whose harp unceasingly warbled on those themes, sentiments which are most congenial with the poetic mind, would have found some friend to record the incidents of his life. Yet what we do know of him serves rather to stimulate than satisfy the curiosity of the inquisitive.

It has always appeared to me, that the tenor of his life is displayed in his Odes, which constitute all of his numerous writings that have descended to us. They breathe such a spirit of genuine enthusiasm, as to afford the strongest internal evidence that they were the spontaneous effusions of inspiration: whether from the thrill of love or excited by the raptures of the banquet. This opinion,* which I have occasionally hazarded, has been sneered at by some, whilst others have thought that the idea was at least plausible. I am happy in being able to corroborate it, and remove all the dubiousness of incredulity, by a translation, in which I am now engaged. The original I believe is entirely unknown here, and it has even escaped the industrious research of most of the European critics. My friend Moore, it is true, told me he had seen the volume; but, upon looking over his recent translation, I am astonished to find that he has made no use of it; as it would have considerably assisted him in trudging through the mire of conjectural criticism. The work to which I allude is no less than an account of that part of Anacreon's life, in which his Odes were composed, written by one who was his intimate friend and constant companion. The biographer has all the enthusiasm and is as faithful a chronicler as Boswell, and his pages are never tarnished by the delusive whispers of vanity.

To the labours of Boswell every admirer of Johnson owes great obligations; but, whils this gratitude renders a voluntary tribute of applause, and dwells on the minutest lineaments in the character of the great moralist, he is continually disgusted by the obtrusive egotism and contemptible adulation of his fawning sycophant. His motto is a true index of his aim in compiling the book:

——*Quò fit* OMNIS
Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella
VITA SENIS—— HORAT.

Oh may my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and *partake the gale!*

and it is evident that his design was not so much to write a life of his "illustrious friend," as to tell us that he himself lived and that he was lord of Auchenleck, &c. &c. His attention was not directed to the picture, but he called upon the world to gaze on the drapery that surrounded his object. In this he resembles certain dull and heavy commentators, who, unable to elicit any thing from their own sterile brains, fall upon some unhappy author, who, perhaps, is obscure only to themselves. They alter and amend, illustrate, amplify and expunge as it suits their own fancy. The work goes into the world almost smothered with notes, and the sagacious commentator thus rides down to posterity, as it has been forcibly expressed, on the back of an ancient. So it has been with Johnson. His kindness to Boswell has not only burthened him with his friend, but his friend's wife and her son Alexander and her daughter

* That this was also the opinion of his last and best translator may be inferred from a sentence in his "remarks on Anacreon," without the imputation of a violent desire to support a favourite hypothesis. Mr. Moore says, that to infer the moral disposition of a poet from the tone of sentiment which pervades his works, is sometimes a very fallacious analogy: but *the soul of Anacreon speaks so unequivocally through his Odes, that we may consult them as faithful mirrors of his heart.*

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Veronica, and even the castle and domains of Auchenleck, are all mounted on his shoulders, and thus loaded he is condemned to run the gantlet of fame.

But to return to my own business. Boswell, with all his excellences and humours and defects must be well known. I am to introduce another friend to your notice.

The following work is written by Cneius Crito, a native of Samos, who was sent to receive his education at Athens, which was, at that period, the resort of the most learned men of Greece. Like many other young men, who are placed, at an early age, beyond the control of parental experience and authority, he occasionally wandered from the thorny road of mathematics and philosophy, to pluck a flower in the fragrant paths of Poesy. His excursions were so frequent, and he strayed so far, that he at length became unable to retrace his footsteps, and he accordingly devoted himself to the culture of that art. Some remains of his writings evince that his taste was good and his morals of the purest School. It is true that he seldom reaches to so sublime a height as Anacreon, but he displays a very refined delicacy of sentiment and frequent felicities of fancy, which certainly ought to obtain for him, what he most ardently desired, an humble station among the Sons of Imagination. Those pieces which are interspersed though this Biography, are mostly included in these observations. I am aware how much they have lost by being transplanted from the native soil, by the rude hand of an unskilful gardener. The translations, however, are before the reader, and from them he must endeavour to form an opinion; perhaps I may hereafter publish some further specimens, to justify what I have advanced. I shall not attempt to attract a factitious reverence for this work, by leading the reader through the ruins of Herculaneum, or of Pompeii, where books are so frequently discovered, but shall simply inform him, that I found it, neglected and forgotten, among the remains of a once valuable library. I was struck by the title, and after perusing a few pages, I congratulated myself on the fortuitous acquisition of a treasure which had long been a desideratum in the literary world.

Those who lurk in the neutrality of criticism, and delight to detect petty faults or trifling inaccuracies, may perhaps charge the biographer with some anachronisms, if they compare his dates and names with the investigations of modern chronologists—I endeavoured at first to reconcile them, but finding the task troublesome, without being of any material advantage to the work, I abandoned the design. It is of little consequence in the present work to ascertain whether Anacreon was prior to Plato, or Aristotle, or lived after them. Their names scarcely appear, but in order to make some remarks on their sentiments; and it is the justness of the criticism, only, that the liberal reader will regard.

I shall add but a few words respecting the manner in which the translation has been executed. To those who have seen the original it is unnecessary, because they can judge for themselves; but those who form their opinion from the copy will scarcely do the author justice. His sentiments are pure and just, his diction is skilfully adapted to the occurrences he narrates. Is Anacreon seated at the banquet? You see the sparkling goblet kiss his lips, or the deep resounding chords trembling beneath his fingers. Has he retired to the bower, to indulge his fancy and still the tumults of wine? The zephyrs fan him with their mildest breezes, and Flora perfumes the air with the most delightful fragrance. And when he sings the raptures of love, or deplores the misery of disappointment, the sensitive heart of Crito follows him with scarcely unequal steps. The lyre is struck—and all are rapt in admiration; even the Muses and the Graces, who are ever attendants, seem astonished at their inspiration: such is the power of Crito, and so glowing are his descriptions.

SEDLEY.

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MEMOIRS OF ANACREON.

Written by CNEIUS CRITO, and translated from the original by SEDLEY.

In the second year of the eighty first (B. C. 455.) Olympiad, CRITO, the son of Cneius Crito, senator of Samos, writes this history. O Apollo, look on my attempt with a favouring eye. It is to Anacreon, thy chiefest favourite—it is to the memory of the Bard of Teïos, that I consecrate this work. May my tablets be more durable than brass, that time may not destroy them! Then will posterity know how Greece was once illumined by thy follower, and in after ages thy praises shall still be sung. His lyre is suspended at Delphos, but no one can touch the strings of Anacreon. Yet the winds sometimes pass through them, and they respire a mournful note, as if conscious of their former sweetness.

Do thou, O Terpsichore, inspire me with thy melody; for to your care has Apollo intrusted the lyre, and Anacreon was your first minstrel. And thou, Erato, breathe some portion of thy warm spirit into my soul, that I may tell of Anacreon, how he sung the praises of Venus.

Thy aid, O Melpomene, I invoke. Lend me thy melancholy strains, when I speak of my grief and despair, for the loss of this incomparable man. He it was who taught me the rules of his art. His advice guided my conduct, and the glow of his fire inspired me to action, or his soothing numbers lulled my soul to peace, when it raged with the pangs of unrequited love. He is gone—where shall I find such a friend?—There is none like Anacreon.

Grecian! when you read these tablets, reflect that he was your countryman, and bless Apollo, who gave such an ornament to your clime. Teach thy sons to recite these odes, and let thy daughters sing them at your festivals; so will you perpetuate the honour of your country, and in future times the name of Anacreon will be borne upon the wings of fame.

I must say a few words of myself, that you may understand how I became acquainted with Anacreon, and am enabled to deliver you this record of his transactions and his writings.

My father was a senator of Samos, the capital of the Samian Isle. Death deprived me of him when I was very young, and I immediately abandoned commerce, to which he had destined me, and went to Athens, to walk in the Lyceum and listen to the philosophers who then flourished in that city. Among these, I shall always remember, with grateful feelings, the friendship I uniformly experienced from Erastus, who was of the Platonic school. Although I paid little attention to his advice at that time, every word is deeply impressed on my memory, and I obey all his precepts, whilst they do not militate too directly against my propensity to poetry and music.* After having passed

* Readers are so accustomed to notes, that a book is nothing without them; and although in the preface I have endeavoured to ridicule the practice, I find myself irresistibly impelled to *ride* on the back of poor Crito. Anacreon, I hope, will carry both. Let no wit say, it is because we are superficial fellows, and have no solidity. To be serious. I think the privilege of adding notes, when discreetly exercised, may tend to increase the pleasure of the reader. They illustrate, enliven and diversify. Crito has given us none; and as I am frequently at a loss to understand his allusions, I presume that there are some as ignorant as I am, and I also presume they are as willing to learn. With this view, I have added such notes as my ingenuity and industry could furnish. In the text above, the reader might very probably inquire, if the philosophers of Greece restricted their followers from any indulgence in the charms of poetry and music. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm with which poetry, music, painting and sculpture were cultivated in Greece, and the perfection which those arts had attained, a liberal reader of the present day will smile at the morosenes which the *philosophers* always manifested towards them. They called them imitative arts, and seemed to consider them as beneath the dignity of the human mind. Thus Plutarch says, if a man applies himself to *servile* or *mechanic employment*, his industry in those things is a proof of his inattention to nobler studies. No young man of noble birth, or liberal sentiments, from seeing the Jupiter at Pisa, would desire to be Phidias, or from

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some years in listening to the jargon of the schools, and in endeavouring to penetrate the subtlety of their distinctions, I found myself so little satisfied with my progress, and in fact so bewildered by their different systems, that I resolved to devote myself exclusively to the study of mathematics. But this science only served to convince me of the uncertainty of my other acquirements, and I was disgusted by its arid deductions.

One day, as I was walking in one of the groves appropriated to the use of the students, and perplexing myself in the intricacies of a problem, my meditations were suddenly interrupted by the sounds of music. My path had often been crossed by poets reciting their odes, but I had been taught to shun them, as incentives to idleness. Whether that my mind, involved in the mazes of sines and co-sines, was therefore peculiarly adapted at the moment to catch at any relaxation and repose on the soft melody of the harp, or that I was tired of my present studies, I know not; but I joined a crowd of young men and girls, with chaplets on their heads, who were dancing around two persons. One of them recited from the Mimes of Sophron †, and the other occasionally relieved him by his harp. I soon forgot my gravity and mingled in the sport. When we became fatigued by our merriment, the minstrel changed the theme. He selected the affecting episode of Homer, in which he relates the interview of Hector with Andromache. Then he related the terrible battle between the Trojans and Grecians, in which all the gods were engaged. This is the most wonderful instance of Homer's sublimity. We seemed to hear the awful thunder of Jupiter—the earth again trembled, and we saw Pluto again start from his throne, to prevent his gloomy regions from being exposed to the gaze of mortals. When I returned to my chambers in the evening, the events of the day, so novel and interesting, occupied my whole thoughts—I again twined through the mazes of the dance, and my laughs at the jokes of Sophron were reiterated. I reflected on the melancholy pleasure that stole over my mind when I listened to the rhapsodies of Homer—I had never experienced such vicissitudes of delightful pleasure and pleasant pain from any of my studies. My whole life had passed in mental abstraction or abstruse cogitation, that had wrinkled my brow, without expanding my mind.

Now, I exclaimed, have I found the true road to happiness and distinction—The writings of an obscure blind man, ‡ who even begged his sustenance, are recited and applauded in distant cities long after his death, and our philosophers are scarcely known but by those who hear their voices. I will abandon

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the sight of the Juno at Argos, to be Polycletus, or Anacreon, or Philemon, or Archilochus, though delighted with their poems.

† The *Mimes* of *Sophron*. This name is given to a sort of Bacchanalian poetry. Scribere si fas est imitantes turpia mimos. Ov. Trist. 2 Eleg. 1. 515. Sophron lived in the time of Plato: and what made these mimes or farces of so much consequence was, that he never ceased reading them, and every night slept with one of them under his pillow. His followers, it may be remarked, had not so much taste.

‡ It is related, by Herodotus, that the real name of the ancient poet was Melesigenes. That by which he is now known was acquired, not from parental choice, but from a rude sarcasm of unpitying and penurious wealth. Homer, whose poverty compelled him, like his own Ulysses, *to see many cities*, having arrived at Cumæ, resorted to his usual method of procuring a subsistence. He recited his *rhapsodies*, as they were then denominated, to the inhabitants, the voice of Echo spread his applause o'er the hills that surrounded the walls of Cumæ. Elated by the approbation his works received (for what poet is not alive to the incense of praise), and grateful for the respect with which his person was treated, he offered to immortalize the city, if the inhabitants would bestow upon his labours such a remuneration as would preserve his future days from want. But the glare of wealth was dearer than the plaudits of fame. They answered, that were they to give him the salary he desired, there would be no end of entertaining all the Ὁμηρίδαι, or "blind men," who might choose to visit them; and thence he got the name of Homer.

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the schools and worship at the temple of Apollo, and if I cannot penetrate further than the vestibule, I certainly shall be happier than I am now.

The next day I purchased all the writings of Orpheus, Hesiod and Homer, that could be obtained. These afforded me such exquisite satisfaction, and so warmed my imagination, that they became my only study, notwithstanding the contempt with which my former masters had endeavoured to inspire me, towards such writings. Some of the works of Anacreon having accidentally fallen into my hands, I was so charmed with the almost divine spirit that glowed in every page, that they contributed to make me seek in the regions of Parnassus that content which I could not find in the schools of philosophy. But as it was necessary to have some guide to conduct me in a road yet unknown to me, I thought I could not do better than to put myself under the protection of Anacreon himself, who was in Athens.

Although this poet was then more than three score years of age, he had not ceased to love pleasure, and to seek with assiduity the society of those who could contribute to it. It was not difficult therefore to become acquainted with him. His affable and polished manners and the conviviality of his disposition, tended as much to make me condemn the austerity of my former masters, and regret the time I had lost among them, as his poetry made me despise their precepts.

One day, whilst we were eating together, I observed that he seemed pleased by some sarcasms that I uttered against the ostentation of the philophers, and thinking it a good opportunity, I followed him when he arose from the table, and went to enjoy the fresh air. After some desultory conversation, I briefly related to him the events of my past life, and concluded by informing him of my present pursuits, and my wishes with regard to his assistance.

[*To be continued.*]

MISCELLANY.

[With the utmost cheerfulness, and in a spirit of no affected candor, we publish the following well-written article. It is an apology for an author, who thinks himself unjustly censured by a critic, who published his opinions not haughtily, like Warburton, but distinctly and clearly, like Churchill. it is a rule with the Editor to shun all the asperities of controversy, and on all questions of taste and literature to await in silence the unerring verdict of the public voice. Justice to the author of the translation, appended to this article, very easily persuades us to declare that, with a few, a very few, exceptions, it is executed agreeably to the canons of criticism.]

Mr. Oldschool,

The enclosed translation of the 13th ode of the first book of Horace was produced about five years past, on the banks of the Ohio. It is the attempt of a young man of my acquaintance, who was then about eighteen; and had been about ten months from the plough. As I have several translations of this ode, no one of which, I conceive, retains a greater portion of the original spirit of Horace, I prevailed with the translator to consent that I might request you to publish it in the Port Folio.

In obtaining this consent I found much difficulty. The translator is the author of the poor madrigal so unmercifully criticised by Messrs. Colon and Spondee, in No. 31, vol. 5, of the Port Folio. His feelings upon reading the "Fragment of useful criticism" were such as to annihilate every wish of again seeing any of his own effusions in print. His rhymes, his sentiments, nay even his person, were held up in such a ludicrous point of view, that he declared he could not think of submitting any other of his productions to your inspection, especially the translation in question, which rendered the third stanza different altogether from the version of Boscawen, published in the Port Folio, No. 16, vol. 4.

He urged, as a further reason why he could not consent that the translation should be submitted to you, that he was certain the rhymes, "neck and speak" "untorn and burn," would meet your disapprobation, and might subject him to be again called a "French Philosopher, one of Buonaparte's officers," or "a strange fantastic creature," epithets which he by no means relished, and which he felt more sensibly because bestowed upon him by a man of taste and discernment.

To remove his first objection I assured him that he had rendered the third stanza according to the true meaning of the text, and the understanding of the commentators on the Delphini edition of Horace, as it respected his rhymes I observed to him, that how-

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ever incorrect they might be, when tried by the standard of Messrs. Colon and Spondee, they were nevertheless warranted by the highest poetical authority. Pope was never charged with a "laudable partiality for Ireland," or wishing "to believe the Hill O'Howth, Parnassus." Although he had transgressed this rule of Messrs. Colon and Spondee, in a variety of instances, I instanced to him the following:

"All who true Dunces in his cause appear'd,
"And all who knew those Dunces to reward."

Dunciad, B. 2, v. 21.

"To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams
"Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to "Thames."

Ibid. v. 260.

"But now no face divine contentment wears;
"'Tis all blank sadness and continual tears."

Eloisa to Abelard, v. 147.

"Take back that grace those sorrows and "those tears,
"Take back my fruitless penitence and "prayers."

Ibid. v. 286.

"New lords they madly make, they tamely "bear,
"And softly curse the tyrants whom they fear."

Thebais Statius, B. 1, v. 228.

I remarked to him that Gifford had taken the same liberty in the following couplet.

"The summons her blue stocking friends "*obey*,
"Lur'd by the love of Poetry and *tea*."

And to convince him that you had not set your face against every kind of *irishism*, I produced to him a number in the Port Folio, which had passed without animadversion, and particularly the following, in a poem published in No. 16, vol. 5, of which you had spoke in terms of approbation.

"Thus twines the honey-suckle *sweet*
"Around some trunk decay'd and bare,
"Thus angels on the pious *wait*,
"To banish each destroying care.
"The angry storms of awful *fate*
"Around my little bark may roar,
"And drive me from this dear *retreat*,
"A wanderer on a distant shore."

My friend, however, was not yet satisfied. He said he was not acquainted with the exact meaning of every word in the English language, and by using some expression "a little ambiguous" might subject himself to very *indecent* suspicions. He felt much hurt at the construction given to the words "precious favour" by Messrs. Colon and Spondee, because the feelings of the lady to whom the verses were foolishly addressed were severely wounded by that construction.

His misconception of the word "*Vow*" he said had also occasioned him much regret, as it had given Messrs. Colon and Spondee an occasion to make some insinuations respecting "Priestess-Talien, Muslin purity," and "a French milliner," which had shocked the delicacy of an unoffending and respectable woman.

To this I answered that he was not responsible for forced and waggish constructions of his language, the sole object of which was to excite ridicule at the expense of candour. I observed that the play upon the word "*Vow*" was predicated upon the principle, that there could "be no legitimate *poetical* union between the words *vow* and *bestow*." Although this might be a correct principle, yet the contrary doctrine was supported by such high authority, as to excuse his falling into an error on that point. I took up Pope's Homer, vol. 4, which lay on the table before me, and turned to the following verses in Book 15.

"Then (while a smile serenes his awful *brow*)
"Commands the goddess of the show'ry *bow*."

V. 178.

"Jove is with us, I saw his hand but *now*
"From the proud archer strike his vaunted *bow*."

V. 575.

And to convince him, that this principle of Messrs. Colon and Spondee was not even at this day the established law of rhyme, I referred him to the following couplet, found in the same Number of the Port Folio, that contains this "Fragment of useful criticism."

"That o'er his *baseless fabric* we may *vow*
"A constant love which with our years shall *grow*."

Finding his objections thus in a great degree removed, he was about to hand me the translation, when the elision at the commencement of the last line arrested his attention, and he suddenly exclaimed, It will not do, here is not only an "impertinent vowel" but a syllable cast away. I shall be accused of some "enigmatical conceit" and "Tamar Tabby," or some ludicrous name conjured up——I interrupted him, by repeating the following line from Pope:

"I tell you fool, *there's* nothing *in't*."

He immediately threw me the paper, but insisted I should advise you of the reluctance with which he consented to submit it to your critical observation. In compliance with this request I have related to you this conversation; and have now to request, that if you do not think the translation deserves a place in the Port Folio, you will notice it, in such a manner as not to offend the feelings of the Translator. H.

Horace, Ode 13, Book 1.

O Lydia! when in praise you speak
Of Telephus's ruby neck,

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Or dwell with rapture, on the charms
Of Telephus's tender arms;
My swelling heart with grief o'erflows,
With rage ungovernable glows.

My love-sick mind within me dies,
And from my face the colour flies:
The tear soft stealing o'er my cheeks,
My inward grief and anguish speaks;
Shows how inflamed with love's desires,
I waste in slow consuming fires.

I rage when drunken brawls and strife
Disturb the pleasures of thy life,
When the rash boy with liquors warm,
Degrades with blows thy beauteous form,
Or kissing thee with fury blind,
Leaves on thy lips the mark behind.

Oh would'st thou but attend to me,
Hope not that he will constant be
Who thus most barb'rously ingrate
Does those sweet kisses violate,
Which Venus hath herself imbued,
In her own sweet nectareous fluid;

More than thrice happy they remain,
Whom bonds of constancy retain.
Their love by dire complaints untorn
Shall with an equal fervor burn,
Cement in unison their minds
'Till death the indissoluble knot unbinds;

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Strolling through a churchyard at Concord in Massachusetts, the last summer, I was much pleased with the accuracy and justness of the antitheses, in the following epitaph, scarcely legible through the moss of an inclining grave-stone. I transcribed it in my pocket book, and if you think it will not diminish the merit of the Port Folio, it is at your service.

R.

GOD
Wills us free,
man
Wills us slaves,
I will as God wills,
God's will be done.

Here lies the body of John Jack, a native of Africa, who died March 1773, aged about 60 years.

Tho' born in a land of slaves,
He was born free.
Tho' he liv'd in a land of liberty,
He liv'd a slave;
'Till by his honest tho' stolen labors
He acquired the source of slavery,
Which gave him his freedom,
Tho' not long before
Death, the grand tyrant,
Gave him his final emancipation,
And set him on a footing with kings.
Tho' a slave to vice,
He practised those virtues,
Without which kings are but slaves.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No 3.

Take Nature's path. POPE.

MR. DIARY,

It is the vice of the arts to go beyond their design, and, after reaching the height of their imitative powers, to aim at fantastic beauties. These sallies it is the business of sound criticism to watch and suppress.

The types of all those arts which consist in the exercise of our natural faculties are in nature. It is because excellence is sparingly spread among mankind, and because men of middling endowments are laudably anxious to reach it, that what, at first sight, appear to be the mere operation of natural talents receives the name of *art*. It is thus with the Art of Speaking. The art of speaking can consist in nothing more than a clear and euphonious voice, a distinct utterance, a graceful gesticulation, a lively feeling, and an enlarged understanding. Its object can be no other than that of expressing plainly, forcibly, and elegantly, the sentiments to be delivered. It is for two reasons that these things constitute an art; first, because they are attempted by those to whom nature has denied them, and in whom, therefore, they must be the work of imitation; and, secondly, because men undertake to deliver the sayings of others, the meanings of which they do not always catch, or catching, discover without emotion: it almost becomes an art, therefore, to *feel*.

That this is really the case, cannot, I think, be denied by those who observe what an immense distance there subsists between that which, unless we are willingly to be accounted fastidious in the extreme, we must allow to be good acting, and that which is truly a transcript of nature. It might, at the first view, appear in no shape difficult to speak and move, on occasions similar to those of real life, in the manner nature teaches us to speak and move. It might seem only necessary not to impose a restraint on ourselves, and to give a loose

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to our instincts. A very limited acquaintance with the efforts of persons of undoubted genius is sufficient to convince us of the contrary.

I commenced my letter by observing that it is the vice of art to go beyond its design. It appears to be through vanity of its strength that it delights in the most ill-timed display of its more showy qualifications. It abhors the quiet virtues.

I am one of the numerous assemblage who listen to Mr. Fennell's readings and recitations. That a school of oratory is an excellent thing, and that it is more particularly desirable in the capital of a free state, are propositions to which no man can give a heartier assent than I; but, to be useful, it must be good. In precisely the same degree that it is valuable, it is of importance that it should be excellent. It is my chief object to submit to you some remarks on a general question: but I presume that it will be in unison with your design, and not uninteresting nor useless to your readers, to advert, in part, to the particulars of an exhibition which cannot but affect in a considerable degree the taste of this city.

Mr. Fennell gave me much gratification in his delivery of *Satan's Address to the Sun;* and I must confess that I am in general better pleased with his *recitations* than with his *readings*. On the whole, he afforded a very just expression to the sentiments of Satan; but he gave no force to what Milton certainly meant forcibly——

a *throne* in *hell.*

His *Hymn of Adam and Eve* I thought the worst part of the evening's entertainment. Many names of the objects addressed and personified were slurred over, as if they were among the most insignificant words in the sentences that contained them; as,—

Air, and ye, Elements.

Pope, *On Universal Order*, was read in a manner that deserves approbation; particularly the line,—

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

but much of their proper strength was lost in the lines remarkable for their conciseness and antitheses; as,—

Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

In reading the *Elegy in a Country Church-yard*, Mr. Fennell frequently fell much below my expectation, nor was I at any time able to discover those extraordinary powers which ought to betray themselves in a professed reader. To notice mere pronunciation, I must observe, that Mr. F. reads *even*, when the measure requires *e'en*. I trust that those who hear him will not learn, after his example, to destroy the harmony of two of the sweetest lines in our language:

Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

But what I have most to object to is the *enacting* style in which Mr. F. read the following couplet; and I am here led to the object of my principal concern:

Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd with hopeless love.

In reciting the *Ode on the Passions*, Mr. Fennell thought proper to *act* his *descriptions*. It was the same in his *description* of Clarence's dream, but is it possible that Mr. F. can seriously think it right to *act* the dead men's bones and the ingots of gold? When Clarence comes to speak of his reception among the shades of his kinsmen, it is quite another thing. It is of great importance that we should be made acquainted with the *manner* in which they addressed to him their several speeches; for the *manner* is almost all. Here, then, therefore, Mr. Fennell was in the right. But, in mere description, it is the words themselves that are to affect us; and the speaker is to feel, but not act them. It is not by pronouncing

TREMBLING....RAGING!!! *fainting*,

that an orator is to impress us with

Trembling, raging, fainting;

the words are themselves echoes to their several senses, and require only to be uttered with a regular increase of of emotion. Instead of setting our hair on end with RAGING!!! the height of the emotion should be reserved for "fainting:" here it is that the climax reaches its summit; here it is that the poet discovers he has exhausted his art—here, therefore, he adds—

Possest beyond the Muse's painting.

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In describing Fear, who—

back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made,

Mr. Fennell rather gave us Horror. Fear had touched the "shell," but surely he did not recoil with knit brow and starting eye-ball, as if he had touched an adder? The Fear intended by the poet is of that species we distinguish by the name of Trepidation. I will take a future occasion of inquiring more at length into this *principle* of oratory; in the mean time, I request you to take it into consideration whether it were not decidedly better that Mr. Fennell should rely rather on the richness of his voice (a fund on which he is so well able to draw) than on that *demi-action* he employs? I take the liberty, also, to express a wish that we may hear from that gentleman, Warton's *Ode to Fancy*, Thomson's *Hymn on the Seasons*, Mason's *Ode to Truth*, the *Choice of Hercules*, and a few of the *Fables* of Langhorne; poems more than ordinarily adapted to the display of those beauties in the art of speaking of which he is so complete a master, and which render his readings and recitations so elegant and so valuable an object of public admiration and patronage.

AUDITOR.

THE BRITISH DRAMA.

A new grand Legendary Melo-Drama, entitled, *The Sleeping Beauty*, was produced at Drury-Lane, on the 6th December ultimo. It is the production of Mr. Skeffington, and much as may have been hoped from the taste and genius of that gentleman, the reality has far exceeded the most sanguine expectation. The scene is laid in England, in the remote age of chivalry, the happiest, perhaps, that an author could chuse, who wished to combine all the beauties of spectacle with the fascinations of Romance. The piece commences with a most beautiful view of the country, and a party of *Huntsmen* enter.—Two Knights Errant, *Aldibert* and *Orwin*, upon hearing from *Old Ellen*, who is 117 yeas old, that *Ethelinday* and all her attendants, have been asleep 100 years in the enchanted wood, determine, accompanied by their 'Squire *Launcelot*, to rescue them, by breaking the charm; in which *Aldibert* is assisted by *Melzarina*, the good fairy, who descends with the clouds on the stage. This is effected in a manner the most novel and beautiful that can be conceived. The adventurous knights proceed through the palace, and arrive at the grand saloon, where they find all the enchanted company fast asleep, in full youth and beauty, in the exact state in which they were 100 years before. In the bosom of *Eward* the favorite page, they find some verses, which are sung by the sleeping page. The folding doors that concealed the *Sleeping Beauty* are forced, and disclose the most magnificent scene ever produced upon a Theatre. The charm is now broken, and the various characters awake, just as they were when they fell asleep a century before. Several beautiful dances succeed. The Knights then swear to protect their fair mistresses from the usurper, whose power they dread. *Edward* the Page seeks his beloved *Ellen*, and finds her a poor decrepid old woman. Perceiving his dissappointment, she releases him from his promise; but he nobly declares his affection unaltered; and his constancy is rewarded by her transformation into a beautiful young lady. The moral is pretty, and and worthy the refined taste of the author. The Usurper, *Ethelred*, and his guards, obtain entrance into the castle, by a subterraneous passage, when *Aldibert* challenges him to single combat. *Ethelred* is killed. The hands of the knights and the enchanted damsels are joined by the *Good Fairy*, and the whole concludes with a most magnificent scene of transparent pillars and other ornaments. The overture is beautiful, and was loudly applauded. The songs possess sweetness, taste and science. The accompaniments to the Melo-Drama are grand and appropriate. The sketch of the fable announces this piece out of the ordinary line. There is nothing common or hacknied about it. The foundation may rest, indeed, upon an old story; but the superstructure and the order are all new, striking and eccentric. They furnish proofs of original genius, finished taste, and fruitful fancy. Such is the piece with which Mr. Skeffington has enriched the stage. It is, perhaps, the most elegant scenic exhibition ever presented to a British audience. Upon many previous occasions, the liberality of the Managers has been carried to excess. It has seldom failed to produce grandeur and brilliancy.

OPERA-HOUSE.

A New Melo-dramatic Ballet, entitled, *Naval Victory and Triumph of Lord Nelson*, composed by Sig. Rossi, was produced, for the first time, on Saturday night. The first scene is a distant view of Cape Trafalgar and the *Victory*, with Lord NELSON on the quarter-deck, attempting to break the enemy's line. The next scene presents a view between decks of the *Victory*, and the death of Lord NELSON in his cabin. The subsequent scenes are in London, and consist of a view of the Admiralty, the entrance of *Britannia* in her chariot, drawn by lions, and

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followed by *Mars* and *Minerva*. The temple of immortality, which descends in clouds, and exhibits a likeness Lord NELSON, concludes the piece. Horace wisely observes,

"————*Non tamen intus*
Digna geri promes in scenam, multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens."

A deviation from this rule proved fatal to the piece. The feelings of the audience were hurt at the exhibition of the dying agonies of their beloved hero, in his last solemn moments; hisses issued from every part of the house, which Mr. BRAHAM's eloquence, who several times addressed the audience, in vain attempted to restrain.

When the curtain dropped, Mr. BRAHAM came forward, and stated that the piece was withdrawn.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.
OLD BALLAD.

The ensuing song appears to have been written by one of the gayest of the Comus court. If it want the energy of Anacreon and Horace, it exhibits much of their ease and philosophy.

When once the gods, like us below,
To keep it up design,
Their goblets with fresh nectar flow,
Which make them more divine.
Since drinking deifies the soul,
Let's push about the flowing bowl.

The glittering star and ribbon blue,
That deck the courtier's breast,
May hide a heart of sable hue,
Though by a king carest.
Let him in pride and splendor roll,
We're happier o'er a flowing bowl.

For liberty let patriots rave,
And damn the courtly crew;
Because, like them, they want to have
The loaves and fishes too.
I care not who divides the cole,
So I can share a flowing bowl.

Let Mansfield Lord Chief Justice be,
Sir Fletcher Speaker still;
Let gallant Rodney rule the sea,
And Pitt the Treasury fill.
No place I want throughout the whole,
I want an ever-flowing bowl.

The son wants squaretoes at Old Nick,
And Miss is mad to wed,
The Doctor wants us to be sick,
The Undertaker, dead;
All have their wants from pole to pole
I want an ever-flowing bowl.

The genius and gaiety displayed in the ensuing fable, as well as the exquisite propriety of the moral, cannot fail to charm the judicious reader.

THE SATYR AND PEDLAR.

A FABLE.

Words are, so Walliston defines,
Of our ideas merely signs,
Which have a power at will to vary,
As being vague and arbitrary.
Now Damn'd, for instance—all agree
Damn'd's the superlative degree;
Means that alone, and nothing more,
However taken heretofore.
Damn'd is a word can't stand alone,
Which has no meaning of its own;
But signifies or bad or good,
Just as its neighbour's understood.
Examples we may find enough;
Damn'd high, damn'd low, damn'd fine, damn'd stuff.
So fares it too with its relation,
I mean its substantive—Damnation.
The wit with metaphors makes bold
And tells you he's damnation cold:
Perhaps that metaphor forgot.
The self-same wit's damnation hot.
And here a fable I remember—
Once, in the middle of December,
When every mead in snow was lost,
And ev'ry river bound with frost;
When families got all together,
And feelingly talk'd o'er the weather;
When—pox of the descriptive rhyme—
In short, it was the winter time,
It was a pedlar's happy lot
To fall into a satyr's cot:
Shiv'ring with cold, and almost froze,
With pearly drop upon his nose;
His fingers' ends all pinch'd to death,
He blew upon them with his breath.
"Friend," quoth the satyr, "what intends
That blowing on thy finger's ends?"
"It is to warm them thus I blow,
For they are froze as cold as snow;
And so inclement has it been,
I'm like a cake of ice within."
"Come," quoth the satyr, "comfort, man!
I'll cheer thy inside, if I can;
You're welcome, in my homely cottage,
To a warm fire and mess of pottage."
This said, the satyr, nothing loth,
A bowl prepar'd of sav'ry broth,
Which, with delight, the pedlar view'd,
As smoking on the board it stood.
But, though the very steam arose,
With grateful odour, to his nose,
One single sip he ventur'd not,
The gruel was so wond'rous hot.
What can be done?—with gentle puff
He blows it, till 'tis hot enough.
"Why, how now, pedlar, what's the matter?
Still at thy blowing?" quoth the satyr.
"I blow to cool it," cries the clown,
"That I may get the liquor down;

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For though I grant you've made it well,
You've boil'd it, sir, as hot as hell."
Then raising high his cloven stump,
The satyr smote him on the rump;
" Begone, thou double knave or fool;
With the same breath to warm and cool!
Friendship with such I never hold,
Who're so damn'd hot, and so damn'd cold."

TO MY SWEETHEART.

Long have I sought, and sought in vain,
A sweet-heart fair to find;
But never yet could meet but one
Completely to my mind.

With red and white streak'd down your cheek,
Like blushes of the morn;
You look'd as sweet as any rose,
" A rose without a thorn."

With eager hands and sparkling eyes,
And face devoid of grief;
I prest thee to my longing lips,
O lov'd *New England Beef!*

EUPOLIS.

(*Charleston Courier.*)

Crambe, in the memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, said he was every day under the dominion of a certain word; such, for instance, as the word *led*, which not only governed him, but all the world besides. For, said he, noblemen and drunkards are *pimp-led*, physicians and pulses are *fee-led*, the patients and oranges are *pil-led*, a new married man and an ass are *brid-led*, an old married man and a packhorse are *sad-led*. Cats and dice are *rat-led*, swine and nobility are *sty-led*, a coquette and a tinder-box are *spark-led*, a lover and a blunderer are *grov-led*.

An Hibernian member of a strolling company of comedians, in the north of England, lately advertised for his benefit, " An Occasional Address to be spoken by a new Actor." This excited great expectation among the town's people. Upon the benefit night the Hibernian stepped forward, and, in a deep brogue, thus addressed the audience:

To-night a new actor appears on your stage,
To claim your protection and your patronage:
Now who do you think this new actor may be?
Why turn round your eyes and look full upon me,
And then you'll be sure this new actor to see.

Upon this our hero made his bow and retired. The effect upon the audience may be easily imagined—the Hibernian's whim produced a loud and general roar of laughter.

A drama, of a very singular nature, was lately brought out on the French stage. It is called *Le Babillard*, and is properly called a monologue, consisting of ten or twelve scenes. In fact, there is no dialogue, for only one person opens his mouth throughout the whole piece. This loquacious hero is called *Dorante*. He puts to flight five women with his tongue, remains master of the field of battle, and still talks while he remains alone on the scene. In the first scene, without allowing his valet the opportunity of putting in a word, he informs him of his love for a lady, of his hopes, and project for marriage. In the second scene he meets his mistress, silences her by his volubility, and always interprets her silence in his favour. In the third, the father and mother of the lady arrive, and the audience expect at last to have some dialogue, but their hopes are vain. The indefatigable Dorante speaks for the father and mother, and replies for his mistress. In short, all the other personages who appear have only the opportunity of expressing their sentiments by gestures. This whimsical *bluette* was loudly applauded on the first representation, and the Parisians crowd to see it every night. Much of its success was owing to the exertions of the actor who performed Dorante. He shewed that he possessed a happy memory; had he paused a moment for the prompter, the piece had been lost. At the conclusion, the name of the author was, according to the French custom, called for. One of the mute performers stepped forward, and was going to open his mouth for the first time, in order to satisfy the curiosity of the audience, but the talkative Dorante was too quick for him, and interrupted him with—" The piece which we have had the honour to represent"—" You should say, which *I* have had the honour to represent," cried a voice from the pit. The author was declared to be M. Charles Maurice, who wrote before a little piece called *Les Consolateurs*.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

On reading Little's Poems.

Prudery, perchance, as here she beams
Thro' modesty's affected veil,
May blush to look on nature's themes,
And spurn the Bard's enamour'd tale.

Perchance the frown of crabbed age
Its soul to profferr'd bliss may steal;
And mark as errors in the page
Affections which it cannot feel!

But every pulse of generous youth
To sympathetic joys must move,
And life asserts each nobler truth
When friendship warms a mutual love!

Then (far from themes of labor'd art)
Be mine the soft ingenuous strain,
Which, stealing thro' the *poet's* heart,
Steals thro' the reader's heart again!

TO ELIZA.

Dear girl, whilst thus I bend the knee,
A beggar I must prove;
Nor whilst I claim the boon from thee,
Return thee love for love!

For tho' I supplicate thy heart,
I cannot offer mine;
The gift is not my own t' impart,
It is already *thine!*

TO MARY.

And can you, Mary, then forego
The richest of mankind,
For one whose only wealth below
Is center'd in his mind?

And shall thy faithful bosom yearn
With friendship but for me?
And shall my mutual fondness turn
From every wish but thee?

Then must the bond that gives it birth
Our union constant prove:
Ourselves must be our only earth,
Our only wishes love!

SYMPATHY.

Sweet is the influence that can move
Two souls with one unchanging glow;
And bid the tide of mutual love
Thro' sympathetic bosoms flow;

Bless'd are the hearts, divinely bless'd,
Whose vital streams united run;
Which throb responsive thro' the breast,
And the pulse vibrate, both in one!

C. B.

To Mary, on her Canary Bird.

"I wish I were thy bird." Shakes. Romeo.

You bird that flutters in his cage,
And seems to struggle to be free
Knows not the care he would engage
Dear Mary, when at large from thee!

For should he break his silken chain,
And seek the songsters of the wood;
Still would he fly to you again,
Where center'd rests his only good!

For me whose heart, like him, is bound,
In Mary's unresisted cage;
I would not leave my measur'd ground,
For all the freedom of the age!

For should my light and winged heart,
Soar through the limits of the world,
Still would it dread misfortune's dart,
By faithless hate and falsehood hurl'd;

But by my Mary's bonds repress'd
Slavery itself becomes a bliss;
My only prison is her breast,
And each resistless chain a kiss!

C. B.

ANACREONTIC.

O! bring the flowing goblet here,
That lulls the soul to sleep;
And as its pow'rs my bosom cheer,
Let me forget to weep!

It cannot be!—when mourns the soul,
With temporary woe,
Wine may promote its genial rest,
And sorrow cease to flow;

But when the *wishes* cease to live,
And death becomes a friend,
Life's only cure, that wine can give,
Is *hast'ning on its end!*

C. B.

Ode on the death of James Beattie, L. L. D. "author of the Minstrel," &c. written in imitation and chiefly collected from that Poem.

High on a rock that frowns o'er Eden's wave,
A youthful minstrel stood, in wild despair;
Loose flow'd his vest, and careless sorrow gave
His auburn ringlets to th' unconscious air!
Rude were his features, and his bosom bare;
Tears quench'd his eyes, that glisten'd erst with fire;
And as he tun'd the echoing notes of care,
Grief seem herself to animate his lyre,
To rouse the feeling strain, and every verse inspire.

'Mourn Edwin, mourn, thy rev'rend guardian dead!
'He who thy breast from false desires redeem'd!
'Cold is the hand which then thy footsteps led,
'Clos'd are those eyes whence heav'nly pity beam'd,
'Silent the heart which in his features gleam'd,
'And mute, for ever mute, the genial tongue,

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'That tongue which inspiration's image seem'd,
'Whilst on his lips celestial doctrines hung
'* And revelation will'd, the music that he sung!
'The warbling groves—the garniture of fields,
'The solemn night—the blaze of perfect day;
'All that the healthful dew of morning yields,
'And all that echoes to the evening lay;
'No more their Beathe's rural charms display!
'For me—whose wand'ring heart his maxims drew,
'From fancy's paths to reason's purer way;
'Here, on his recent tomb I fix my view,
'And pour my endless sighs, and weep my soul's adieu!
'Yet no!—hark! 'tis his voice'! "let those their doom
"Deplore—whose hope is still their dark sojourn;
"But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
"Can smile at fate, and wonder how they mourn!
"Shall endless darkness shroud the stranger's bourne?
"Shall man be born to vegetate in vain?
"No!—Heav'n's immortal spring shall yet return,
"And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
"Bright thro' th' eternal years of love's triumphant reign!"

* See Beattie's work, on the evidences of Christianity. 2 vols. duod.

For the Port Folio.

REFLECTION AT SEA.

Ah! what dangers the ocean of life overwhelm,
When youth's giddy bark on its surface appears;
Should desire be the pilot that rules at the helm,
And the pleasures of folly the course that she steers!
Whilst perchance the gay morning of fortune may smile,
Too incautious ambition unfurls every sail;
And whilst Syrens of ease the frail vessel beguile,
She is stranded on shoals where temptations prevail!
Or at length when the clouds of adversity low'r,
And the lightnings of famine and poverty glare,
Too distracted to brave the wild hurricane's power,
She for ever is wreck'd on the rocks of despair!

C. B.

For the Port Folio.

On the death of an amiable young man who died at College, aged 22 years—after a life of continual sickness and pain.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother;—very pleasant hast thou been unto me;—thy love to me was wonderful!"—2 Saml. 1, 26.

O me prophetic soul!—and did my heart
So justly true the fatal fear impart!
Did sorrow tell me when my S—r's breast
First bade me slumber in its generous rest;
That heart should mourn an early exile thence,
Ere yet the joys of friendship could commence?
And yet, dear youth, the same internal dread
Had mark'd thee, conscious, for the fleeting dead;
The hour that gave reflecting wisdom birth
Told thee how short thy sad career on earth!
Each rising year proclaim'd the tale again,
With louder summons and severer pain;
Whilst nature seem'd to tremble on the brink,
Ev'n life itself in hourly death to shrink;
And every pulse chain'd by the sad control
Fell in th' expiring conflict, save thy *soul!*
That soul the mirror of ingenuous youth,
Whose every thought, and every wish was truth;
That soul, which yet (in mercy) may impart
Its wonted influence to my bleeding heart;
That soul, oppress'd by sorrow's bitterest sway,
Taught thee, resign'd, to suffer and obey;
Undaunted watch'd the limits of thy breath
And smil'd triumphant 'midst the pangs of death!

C. B.

EPIGRAM.

"Frailty, *thy name* is woman."—Hamlet, Shak.

If Frailty's name is woman's self,
A name which nature gave:
Sure *man* must be the weaker elf,
Still to be Frailty's slave!

C. B.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, March* 22, 1806. [No. 11.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 161.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IN transcribing the third stanza of the first ternary, I have inadvertently copied the mistake committed in Dr. Anderson's edition of the *British Poets*. Instead of 'With Arts sublime,' &c. the passage should read,

With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way.

These *sublime arms* of Venus, *floating upon the air*, are not, I confess, exactly to my taste. Mr. Wakefield has a note upon the verse, from which, however, I derive no reconciliation with the text: 'Mr. Thomson presents us with a similar image of great elegance:

"While the Peacock spreads
"His ev'ry-colour'd glory to the sun,
"And *swims* in radiant majesty along."
Spring, 780.

Upon the verse that follows, Mr. Wakefield gives a note in which, in my judgment, he combats a contemptible criticism with but feeble arms:

'Ver. 39. She wins her easy way.

'The word *wins* has been objected to in this application, but I think without reason; as the idea of skill and dexterity seems full as much contained in it as that of difficulty. We cannot, however, have a more decisive proof of Mr. Gray's merit, than by observing with what petty cavils despairing criticism is forced to content herself, in her endeavours to depreciate his poetry!'

It appears to me, that, to those who object to the use of the verb *to win*, in this verse, it is only necessary to answer, that it signifies, among other things, *progressive motion*. *Win* and *wind* have doubtlessly the same etymon. *Ventus*, says Minshew, *à ventitando; quod cum impetu veniat*. Perot: *Nam ventus est aër motus. Venire est movere.* I suspect that it were better said, *quod veniat*, than *quod cum impetu veniat*; but, however this may be, *to win* means the mere *moving onward*, and does not necessarily suppose either *skill* or *difficulty*. Thus Johnson, in his *Dictionary*, gives us, as one of the interpretations of the word, that of *to gain ground*; and which he illustrates from the text of Shakespeare:

The rabble will in time *win* upon power.

With respect to the other significations of to *win*; as to *conquer*, to *obtain*; they are merely secondary. The original sense is to *move forward*, and, I believe, in whatever manner; the others express the *arrival at the object of motion*. If any *skill* or *difficulty* in the act were implied by to *win*, I should think the matter worse and worse, in what regards the *sublime* arms of Venus. Instead of *floating* upon the air, we must see them buffetting the 'azure deep,'

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and the goddess really *swimming*. I should begin to think that gentleman's question not so *mal à propos*, who, in the dearth of other small-talk, asked a fine lady whether she could *swim*; and, all this *skill* and *difficulty* remembered, I should be at a loss to discover the propriety of the poet's description:

In *gliding* state, she wins her *easy* way.

She wins implies no more than that *she wends*, *goes*, or *moves*—her way.

In writing on a literary subject, I believe I ought not to leave Mr. W's note without setting a mark on the wretched English, 'We cannot, however, *have* a more decisive proof of Mr. Gray's merit than *by observing*, &c.

'Of the third ternary,' says Johnson, 'the first gives a mythological birth of Shakespeare. What is said of that mighty genius is true; but it is not said happily: the real effects of his poetical power are put out of sight by the pomp of machinery. Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction is worse than useless.'

The 'mythological birth' is in reality a mythological education. It represents Shakespeare as the child of Nature, laid in the *green lap* of Albion; as permitted to see his awful mother's face unveiled, and as presented by her with instruments for painting her features and opening her powers. This and the succeeding stanza have been considered as so closely connected, and the different decisions of Johnson upon each will appear, when viewed together, so curious, that I shall give them unseparated in transcription:

Far from the Sun, and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd:
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears!

Nor second he that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of extasy,
The secrets of th' abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of space and time:
The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace!

'Where truth is sufficient to fill the mind, fiction,' says Johnson, 'is worse than useless; the counterfeit debases the genuine:' but, 'his account of Milton's blindness, if we suppose it caused by study in the formation of his poem, is poetically true, and happily imagined.' So, then, though fiction is equally employed in speaking both of Shakespeare and Milton, in the one case it is 'happily' and in the other, 'not happily.' The fiction, with respect to Milton, is 'poetically true;' but, with respect to Shakespeare, 'fiction is worse than useless.' I appeal, however, to every reader, whether, if 'the account of Milton's blindness,' even 'if we suppose it caused by study, in the formation of his poem,' be 'poetically true, it be not alike 'poetically true,' that Shakespeare was the child of Nature, and received from her his pencil and his keys? What do I say? The fiction of Shakespeare is nothing more than a personification; it is a poetical detail of metaphysical truth; it is a fiction conceived upon the legitimate principles of fiction: the fiction of Milton's blindness is a daring historical untruth. The one is an allegory, the other, a falsehood. If it were true, as it appears it is not, and therefore cannot be 'allowably supposed,' that Milton lost his sight through 'study in the formation of his poem,' could we, even upon this foundation, as justly say of Milton,

The living throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night,

as, of Shakespeare, that—

To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face; the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smil'd:
This pencil take, she said, whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal boy!

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This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or hope the sacred source of sympathetic
Tears?

Other critics have not thought so hardly of the fiction in the first stanza, nor so favourably of that in the second. Mr. Wakefield expresses himself as follows: 'Our critic's judgment upon Mr. Gray's allegory of Shakespear, and his representation of Dryden, which is certainly characteristic, are to the last degree wretched and insipid.'—Of the account of Milton's blindness, Mr. W. observes, 'It certainly is no such hyperbolical fiction for poetry, which has the immemorial privilege of *quidlibet audendi*, to attribute the loss of Milton's eyes to the dazzling splendor of those heavenly visions which he contemplated during the composition of *Paradise Lost*; when he himself ascribes this misfortune to his studious exertions in the cause of liberty:

"—What supports me, dost thou ask?
"The conscience, friend, to 'ave lost them overply'd
"In Liberty's defence, my noble task,
"Of which all Europe talks, from side to side.

'*Sonn.*'

'An ingenious person,' says Mason, 'who sent Mr. Gray his remarks anonymously on this and the following ode, soon after they were published, gives this stanza and the following a very just and well-expressed eulogy: "A poet "is perhaps never more conciliating "than when he praises favourite pre- "decessors in his art. Milton is not "more the pride than Shakespear the "love of *their* country: it is there- "fore equally judicious to diffuse a ten- "derness and a grace through the praise "of Shakespear, as to extol in a strain "more elevated and sonorous the bound- "less soarings of Milton's epic imagi- "nation." The critic has here well noted the beauty of contrast which results from the two descriptions; yet it is further to be observed, to the honor of our poet's judgment, that the tenderness and grace in the former do not prevent it from strongly characterizing the three capital perfections of Shakespeare's genius; and, when he describes his power of exciting terror (a species of the sublime) he ceases to be diffuse, and becomes, as he ought to be, concise and energetical.' On the fiction of Milton's blindness, Mr. Mason has a copious and interesting note:

'This has been condemned as a false thought, and more worthy of an Italian poet than of Mr. Gray. Count Algarotti, we have found in his letter to Mr. How, praises it highly; but, as he was an Italian critic, his judgment, in this point, will not perhaps, by many, be thought to overbalance the objection. The truth is, that this fiction of the cause of Milton's blindness is not beyond the bounds of poetical credibility, any more than the fiction which precedes it concerning the birth of Shakespeare, and therefore would be equally admissible, had it not the peculiar misfortune to encounter a fact too well known: on this account, the judgment revolts against it. Milton himself has told us, in a strain of heart-felt exultation (see his Sonnet to Cyriac Skynner), that he lost his eye-sight,

——overply'd
IN LIBERTY'S DEFENCE, *his* noble task;
Whereof all Europe rings from side to side.

And, when we know this to have been the true cause, we cannot admit a fictitious one, however sublimely conceived, or happily expressed. If, therefore, so lofty and unrivalled a description will not atone for this acknowledged defect, in relation to matter of fact, all that the impartial critic can do, is to point out the reason, and to apologize for the poet, who was necessitated by this subject to consider Milton only in his poetical capacity.

'Since the above note was published,' continues Mr. Mason, 'Mr. Brand, of East Deerham, in Norfolk, has favoured me with a letter, in which he informs me of a very similar hyperbole, extant in a MS. commentary upon Plato's Phædon, written by Hermias, a Christian philosopher of the second century, and which is printed in Bayle's Dictionary (Art. Achilles). It contains the following anecdote of Homer:— "That, keeping some sheep near the

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tomb of Achilles, he obtained, by his offerings and supplications, a sight of that hero; who appeared to him surrounded by so much glory, that Homer could not bear the splendor of it, and that he was not only dazzled, but blinded by the sight." The ingenious gentleman makes no doubt but Mr. Gray took his thought from this passage, and applauds him for the manner in which he has improved on it: he also thinks in general, "that a deviation from historical truth, though it may cast a shade over the middling beauties of poetry, produces no bad effect where the magnificence and brilliance of the images entirely fill the imagination;" and, with regard to this passage in particular, he intimates, "that as the cause of Milton's blindness is not so well known as the thing itself, the licence of poetical invention may allow him to assign a cause different from the real fact." However this may be, the very exact resemblance which the two thoughts bear to one another will, I hope, vindicate Mr. Gray's from being a modern concetto, in the taste of the Italian school, as it has been deemed to be, by some critics. But this resemblance will do more (and it is on this account, chiefly, that I produce, and thank the gentleman for communicating it); it will prove the extreme uncertainty of deciding upon poetical imitations; for I am fully persuaded that Mr. Gray had never seen, or at least attended to, this Greek fragment. How scrupulous he was in borrowing even an epithet from another poet, many of his notes on this ode fully prove. And as to the passage in question, he would certainly have cited it, for the sake of vindicating his own taste by classical authority, especially when the thought had been so much controverted.' I shall close these extracts with one from the letter of Count Algarotti, containing the passage referred to by Mr. Mason:

'Vivissima è la pittura del pargoletto Shakespear, che tende le tenerelle mani e sorride alla natura che gli svela reverendo suo sembiante, e dipoi gli fa dono di quelle auree chiavi, che hanno virtù di schiudere le porte del riso, e la sacre fonte del simpatico pianto. Non può essere più poetica la ragione ch'egli fabbrica della cecità del Miltono, il quale, oltrepassati i fiammanti confine dello spazio e del tempo, ebbe ardire di fissare lo sguardo colà dove gli angioli stessi paventano di rimirare; e gli occhi suoi affuocati in quel pelago di luce si chiusero tosto in una notte sempiterna.'

I come now to the concluding observation of Johnson: 'But the *car* of Dryden, with his *two coursers*, has nothing in it peculiar; it is a car in which any other rider may be placed.'—If this criticism be allowed, it must be on the score that the poetry of Dryden has nothing in it peculiar; for that the *car* borne *o'er the fields of glory* by *two coursers of ethereal race*,

With necks in thunder cloth'd and long-resounding pace,

conveys certain characteristic ideas to the mind, no reader will hesitate to acknowledge. In truth, this is only a more animated picture of what Pope had said before, who attributés to Dryden,

The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

I am arrived at the last stanza of the ode:

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn!
But, ah! 'tis heard no more!—
Oh! Lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing, with supreme dominion,
Through the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great!

The introduction of Dryden, at the second stanza of this ternary, has enabled the poet, by a very happy transition, to conclude as he begun, with the Lyric Muse:

Hark, his hands the *lyre* explore!

He represents the lyre as silent between

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the days of Dryden and himself, and ends the ode with a view of his own powers and expectations: 'We have had in our own language,' says Mr. Gray, 'no other ode of the sublime kind than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's day; for Cowley (who had his merit) *yet* wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason, indeed, of late days, has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses,—above all, in the last of Caractacus:

"Hark! heard ye not yon footstep tread?"

'This image of Pindar,' says Mr. Wakefield, 'is principally derived from a passage in Horace, in which he contrasts himself with the Theban bard; a passage which, for elegance of thought, beauty of expression, and melody of verse, is not excelled by any part of his *lyric* compositions:

"Multa Dircæum levat aura cygnum
"Tendit, Antoni, quoties in altos
"Nubium tractus. Ego, apis matinæ
"More modoque,
"Grata carpentis thyma per laborem
"Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique
"Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus
"Carmina fingo."

'That happy suspension of the verse—*tendit, Antoni*—gives additional dignity to the description, and almost exhibits to our eye the majestic ascension of the bird:

"A swelling gale bears up the Theban swan,
"While through the clouds sublime he wings his way.
"I, like a matin bee, that sips the flow'rs
"With toil assiduous o'er th' irriguous banks
"Of Tybur, painful frame my labour'd verse"

On the verses —

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun,

Mr. W. observes,—'a new and very curious image! attired in as curious expression.'

This passage describes in a lively and pleasing manner the ideas that appear and sparkle and vanish in the mind. I had thought the language drawn from the line,——

Like the gay motes that people the sunbeams;

but I find in the *Poetical Works* of *Thomas Gray*, LL. B. London, 1800, a note which appears to afford at once the derivation of the idea and the phraseology: 'This passage seems borrowed from the following in sir William Temple's Essay on Poetry, in his *Miscellanies*: "There must be," says he, "a spritely imagination or fancy, fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner, and, *by the light of that true poetical fire*, discovering a thousand little bodies or images in the world, and similitudes among them, unseen to common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of *that* sun."

When I commenced this review, my design extended, as I described, only to the consideration of the ode, in company with Johnson's remarks; but, having been induced, as I have proceeded, to examine, with equal attention, the notes of Wakefield, Mason, and others, I feel myself in some danger of offending through prolixity. At length, however, I have thus far made an end. In my fourth letter, I shall trouble you with my final observations on the *Progress of Poesy*. The present I shall conclude with the general observations of a critic cited by Mr. Mason:

'The Critic above quoted concludes his remarks upon this ode, which he had written after his observations on the *Bard*, in a manner which accounts, in in my opinion, for the superior pleasure *it* [*Quere, the Progress of Poesy, or the Bard?*] has given to him, and also to the generality of readers: "I quit," says he, "this ode with the strongest conviction of its abundant merit; though I took it up (for this last attentive perusal) persuaded that it was not a little inferior to the other. They are not the treasures of imagination only that have so copiously enriched it; it speaks, but surely less feelingly than the *Bard* (still my favourite) to the heart. Can we, in truth, be equally interested *for* the fabulous, exploded gods of other nations (celebrated in the first half of this ode) as *by* the story of our own Edwards and Henries, or allusions to it? Can a description, the most perfect language

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ever attained to, of tyranny expelling the Muses from Parnassus, sieze the mind equally with the horrors of Berkely-Castle, with the apostrophe to the Tower?

And spare the meek Usurper's holy head!

'I do not mean, however, wholly to decry fabulous subjects or allusions, nor more than to suggest the preference due to historical ones, where happily the poet's fertile imagination supplies him with a plentiful choice of both kinds, and he finds himself capable of treating both, according to their respective natures, with equal advantage.' STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Little children, keep yourselves from "idols."

The Apostle John, in the final paragraph of his letter, addressed to every denomination of Christians, proposes the above injunction.

At first view it might seem to be nothing more than a republication of one of the commandments, to abstain from idolatry, and an ignorant caviller might smile at the fancied absurdity of such a caution, addressed to *little children.*

But this precept of the Evangelist was not intended for the nursery. Infants of the largest growth we know have their rattles and "idols", and the "little children," whom John meant to keep safe, were men and women, who had reached the full measure of their stature, but who, from levity or profligacy, might become too fondly attached to objects "earthly, sensual, or devilish."

A learned commentator upon this passage might here exclaim, thou blind Lay Preacher, worthy to be classed with the foolish Galatians, cannot you perceive that your text was designed merely as a warning against the worship of images, set up by the Pagans, and that the Gentiles were the little children, whom John thus seriously invoked.

This is too partial and narrow an explanation.

I am willing to suppose that John, like other zealous Christians of that age, was anxious to strip each Roman temple of its false God. But the Apostle well knew that there were idols, the objects of fond adoration, besides brazen or ivory statues of Jupiter and Mercury. Even in this enlightened period, when altars are no more, and the smoke of heathen sacrifice no longer ascends, numerous idols are reverenced; and when the Lay Preacher enumerates their names, all his readers will agree with him that those who bow the knee to these modern Baals are "little children", always weak, and sometimes wicked.

A number of pretty women of my acquaintance have and will, in spite of my admonitions, set up a certain smooth-faced *idol*, on the top of their toilets. They call it a looking-glass, and worship it hourly. This is a most pernicious idol; a great cheat of their time, and an artful flatterer of their beauty. They straightway retire and forget what manner of persons they should prove. They forget the blandishments of the fond husband, and are deaf to the pathetic wailings of the neglected child. They become impatient of every domestic duty, and are careful alone with much care to be decked in purple, and perfumed with *all powders of the merchant.*— *Little* Misses! listen to a friend. Break your idol. It is brittle enough, I assure you. Read instructive books; and sometimes, on a Sunday, sermons: much better ones I mean than those of the Lay Preacher.

Another species of *glass* is a more fashionable idol than the one recently described. Its name, ye topers, haunting every Temple of Excess, is *drinking glass.* In devotion to this bewitching idol, I have seen whole companies so absorbed, with elevated eyes and outstretched hands, that, until I heard execration, I almost fancied them penitent and pious. Reeling, hiccupping, and lisping, what nearer resemblance to "little children," who stammer and sprawl, can be discovered, then those sottish worshippers of wine, who have all

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the imbecility of infancy, without its innocence.

The sons of sloth might be supposed so sunken in sleep, as to be incapable of that degree of activity, necessary for prostration to an idol. But the ingenuity of the sluggard's mind seems to supply, in this instance, the want of bodily exertion. Like those torpid monks, who have contrived not to court Piety abroad, but to preclude long journeys, keep her semblance in their cell, the idler, if I may so express it, has *domesticated* his idol. He does not even wake to bow himself before it, but, supine in bed, fondly hugs his pillow! Could snorers be roused from this dream, and *put away this strange God*, how, in the beautiful phrase of Dr. Young,

"How would it bless mankind, and *rescue me!*"

Popularity is a great idol, sought with more assiduity then ever Dagon was by the Philistines, or the calf in Oreb by the Israelites,

Or Ashtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns;
To whose bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and songs,
Or—Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abana and Pharpar, lucid streams.

To this idol, more fantastic than the Mumbo Jumbo of the rudest Africans, what numerous sacrifices are hourly made, by the factious demagogue and the spurious patriot! To such gross villains and hypocrites might not an honest and indignant man, whether clothed with the divine authority of the author of my text, or the sober grey of the Lay Preacher, exclaim, ye *little* impostors, abstain from servile prostration before this despicable power. With what wild vagaries does it agitate your plotting heads and your beating hearts! How it diminishes dignity! how it increases fraud! how it superinduces a mental giddiness, a vertigo of the soul, which causes the wretched victim to *topple headlong* from every nobler elevation in life, into the very mire of infamy, or, as Cowper expresses it, into

The *pools* and *ditches* of the *Commonwealth.*

For the Port Folio.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY OF ANACREON.

Written by CNEIUS CRITO, and translated from the original by SEDLEY.

[*Continued.*]

CHAP. II.

"Ah! my dear Crito," he exclaimed, embracing me, "to have so early become convinced of the vanity of the sophists, and to throw yourself into the arms of the muses! I still deplore the time I passed in fruitless search after their pretended wisdom. Cultivate the inspiration which the Gods send you, and resign yourself entirely to the divine fire, with which Apollo inspires his favourites. As to a teacher, you need none but the divinity itself—if, however, you think my advice can be of any service to you, I shall give it with cheerfulness."

We then talked of poetry, as an art, and he explained to me the advantages it possesed over the other kinds of writing. "It is true," said he, "that fiction is its principal foundation: but this fiction is more useful to mankind than the pretended truths, of which the philosophers so much boast. They are perpetually contradicting each other, and their followers are so bewildered in their subtleties, that they know not what to believe, and they finally doubt every thing.‖ The poets all having the same end, to convey instruction in the most pleasant manner,¶

‖ The philosophers still preserve the character that Anacreon here gives. The Condorcets, the Wollstonecrafts, the Jeffersons, the Paines and the Godwins, are still incredulous, and still find no end, in wandering mazes lost. The last of these sages does not think it impossible but that *a beautiful white horse might start from the muzzle of his gun when he pulls the trigger, or that a plough may one day perform its own office, without any aid.* He must have some such reason as that of St. Augustine. *Credo quia impossibile est!*

¶ Horace does not confess his obligation to the Biographer, or to Anacreon, when he tells us that it is the business of the poet to mingle profit with delight—Simulet jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

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can derive even advantages from the errors and incertitudes of the schools. How much more forcibly does Homer impress us with reverence and awe for the Gods, than whole volumes of their definitions and logical deductions. See how he makes the earth tremble at the mere nod of the father of Olympus. This is the true language to inspire sublime ideas of the existence of a Supreme Being, the Creator of the World, who rewards virtue, and will punish vice.

The philosophers, on the contrary, by reasoning and disputing on the number, the attributes, and the employment of the Gods, stifle the innate propensity we have to believe in some over-ruling divinity. So it is with the physicians. Their strange and contradictory opinions are equally perplexing; and we know not what course to pursue. The legislators fall into the same difficulty; for their principles are regulated by habit or climate, and are swayed by prejudice or caprice. One approves of theft, and another punishes it: one holds that all men are equal, and another, whose notions are better, believes that no government can exist without subordination. One establishes the matrimonial tie, and another thinks it improper. I should fatigue you, if I were to enumerate all the diversities of their opinions. If from these we come to historians, how inferior are they to the poets. A writer, who professes to record the history of his own country, is prevented by fear or partiality from giving an unbiassed narrative. And if another country be the subject of his labours, there is as much to be feared from the indulgence of hatred and the satisfaction of revenge. We therefore can place no confidence in what they write.

These objections do not apply to the poet. His business is to please and instruct. We know that his fables are generally derived from fancy; but we see that there is an inspiring divinity within him: we know that it is Apollo or Minerva who speaks by his mouth.

The wrath of Peleus' son, the direful spring
Of woes unnumber'd—heavenly Goddess, sing—

Thus, you remember, Homer commences; and you will find all our poets imitating his modesty, and confessing the source of their inspiration. Who would dare, then, to disbelieve what they tell us, when fortified by such authority? *

I was listening attentively to Anacreon, when some of the company came out, to rally us upon quitting them so soon; and we were easily induced to return, upon being informed that they had just received some excellent wine from Chios. † Acestor, who was master of the revels, expressed his surprise that Anacreon should have retired so early; and added, that the wine was so good, they were resolved to drink all night, as the next day was a religious festival, with which they had no concern. To this proposition Anacreon strenuously objected for some time. Acestor at length exclaimed, that to punish his obstinacy, as well as to make amends for our deserting them, we should each drink an amystis§ of the new wine, which he was confident would be an effectual aid to their intreaties. The symposiarch|| being absolute, there was no resisting his decree: indeed, Anacreon was not averse from it, for he immediately cried to the attendant,

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was fill'd, as e'er was quaff'd.

* Some allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of the poet. The invocation to the muse is now merely an artifice, to unfold the contents of the poem, although, I believe, among the Ancients, it was made from a principle of religious duty.

† The Grecian epicures imported a great portion of their wines from Chios, for which it was celebrated.

§ Parrhasius, in his 26th epistle (Thesaur. Critic. vol. 1.) explains the amystis as a draught to be exhausted without drawing breath, "uno haustu." A note in the margin of this epistle of Parrhasius says, "Politianus vestem esse putabat;" but I cannot find where. M.

|| He who presided at the Grecian banquets was called the symposiarch.

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His good humoured acquiescence delighted every one, and we prayed him to continue his address. He drank his wine, and then he hesitated for a few moments. Suddenly he seemed to catch an idea that pleased him, and he resumed his song:

Fill me, boy, as deep a draught,
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaff'd;
But let the water amply flow,
To cool the grape's intemperate glow;
Let not the fiery god be single,
But with the nymphs in union mingle.
For though the bowl's the grave of sadness,
Oh! be it ne'er the birth of madness!
No, banish from our board to-night
The revelries of rude delight:
To Scythians leave these wild excesses;
Ours be the joy that soothes and blesses!
And while the temperate bowl we wreathe,
Our choral hymns shall sweetly breathe,
Beguiling every hour along,
With harmony of soul and song.¶

The music was received with raptures, but the sober advice was lost upon all. The wine was too delicious to be abandoned, and the first rays of Aurora dawned upon us before we retired. When I parted from Anacreon, he promised to renew our conversation on Poetry at some other time.

[*To be continued.*]

¶ The elegance of this translation renders it almost unnecessary to say that I am indebted to Mr. Moore for it. In his edition, it appears as the sixty second ode, and it is the fifty seventh in Barnes's. Mr Moore adds a note, which I think proper to copy, for the information of modern Bacchanals.

But let the water amply flow, &c. It was Amphictyon who first taught the Greeks to mix water with their wine; in commemoration of which circumstance they erected altars to Bacchus and the nymphs. On this mythological allegory the following epigram is founded: (The original, which is then cited, I need not repeat. Mr. Moore thus elegantly translates it.)

While heavenly fire consum'd his Theban dame,
A naiad caught young Bacchus from the flame,
And dipp'd him burning in her purest lymph;
Still, still he loves the sea-maid's chrystal urn,
And when his native fires infuriate burn,
He dashes him in the fountain of the nymph.

We learn from the Odyssey, that water was mixed with wine in the time of the Trojan war. Athenæus (lib. vi, cap. 2.) ascribes the honour of the invention to Melampus: by others it is given to Staphylus, son of Silenus. Pliny (lib. vii, cap. 56.) says, that Amphictyon, king of Athens, learnt it from Bacchus himself. And on this account he dedicated an altar to that God, under the title of *sober*, because from that time men began to return from entertainments *sober*, and *upright*.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF LOGAN.

[The subject of this Memoir is with great propriety styled an amiable and accomplished man, by his Biographer, Dr. Anderson. One cannot help esteeming Logan for the friendly interest he took in the reputation of the unfortunate Bruce, a poet of much promise, who perished in Life's early morn. He might be justly suspected to be deficient in Taste, and to be cursed with a bad heart, as well as a bad head, who could not feel the beauties of Logan's pathetic Song, "The Braes of Yarrow." This Poet may, in the estimation of shallow thinkers, be degraded among the mob of Gentlemen who write with ease; but in the opinion of those just enthusiasts, who admire the Caledonian spirit as well as the literature of north Britain, he will hold a rank as elevated as his own mind.]

Of the personal history of Logan there is no written memorial. With talents and virtues that commanded the admiration and esteem of his contemporaries, he has not had the good fortune to find a biographer. Perhaps the time approaches, when the public is to be presented with a full and candid representation of him and his writings. It is expected to accompany an edition of his "Miscellaneous Works," which has been long meditated by his friend and executor, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Robertson, minister of Dalmeny, already advantageously known to the public by his "Inquiry into the Fine Arts," "History of Mary Queen of Scots," and other learned and ingenious performances.

In the mean time, the present writer is able to give no other account of this accomplished and amiable man, than such as is supplied by casual information, and a very slight personal knowledge.

John Logan was born at Soutra, in the parish of Fala, in the county of Mid Lothian, about the year 1748. He was the second son of George Logan, a farmer at that place, and afterwards at Gossford, in the parish of Aberlady, in the country of East Lothian. He was a man of friendliness of disposition as a neighbour. In the latter part of his life he was visited by a disorder that affected his imagination and spirits, and produced an unhappy vacillation of mind, from which he was never perfectly relieved. His mother, Janet Waterston, was the

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daughter of John Waterston, a small proprietor of land at Howden, in the parish of Stowe, on Gala Water, and remarkable for nothing but the mildness of her piety, the gentleness of her disposition, and the simplicity of her manners. They had two sons, of whom the poet was the youngest. James, the eldest, followed the occupation of his father, which he quitted from after his death for the profession of physic. He settled in America, and served some time as a surgeon in the American army; and died several years before the poet. Both parents were Seceders, of the class called Burghers.

Early in life he discovered a propensity to learning; and the uncommon proficiency which he made in those branches of education usually taught in remote country villages, determined his parents to educate him for the clerical profession.

After passing through the usual course of school-education in the country, he was sent to the University of Edinburgh, where he attended the several classes of languages, and afterwards applied himself to the several branches of philosophy and theology with remarkable assiduity and success.

Soon after his coming to Edinburgh, he contracted an intimacy with Dr. Robertson, then a student at the university, which improved with their years, undisturbed by any casual mistake, or jealousy on either side. He also became acquainted with Bruce, who was his contemporary at the university. A similarity of taste and of pursuits soon brought on an intimacy between them, which continued without abatement till the death of Bruce.

He had before this time given evident signs of a propensity to the study of poetry, and discovered an early predilection for that more perfect species of poetical composition, which abounds in fiction and fancy, picturesque description, and romantic imagery. Hence the compositions of Spenser, Milton, Collins, Akenside, Gray, and Mason, became his favourite study; and from admiring their poetical beauties, the transition was easy to his believing himself capable of producing similar excellences. He began to write verses early; but unluckily none of his pieces are dated, so that it cannot be said at what precise age he composed them.

After the death of Bruce, he made a selection from his MSS. of such poems as he thought worthy of publication, and gave them to the world in a small 12mo volume, intituled "Poems on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce," printed at Edinburgh by subscription, in 1770, with a *Preface*, giving a short account of his life and character, and "some poems wrote by different authors." His share in this miscellany is variously represented by Dr. Robertson, and the friends of Bruce.

While he resided in the country, during the vacation of the college, the reputation of his abilities procured him the notice of Lord Elibank, who then resided at Ballencrief, in the parish of Aberlady; a nobleman, who to a consummate knowledge of polite literature, and other accomplishments becoming his rank, joined an exemplary spirit of true patriotism, whereof that part of the country with which he was connected still feels the salutary influence.

When he had completed his theological studies, he resided for some time in the family of Mr. Sinclair of Ulbster, as private tutor to his son, the present Sir John Sinclair, Bart. an employment in which he was succeeded by his friend Dr. Robertson. It is unnecessary to add, that the nation is indebted to the laudable patriotism of the pupil of Logan, and of Dr. Robertson, for the "Statistical Account of Scotland," and the establishment of the "Board of Agriculture."

After undergoing the usual trials appointed by the church, he was admitted a probationer of the Presbytery of Edinburgh, and soon obtained so much distinction, as an eloquent and affecting preacher, that he was chosen by the Kirk-Session and Incorporations, of South-Leith, to be one of the ministers of that parish, and ordained in 1773.

Whilst he was engaged in the duties of his clerical function, he was not negligent of literature; but continued from time to time to exert his poetical faculties in various kinds of metrical composition, to which nature gave him a strong impulse.

In 1779, he delivered to a voluntary set of pupils, in St. Mary's Chapel, Edinburgh, during the Winter Session of the College, a series of lectures on *The Philosophy of History*, and met with the countenance, approbation and friendship of Dr. Robertson, Principal of the university, Dr. Blair, Dr. Ferguson, and other men of genius and learning.

He read the same course of lectures during the Session of the College, 1780, with such general approbation, that he was encouraged to become a candidate for the Professorship of Universal History in the University, than vacant by the resignation of John Pringle, Esq: but this chair having been always filled by an advocate, he was reckoned inadmissible; and Alexander Fraser Tytler, Esq. was elected by the Magistrates and Council of the city, Feb. 16, 1780, upon a *leet* presented by the faculty of Advocates.

The reading of his lectures the year following not meeting with encouragement, he resolved to commit them to the press, and published an analysis of them, so far as they relate to ancient history, under the title of *Elements of the Philosophy of History*, 8vo, 1781, which was followed by one of the lectures *on the Manners and Governments*

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Asia, 8vo, 1782. This excellent production exhibits one of the most successful attempts to apply the science of moral philosophy to the illustration of the history of mankind, that has yet appeared.

The same year, 1781, he published his *Poems*, 8vo, in which he reprinted, with some alterations, the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, originally inserted in the Collection of poems published under the name of Bruce. A second edition of his poems appeared in 1782.

In 1783, he offered his *Runnamede*, a tragedy, to Mr. Harris, the managers of Covent-Garden Theatre, who put it in rehearsal, but a stop was put to its representation by an injunction from the Chamberlain's Office, on account of the allusions it was supposed to contain to the politics of the time. It was therefore first presented from the press; and notwithstanding the prejudice the world is apt to conceive against dramatic compositions that have not been exhibited on the stage, was very favourably received.

It was afterwards acted at the theatre in Edinburgh, with considerable applause.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

The reverend Mr. H. a gentleman of singular humour, and brother to a no less singular law peer, retired to ease and independence, as the Rector of ——, in the county of Kent. Being a justice of the peace, he was frequently teazed with some idle differences among the inhabitants of the place. Not being willing to be broken in upon by such frivolous complaints, when application was made to him for redress of some imaginary injury, his custom was to dismiss them, with saying, "He would send for them when he had leisure to attend to their business."—The first rainy day that next happened, he took care to send for the parties, and received them sitting in the porch of the door, which just provided shelter for himself and his clerk, whilst the complainants were obliged to stand exposed to the inclement sky, all the while uncovered, to pay proper respect to the king's justice of the peace. By this mean he entirely cured the country folks in the neighbourhood of litigious dispositions. His blunt manner of enforcing wholesome truths as a clergyman was as remarkable as his peculiarity in the commission of the peace. One Sunday he was preaching on moral duties from these words:—"Render therefore unto all their due."—In explaining his text. he observed, that there were duties which a man owed to himself as well as to others. "And," added he, "when they are not attended to, I never have a good opinion of that man. For this reason," he proceeded, turning himself to a particular part of the church, "I have never had a good opinion of you, John Trott, since you sold me those sheep, six months ago, and have never called for the money."

Mr. Lee, an eminent barrister, who travelled the Northern Circuit, was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. At Norwich a brief was brought him by the relation of a woman who had been deceived in a promise of marriage. Mr. Lee inquired, among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome? "A most beautiful face," was the answer. Satisfied with this, he desired she should be placed at the bar, immediately in front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view; and painting in glowing colours the guilt of the wretch who could injure so much beauty. When he perceived their feelings worked up to a proper pitch, he sat down, under the perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What then must have been his surprise, when the counsel retained by the opposite party rose and observed, that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff; but he begged leave to add, that she had a wooden leg. This fact, of which Mr. Lee was by no means aware, was established to his utter confusion; his eloquence was thrown away, and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effects it had produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against him.

For the Port Folio.

The politeness of the librarian of the Philadelphia Society, who never refuses to second the Editor's zeal to acquire useful and agreeable information, has furnished him with the following original and elegant billet from the Commentator on the laws of England to the rev. Mr. Preston, one of the munificent donors to the public library in this city.

'Mr. Justice Blackstone presents his compliments to Mr. Preston, and holds himself extremely obliged to him for his kind attention and valuable present of Marbles: a token of friendship, which derives as much value to him from the giver as from the spot whereon it was produced; and which, indeed, in the diversity of its tints and delicacy of its surface, is in itself thoroughly emblematical of the various accomplishments and polished manners of the donor.

Lincoln's Inn Fields, Friday 25 Nov. 1774.

Revd. Mr. Preston,
at Edward Vincent's, Esq.
Salisbury Court, Fleet-Street.'

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To the Editor of the Port Folio.

MY DEAR OLIVER,

May I take the liberty through you to ask Quidnunc how the words *progress'd, opposed,* and *inform* are misapplied in the passages he quotes. I have examined their definitions in Johnson's Dictionary; and they appear to me legal representatives of the meanings they are in these passages intended to express. This request, believe me, sir, is made with a view only to my improvement, that, having some general rule to be governed by, I may avoid such mistakes for the future.

Believe me, dear sir, your admiring and much indebted friend,

COLUMBIA.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No 4.

Nunc quid agitur?.... CICERO.

Though I have not yet found a Day sufficiently disengaged for entering upon that full display of my person and character with which I seriously intend to delight and instruct my reader, yet I flatter myself that, considering, what I hope nobody will dispute, that I am one of the lightest writers living, he is not, even now, wholly in the dark concerning my leading features; and, if I do not herein deceive myself, he will be at no loss to account for the importance he sees me attach to the very simple question I have taken the pains to quote from the most celebrated of writers, and employ in so conspicuous a manner. What are we now doing? Let those who are disposed to see any thing trivial in this question, weigh it a little, in either hand, and then tell me whether they do not discover in it, at last, some 'pith and moment?' Those who read, and remember as carefully as they ought, those Days of mine that are already past, will easily recognise, in my predilection for the passage, my habitual feelings. They will know with what emphasis I am for ever inclined to enforce it on the consideration of all ranks and conditions of men; upon potentates, presidents, politicians and *petit-maîtres;* upon soldiers, lawyers, merchants and fiddlers; upon bustlers and upon dreamers; upon coquets and upon hearts of sensibility; upon youth, upon manhood, and upon age. Alas! that I could enforce it sufficiently upon myself!

It is this sentiment of mine (which I would have to predominate over my Days) that renders welcome to me the efforts of every correspondent whose eyes are directed to the Day, and who drives, or saunters, through this city, a true disciple of the *Nunc quid agitur?* The Day now passing over us has brought me two epistles, to which I gladly resign the remaining space of my paper. The first is a second communication of my good friend *Auditor.* Satisfied as I am of his honest feelings toward the gentleman whose laudable and excellent public labours are the object of his animadversions, and that nothing but his love of the art would ever induce him even to graze the skin of the artist, I freely afford my assistance to the effect of criticisms, the tendency of which is no other than that of co-operating with the orator for the improvement of the public taste. On the subject of speaking, I shall just observe from myself, that while I hear much of gesture and the other more elevated graces, I, who love to begin at the beginning, felicitate myself on the prospect of our advancement in a more humble perfection. I indulge the hope that our citizens, as well private as public speakers, will be led, by their attentions and reflections on these readings and recitations, to pronounce the right vowels in their syllables; and that the time will come when we shall not hear from our most eminent divines and others, such words as impossebility, sacramunt, parunt, parint, charicter, childern, hunderd, sooperstition, &c. &c.

MR. DIARY,

The pleasure I derive from Mr. Fennell's readings and recitations continues to draw me to the University, and occasions you the trouble of a second letter. I was much gratified by the recitation of *Alexander's Feast;* but, in one or two instances, I conceive there was

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ground for animadversion. I do not approve of the introduction of those repetitions which belong to the ode only as set to music, and not to the written poem; as, 'sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and sigh'd, and sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and sigh'd again,' instead of the simple verse,

Sigh'd and look'd, and look'd and sigh'd again.

In delivering the verses,—

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble,

Mr. F. appeared to forget that they were sung, by the 'mighty master,'

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures:

he gave them the vigour and energy excited, on ordinary occasions by the words 'war,' and 'honour.' They should be so uttered as to inspire a contempt for their 'trouble' and 'emptiness;' and this can never be done by the expression employed by Mr. F. It was not by pealing in the ears of Alexander, with the accompaniments of the kettle drum and trumpet, the words 'War' and 'Honour,' that Timotheus

—sooth'd his captive soul to pleasures.

Mr. F. did not mark the conclusion of the song, and the recommencement of the narrative, at

The king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy.

Cato's Soliloquy was delivered with great elegance; but Mr. F. did not appear to understand a part of the text which, I freely grant, is obscure, and not to be properly spoken without some difficulty:

'Tis the divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

We have here, not two propositions, but one. It is not that, 'tis the divinity that *stirs within us*,' and 'Heav'n itself, that *points out an hereafter*;' but, that 'tis the divinity-that-stirs-within-us—'tis Heav'n itself—that points out an hereafter:' the 'divinity that stirs within us,' is no more than Addison's paraphrase of the Platonic expression, *the god within the mind*. It may be observed, that, by the help of the second term, 'tis Heav'n itself,' Addison modernises the sentiment, uniting the doctrines of Plato with our own; and thus rendering the language, appropriate to the mouth of Cato, agreeable also to the ears of a Christian audience.

A severe hoarseness prevented Mr. Woodham from adding, on this evening, his usual and very pleasing part of the entertainment; and Mr. Fennell was obliging enough, on this account, to add to the pieces prescribed, a repetition of *Clarence's Dream*. I cannot speak too highly of the *latter* part of this recitation; none who heard it have forgotten, I am sure, the line—

False, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence!

On a subsequent evening, Mr. F. has given us, with the grace so truly his own, two extracts from the delicious poetry of Thomson. The pleasure afforded by his *Johnny Gilpin* will no doubt induce him to pay further attention to the laughter-loving Muse.

Closely driven for a little paper, I shall take my leave of you, Mr. Diary, with a single observation on *Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death*. There are two senses which may be given to the words, 'To be, or not to be.'

To *be*, or not to *be*,

may mean that something shall be done or not be done, and it is usually delivered as if so taken; but,

To BE, or not to BE,

is intended to signify, as I believe it will not be disputed, To *exist*, or not to *exist*, not to *have being*; and the emphasis employed rarely discovers this pregnance of idea.

One word more. Can any thing, but the recollection of the fitness of the argument to the mind of man ruminating on suicide, reconcile us to the answer given by Hamlet to the question he proposes, 'Else who would fardels bear, &c.' and which is this, 'But that the dread of something after death, &c.?' Were it not a better conclusion that it is the bonds of our affections and the allurements [illegible]r hopes, that chain us to life, under its worst forms?

—We could not live, did we not hope
To-morrow would be better than to-day.

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The influence of our affections is expressed in the following well-known lines, with at once the elegance and the freedom of the age that produced them:

We wearied should lie down in death,
This cheat of life would please no more,
If you thought Fame but empty breath,
I, pretty Polly, but a w—e.

AUDITOR.

MR. DIARY,

Lend an ear, sir, to a complaint from our quarter. We have a publication, a late number of which contains an article highly panegyrical of the poems of Mr. Clifton. This gentleman's verses, it seems, have the old fault of lying a little sluggishly on the shelves of the booksellers. I will be silent concerning them. I will not disturb their sleep. It is sometimes dangerous to be found with the dead; one may be accused of murder. *Requiescant in pace;* but not so the critic. To elevate his favourite bard, he utters his lamentations that such an one is neglected, while editions of the *prurient* Moore, and the driveller Strangford, are multiplied. Would you believe it, sir! the poems of the driveller Strangford are employed, without a name, to decorate every number of this work! Mr. Moore is not always elegant, either in thought, expression, or diction, and my lord Strangford is not always correct in his English; but let the panegyrist of Mr. Clifton be assured that there is nothing unaccountable in the preference they obtain.

BOSTON.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Original Sea Wit.—A Tar passing by one of those corners in this city, where idlers assemble for the benefit of the sun in cold weather, observed one basking himself, and called out, "Hoa, brother, what latitude are you in? I see you are taking the sun."

A sailor passing one, in our market, on a stormy morning, who held an umbrella over his head, with scarcely any thing remaining but the sticks, called to him, "hard weather, brother! I see you are scudding under bare poles."

Snaws awhiles.—It was at Inverary, Scotland, a disappointed traveller, who had been confined to his inn three or four days, by wet, peevishly exclaimed at his departure, "what! does it rain here always?" "Hoot na," answered the landlord, with great simplicity, "it snaws awhiles."

When Lord Buckley married a rich and beautiful lady, who had been solicited at the same time by Lord Powis, in the rage of felicity he wrote thus to the Duke of Dorset:

Dear Dorset—I am the happiest dog alive! Your's
BUCKLEY.

ANSWER.

Dear Buckley—Every dog has his day. Your's
DORSET.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The "Hunting Song" shall be soon inserted. This species of song writing is not common in America, and the jovial horn is seldom heard. But a *British* foxhunter and enthusiast might exclaim

Oh give me the lads of the chase,
Brave boys! who wont start from the bowl,
The juice of the grape in their face,
And frolic and fun in their soul!

C. B. the Canadian poet, who, we are assured, produced most of his translations from the Greek poets at the age of 17, is not of that *præcox genus* which Quintilian has described.

SEDLEY's communications are not thrown into the fire, nor into a corner. We have passed no act of oblivion, respecting this young gentleman. The series of essays, which he has commenced, we hope he will finish. Let him be studious of the *periodical* style, and, when writing in the character of a *Lounger*, shun the error of some of our correspondents, who totally mistake the attributes of such a character, and make him as heavy as a Dutch commentator, or a High German theologian. An Idler is not always lumpish, nor always lazy, as described by vulgar naturalists. He often thinks with quickness, and his proper style is that of Colman and Thornton.

"Helianthe" is no ordinary favourite of the ladies.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

You will be pleased to find that your very useful paper is read with approbation on the banks of St. Lawrence. Ambitious of contributing something in support of the good cause, which you have undertaken, I have opened my private Port-Folio, and send you the contents of the first page. Should you think them worthy of insertion, I may now and then transmit you an article in prose or verse.

A LAMENT ON BURNS.

At Wauchope House great was the din,
Amang the neebours kyth and kin,
An down their cheeks the saut tears rin,
But no remeid;
The Brisk Guide wife wi greetings thin,
For Burns is dead.

O Scotland, thou mayst seb and grane,
Great cause thou hast to make thy mane,
For sic a Bard as he that's gane,
Thou'lt never see;
Base death thou mights fu' mony ta'en,
Less worth than he.

Where sall we get anither Wight,
Cries the guide wife, wi saul sae bright,
To mak our weary folks loup light,
Amid'st their toils;
He gart them laugh in sweet delight,
At life's turmoils.

Death's friens, or faes, he need na jeuk,
Behint the door, or i' the neuk;
Even killing Doctor Hornbook
May shaw his face,
For he that gave him minie a peuke,
Has rin his race.

Ye haly saints of step demur,
An cankart are as ony cur
Stroke down your chins, for that sharp bur,
Is now awa;
Wha aften teuk your borrow'd fur
A waefu claw.

And ye wha little ither think,
Than how to come at draps o' drink,
Your Bardie's e'en na langer blink
At the fu gill,
Ah! never shall he birle his clink
Wi' hearty will.

O bonny lasses, hearts sae true,
Wha' Hymen's gifts wi' fondness view,
And honest wives an' widows too;
Lament his fall.
He was a better frien' to you
Than to himsel'.

Caul' is the han' o' that daft Ranter,
That taul the tale o' Tam O'Shanter,
His blythsome Muse nae mair shall canter,
Wi' mirth an' glee;
Her hapless crony ne'er shall want her,
An' now she's free.

See Scotia's Genius, a' in tears,
Wi' dolefu' sobbings much he fears,
In spite o' a' his painfu' cares,
He maun rin out,
For when his outmost strength he waves,
Death craps the fruit.

This was the case wi' dainty Allan,
Wha's genius was a gawky stallion,
The joy of Highland man and Lawlan;
O dreary lot,
Death rusht upon the canty callan,
And squeez'd his throat.

Diel worry death that I should ban,
The curst mishapen fae o' man,
Scarce Ferguson his sangs began,
A genius rare,
Death gae him sic a blow off han',
He ne'er sang muir.

As they were makin this palaver,
Misca'en Death that gruesome shaver,
They hear a dunt a'hint the keber,
Aboon the wa':
Whilk gars ilk ane hud fast their neebor,
And skairt them a'.

The queerest shape that e'er ye saw,
Appears of length guide Scotch ells twa,
But fient a name it had awa,*
And then its shanks,
They were as thin, as sharp and sma,
As cheeks o' branks.

"Ye may be sley'd, for Death's my name,
"I come (it cries) to fend my fame,
"Frae wicked slanner. Fie for shame
"Ye drunken rout;
"To throw on ony ane sic blame
"Wha's back's about.

"When whisky burns the liver white,
"When pleasures drain the strength and sight,
"When lazy loons their shankies blight,
"An' quickly die;
"Its always death wha gets the wyte,
"An' nane but me.

"Ye glaiket coofs, from henceforth ken,
"That death's a frien' to honest men,
"And cunning slight will aye disdain,
"Wi' noble scunner,
"Or kill by ony ither mean,
"Than laws o' honor.

"The auld alane I think my due,
"And when they're wise they think so too:
"If younkers want to join the crew,
"Ayent the Burn;
"The summons which, they serve, if true,
"I maun return.

"Ye ken fu' weel the killing faut,
"That Burns twind o' his kail and saut
"And from his customs ye may wat,
"Could ne'er grow gray;
"He teuk too much of oil o' maut,
"Het usquebae.

* This stanza taken from Burns.

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" Had he but ta'en a drappie less,
" And gotten ance a higher place,
" Where cursed stills to square and trace,
" Were never seen;
" He might for me run on his race,
" These years nineteen.

" Now, if ye a' be unco laith,
" To ca' by ye're ain summons death,
" And dinna wish to yield your breath,
" This monie a day;
" Be always gude, and shun the skaith
" Of usquebae.

For the Port Folio.

As I am not altogether shut out from the Grecian and Roman literature, my communications may sometimes consist of translations; as a specimen I send you Aristotle's famous Ode to Virtue, from the Greek of Athenæus; a book, which I would recommend to all those among your readers, who are desirous of classical attainments. I have often wondered that this excellent Ode, the only piece of poetry that the Stagyrite ever wrote, has never been translated.

How hard for mortal man to climb
Above the Passions' baleful strife;
Where glorious virtue sits sublime;
Yet this the noblest toil of life.
O goddess bright, thy smiles to gain,
The lap of ease the Greeks disdain;
In quest of cruel toils they flee,
Unwearied still for love of thee.

Death's bitterest torments too they dare,
For pregnant minds by thee inspir'd,
The immortal fruits of glory bear;
Far more than gold to be desir'd,
More precious than a father's glow,
Whose joyous sons Olympic crowns display,
Or balmy sleep, of cares the foe,
Assuaging sorrow after long delay.

Relentless woes on ev'ry shore,
Where Sol his annual circle runs,
For thee divine Alcides bore,
And beauteous Leda's valiant sons;
Thy power resistless they proclaim,
In vast exploits of deathless fame.
Nor Ajax nor Achilles dreads
For love of thee, to view the shades.

Hermias boldly leaves the light,
Allur'd by thine effulgent form;
A hero cloth'd in glory bright,
The fruit of many a boist'rous storm.

The Muses, Jove's indulgent race,
To him with smiles immortal crowns award,
Their sire they praise with magic grace,
And faithful friendship's heavenly sweet reward.

N. N.

The Smile: An Elegy.

Oh say for whom Pity reclin'd on yon bier,
Thus discharges the tribute of woe;
'Tis for Edwin, who lately could banish th
tear,
Which he now has occasion'd to flow!
Form'd to taste all the innocent transport
of youth,
No alloy could his pleasures beguile;
And his soul, the resemblance of Candor an
truth,
Was express'd in his face by a *smile!*
Where that smile once appear'd all was com
fort and mirth,
And solicitude fell from the mind;
Whilst the beauties and virtues of Edwi
gave birth
To the love and esteem of mankind!
But the world—and the notions of mortal
below,
Little joy to his soul could impart,
And the *smile* that illumin'd him most, u
to glow,
When caress'd by the girl of his heart!
'Twas Eliza he lov'd; and had hop'd in he
charms
Every bliss, every treasure to see:
But Eliza was faithless and fled to the arm
Of a wealthier lover than he!—
When he heard it, his conscience, with pur
ty bright,
Seem'd to scorn all the horrors of care;
But 'twas finish'd!—the smile of conte
and delight
Was exchang'd for a *smile* of despair!
At the altar undaunted he stood by her si
When her hand to his rival was given;
And in silence invok'd on the fond faithl
bride
The protection and blessing of Heaven.
At the feast, amid riot and merriment's sce
He appear'd every passion to brave;
And he smil'd as the joke and the bottl
went round,
But that smile, was the *smile* of
grave!
And 'twas just—as the day when Eliza
knew,
All his hopes of enjoyment arose;
So the day when his hopes with her prom
flew
Mark'd his sojourn on earth with
Yet has innocence triumph'd o'er sorrow
last strife;
Angels caught his expiring breath,
And the *smile* which he wore th
tenor of life
Has not left Edwin's features in death.

C. B.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, March* 29, 1806. [No. 12.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 162.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IN the course of my inquiry into the various critical opinions of the *Progress of Poesy*, I have been forcibly struck with what I have no doubt has equally presented itself to your observation, the contradictory sentiments they contain; and this reflection has led me to consider criticism itself in a point of view in which it may be useful to place it at the head of this letter. The criticism we exercise on a literary production may be of one or of all the three branches of this pursuit, and which severally belong to knowledge, opinion, and taste. It may respect the language, or the facts; and here we approach mathematical certainty: we can err only through ignorance or through carelessness; and, in proportion as our knowledge is accurate, our judgment must be indisputable. Thus far, then, criticism may speak with an authoritative voice. It is amenable to no charge, but that of ignorance, and, if it be acquitted of this, its decisions must be received for truths. Beyond this boundary, however, it cannot proceed but on a doubtful course. It enters into matters of opinion or of taste. Opinion is the property of every man; and, let the superiority we attribute to our own be as great as it may, it would be folly to impose it as a dogma on the world: we can but controvert and stigmatise the opinions we condemn; we can but publish and defend the opinions we approve.

Questions of taste are still less subject to imperious disposal. Taste depends not only upon our knowledge or our understanding, but on our habits. It is wholly impossible that the same writer should please the taste of all readers. Wherever taste is concerned, we can say nothing really conclusive, except as it regards ourselves. We can only arraign the taste of others and recommend our own. To ascend the judgment-seat, and affect to pronounce sentence, is in the last degree impertinent; nor am I willing to believe that critics have fallen into this error so often as is vulgarly imagined. It is natural to man to regard his own opinions as just, and his own taste as final evidence; but, amid all this, it is still understood that these views respect himself only; and that what he calls truth and excellence are merely what he believes to be truth and excellence.

Let us now consider the species of criticism to which the *Progress of Poesy* has been or may be subjected. We shall find each. In the first and third stanzas, Johnson takes exceptions of a nature purely literary; in the sixth, his quarrel is with one of the facts: these be-

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long to the first species. In the fifth stanza it is the sentiments that he contests: here is the second species. His remaining objections belong exclusively to taste.

But, before we examine the particular beauties or imperfections of this ode, a sound critic will consider it as whole. What shall we say of the complete poem? What is its effect upon the mind? What is its subject, and how is that subject treated? What pleasure does it afford? What truths does it teach? These are comprehensive questions, which our minuter researches may tend to keep out of sight.

The title of the ode is objectionable; for the *progress* of poesy is only a part of the argument. It is *Poesy* itself that is sung. In the first ternary, we hear of its attributes; in the second, of its influence and universal prevalence, and, at length, of its *progress*. But, of what progress? Its progress from Greece to England. In the third, the argument is its progress in England, from Shakespeare to Gray.

As to the general character of the ode, we may receive without hesitation a part of the sentiments of Mr. Wakefield:

'These two *Pindaric Odes* of Mr. Gray have a much greater resemblance to the odes of the Theban bard than any thing [else] of the kind in our own, and probably in any other language. Wildness of thought and irregularity of verse had usually been esteemed the only way to resemble Pindar. The characteristic excellences of Pindar's poetry are sublimity of conception, boldness of metaphor, dignity of style, rapidity of composition, and magnificence of phraseology. If a fair judgment can be formed upon those few specimens which the desolations of time have spared, in grandeur of imagery and regularity of thought, he is surpassed by Mr. Gray; as, on the other hand, *he* may justly claim a superiority from the moral dignity of his compositions.'

But, ought we to adopt as readily the whole of the language with which Mr. W. concludes this eulogy?

'These sublime and elaborate productions of genius chastised by learning, and of learning invigorated by genius, are from their nature by no means calculated to please the generality of readers, especially upon a slight acquaintance. A frequent and diligent contemplation of them is necessary to an adequate perception of their beauties; and, perhaps, no small tincture of that erudition which enabled their author to produce them. Indeed, that spirit of lyrical inspiration, which they breathe—that divine glow of pathos, which at the same time melts and inflames the reader—cannot operate with their full effect but on a congenial soul, attuned to the bold vibrations of enthusiastic poesy. The motto justly proclaims—

Φωναντα συνετοισιν· ες
Δε το παν ερμηνεων χατιζει.

To wisdom's ear 'tis sense and sweetness all;
Darkness and dissonance to vulgar minds.

'He who can continue, amidst the blaze of splendor that bursts around him—amidst the torrent of sublimity that pours along—sedately speculating upon petty blemishes, is certainly a stranger to those sensations which animated Pindar and Mr. Gray; and deserves for the punishment of his malice that poetical curse denounced by the pathetic Collins upon all those which could reflect on the author of the *Seasons* without emotions of benevolence and concern:

"With him, sweet bard! may Fancy die,
"And Joy desert the blooming year!"

I take it for granted, that the *Progress of Poesy* is a very noble and exquisite poem. It could not otherwise have excited so severe a criticism from Johnson. It could not otherwise have found so numerous and so zealous defenders. It must either be a production of much more than common value, or I am obtruding on your attention, Mr. Saunter, a most idle topic of discussion. But, because this ode is entitled to every esteem, does it follow that it can have no blemishes, or that those blemishes ought to be forgotten amid our rapture? Shall we nurse in ourselves a spirit of gaping, indiscriminate

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admiration? Shall we draw no line between beauties and defects? Shall we ask only to be dazzled? Shall we not forewarn those who would take the works of genius for models, that there are parts of them which are not to be counted among their recommendations?

Some limitation, too, should be made with respect to the force of the remarks of Mr. Wakefield, that a frequent and diligent contemplation of this ode is necessary to an adequate perception of its beauties, and, perhaps, no small tincture of that erudition which enabled its author to produce it.

There are two ways in which a writer may employ learning; he may use it, and he may abuse it. 'By the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices,' says Johnson, at the conclusion of his *Life of Gray*, 'by the common sense of readers uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtlety and all the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours.' To a man of Mr. W's complexion, reading, and memory, abundant pleasure might be afforded by a work which none other could endure. Such a one is thrown into extasy by a line in which some favourite author is imitated. He always prefers imitation to originality. There can be no doubt of this; it is a disposition that is found in the lovers of all the arts. Next to imitation is resemblance; and here, the fainter the resemblance, the greater the pleasure in discovering it. There is scarcely a line, a phrase, or an epithet, in the Progress of Poesy, of which Mr. W. does not fancy he finds the original, or which, at the least, he does not recollect to have met with a dozen times before. Thus—

Clos'd his eyes in endless night,

reminds him of Spenser's

Sate in eternal night,

of which the resemblance, if there be any, does not appear to be destroyed in his eyes by the consideration, that *eternal* and *endless* have here very different significations. The original and general merits of a work can be of little importance to the mind which, fixing on perhaps a trivial word, is led by it through all the treasures of literature, and presently finds itself basking in some new and foreign region of delight. In all this there is unutterable luxury; but criticism is out of the question.

I must explain myself somewhat further concerning the employment of learning. Learning supplies us with images, facts, arguments, allusions, and perhaps with other weapons and graces. That a learned writer may take every possible advantage of these, and that he may be content to have his compositions understood only by those who have 'no small tincture of that erudition which enabled their author to produce them,' is both allowable and rational; but, through a defect in judgment, through an unfortunate pre-occupation of mind, he may do something very different from this, and something which none but those who are 'corrupted with literary prejudices' will applaud or relish. He may fall into pretended illustrations of which the real effect is to darken his discourse. He may use images which presented vivid ideas to the nation or age in which they were current, but which, to his contemporaries and fellow-countrymen may be without meaning, or have a meaning totally opposite to that in which the learned writer employs them. All nations and ages have had their peculiar images. It is because they have perished or grown obscure, that we are continually bewildered in our translations; and yet these translations may be introduced, falsely made, and misapplied.

I must dwell no longer on this question, how fruitful and how useful soever, but confine myself, through the remainder of my letter, to the ode, disincumbered, as I now mean to take it, of all extraneous considerations. I have already expressed my sentiments of the first stanza. In the first two verses, the poet invokes the lyre, and then bursts immediately into his subject, extolling the variety of the Muse.

The second stanza, describing the 'power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul,' commences with extraordinary beauty:

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O sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of soft and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell, the sullen Cares,
And frantic Passions bear thy soft control!

But is Johnson wholly in the wrong when he betrays discontent with the lines which follow this charming quatrain? He expresses himself, no doubt, with peevishness; but are we prepared to say that there is nothing faulty in the introduction of 'Mars's car and Jove's eagle?' I am of opinion that if the whole ode had equalled the lines above transcribed, it would have been 'in vain to blame, and useless to praise.' I should at this moment be no more employed in defending the *Progress of Poesy* than the *Ode on the Passions;* every reader would have admired it; but, when the poet comes to illustrate his position, his images, though derived from Pindar, have little in them to gratify the unprejudiced mind, and nothing to recommend them to the 'common sense' of common readers. Who is the more deeply convinced of the 'power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul,' by the images that follow?

On Thracia's hills the lord of war
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance, at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king;
With ruffled plume, and flagging wing,
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber, lie
The terror of his beak, and lightning of his eye.

The third stanza is exceedingly beautiful, and deserves the encomium bestowed on it in one of the notes appended to Mason's edition:

'Slow melting strains their queen's approach declare.

'This and the five flowing lines which follow are sweetly introduced by the short and unequal measures that precede them: the whole stanza is indeed a master-piece of rythm, and charms the ear by its well-varied cadence, as much as the imagery which it contains ravishes the fancy. 'There is,' says our author, in one of his manuscript papers, 'a *tout-ensemble* of sound as well as of sense in poetical composition, always necessary to its perfection. What is gone before still dwells upon the ear, and insensibly harmonises with the present line, as in that succession of fleeting notes which is called Melody.' Nothing can better exemplify the truth of this fine observation than his own poetry:

Thee the voice, the dance obey:
Temper'd to thy warbled lay,
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen,
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports and blue-ey'd Pleasures,
Frisking light, in frolic measures.

Mr. Wakefield observes, 'The former part of this epode is all sprightliness and gaiety, beautifully correspondent to the ideas, and forms a happy contrast with the dignity and solemnity of the conclusion.'—It may, indeed, be said of the verse itself,—

Frisking light, in frolic measures.

On the epithet *velvet* Mr. Wakefield has a judicious note:

'Idalia's *velvet-green* has something of cant. An epithet or metaphor drawn from nature ennobles art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from art degrades nature.' This is only true when the application of such metaphor is inadequate or unjust. And the business of epithets and metaphors is *illustration* as well as *ornament*. I should entertain a very mean opinion of his taste and judgment who could find fault with the following admirable comparison: "Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into irregularities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a VELVET LAWN, shaven by the scythe and levelled by the roller."—Dr. Johnson's comparison between Dryden and Pope.

In the second ternary, as I have already observed, the poet considers the Muse in her more serious character: he represents her as universally influencing and universally blessing mankind. I cannot place the first stanza among the beauties of the ode. That it has great solemnity and magnificence of thought, diction, and measure, I sensibly feel; but I cannot think that the poet has so

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handled his argument as to make any impression on the heart. He places in most formidable array the miseries of human life. He then proposes to disprove the complaint. Does he make any attempt to *disprove* it? Certainly not. But, admitting that, though we might show his language to be incorrect, it is yet easy to conceive his idea; admitting that it is obvious he meant, not to *disprove* the complaint, but to set forth what the 'laws of Jove' afford to countervail the afflictions of our race; I ask, even with this admission, how he has succeeded?

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!

So melancholy, so deeply melancholy, is the picture. 'The fond complaint,' the poet then exclaims,

——my song! disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove!

and what follows?

Say, has he given in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky,
Till, down the eastern cliffs afar,
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

Does any reader perceive the unreasonableness of his 'fond complaints,' upon his being reminded of the 'heavenly Muse.' Heavenly she assuredly is, and all-beneficent to mankind. Considered as the source of all our knowledge, and of so many of our enjoyments, she may well be represented as an alleviation of our real, and as a remover of the imaginary, ills of life; but the picture is unskilfully drawn. It may be true, but it is not conciliating. It wins no man's assent.—And does the illustration assist the understanding? 'Of the second ternary of stanzas,' says Johnson, 'the first endeavours to tell something, and would have told it, had it not been crossed by Hyperion.' Upon further reflection, I find in this remark, as in many others of this writer, more ill-humour in the language than injustice in the sentence. It is not to Hyperion only, but to the whole image that he objects, and with great reason. This is one of those passages that

Play round the head, but never touch the heart;

It would be difficult to make the 'common sense' of readers conceive the connection between the proposition and the illustration; but their ears will always be amused by the flow of the verse, and the brilliance and grandeur of the diction. Mr. W. finds the thought in two passages of Milton:

So when the sun, in bed
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave;
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail;
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his sev'ral grave,
And the yellow-skirted Fayes
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

The above is from the *Hymn* on the *Nativity*: the second passage adduced by Mr. Wakefield occurs in *Paradise Regained*.

Another critic finds the original of the verse, Hyperion's march, &c. in the following of Euripides:

Εωσιν ομμασι· φλεχθεν
Βολαις ασλιν.

Of the second and third stanzas I am a warm admirer. The historical facts and deductions in the latter are not exhibited in the most accurate manner, but the poet is not wholly in the wrong. Perhaps he might more justly have said that the Muses 'scorn Tyrant-power,' than that they

——scorn the *pomp of* Tyrant-pow'r.

The first stanza of the third ternary has always appeared to me exquisitely beautiful. Mr. W. thinks the personification of Nature too august for the occasion. I should have agreed with him if the "Mighty Mother" had only given the pencil

whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year;

but I am of a different opinion when I hear her bestow the Keys:

Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy,
Of Horror this, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

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After all that has been said in favour of the account of Milton's blindness, and in spite of the magnificence of the language in which it is delivered, I can see it in no other light than as a blemish. It is a concetto, and therefore unworthy of the *Progress of Poesy*. All the laws of criticism forbid us to consider the fictions of Shakespeare and of Milton as of similar natures.

Dryden I think very nobly characterised. It appears to me that there is a peculiar, though possibly accidental, beauty in the figure of the car and two coursers, borne over the field of glory, in a *Pindaric* ode. It seems suggested to the poet by the scene of the Olympic Games.

It is not necessary for me to speak of the beauty of the lines which open the concluding stanza. The merits of this part of the poem are not to be described, and can only be truly estimated by the sensibility of the reader. What delicacy and what fervor are there not in the question—

> O Lyre divine! what daring spirit
> Wakes thee now?

Gray had previously addressed the lyre—

> Awake, Æolian Lyre, awake,
> And give to rapture all its trembling strings!

This no doubt is a fine opening; it is what an opening should be; but, to what a height of enthusiasm is not the the poet wrought at the conclusion, when, disdaining all the ornaments of direction, he asks,

> O Lyre divine! what daring spirit
> Wakes thee now!

and how finely is the question supported by the reply!

> Though he inherit
> Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
> That the Theban eagle bear,
> Sailing, with supreme dominion,
> Through the azure deep of air;
> Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
> Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
> With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun;
> Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
> Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
> Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great!

is impossible not to remark the exquisite effect produced by the short syllables, *spirit*, *inherit*, *pinion*, *dominion*: Mr. Gray has elsewhere spoken of a *person* by the name of *spirit*:

> Some kindred *spirit* shall enquire thy fate:

The final verses of this ode are extraordinarily noble:

> Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
> Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
> Beneath the good how low—but far above the great.

I understand the sentiments contained in the last line are the same as that of Pope:

> A Wit's a feather, and a Chief's a rod;
> An Honest Man's the noblest work of God.

The poet exults in the future glory of his lyre; he shall mount and keep his way, *distant* from a vulgar fate; but, in the midst of his triumph, he remembers that goodness is above genius. On the other hand, he sets genius above prosperity:

> Beneath the Good how low—but far above Great.

There is a passage in Dr. Beattie's *Minstrel* which will elucidate the latter of these ideas:

> Then grieve not thou to whom th' indulgent Muse
> Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire;
> Nor blame the partial Fates if they refuse
> Th' imperial banquet and the rich attire;
> Know thine own worth, and reverence the lyre.
> Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd?
> No; let the Heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire;
> To Freedom, Fancy, Harmony, resign'd,
> Ambition's grov'ling crew for ever leave behind.

After what I have said, it is almost unnecessary that I should conclude by stating my opinion, that the *Progress of Poetry* is a poem of transcendent merit, but, at the same time, disfigured by some blemishes. Johnson has multiplied the number of these, and left its real ones unaccompanied by those praises which impartial criticism should have bestowed. Wakefield and others have adopted too unvaried a tone of panegyric.

STATERUS.

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ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY OF ANACREON.

Written by CNEIUS CRITO, and translated from the original by SEDLEY.

[*Concluded.*]

CHAP. III.

After I had recovered from the inebriation of the night, I went to the temple of Juno, where they were performing religious rites. This is one of the most ancient Temples in Greece, and is magnificently decorated by the taste of the painter and the skill of the statuary. Among other monuments of art, it contains a statue of the tutelary goddess, executed by the celebrated Smilis Æginetes, the son of Euclid, and contemporary with Dœdalus.* There is also a representation of Fortune, grasping a horn of Amalthea, and a little Cupid is fluttering its wings over her. This appeared to me to indicate, that we owe more to Fortune than to personal merit, in our courtships. Pindar ranks Fortune among the Fates, and attributes more power to her than to her sisters. These, with a statue of Pemenus, the son of Pelasgus, by whom Juno was educated, are the most worthy of notice. This preceptor dedicated three temples to the triple name of the goddess. While she was a virgin, he called her PAIS, or a *Girl:* after her marriage with Jupiter, TELEIA, or *Perfect;* and when she was divorced from him and returned to Stymphalus, CHERA, or *Desolate.*

I left the temple and bent my steps towards a certain hill, where Anacreon was fond of walking in the after part of the day, because the poet Musæus sang there and was buried on the hill, when he had been worn out by age. In passing the academy, I saw him at the altar of Prometheus, viewing the persons who were preparing to celebrate the games in honour of this Divinity.† In a short time, they all started to run to the city, with burning lamps, which is the manner of celebrating these games. Several lamps were extinguished by the velocity of the persons who carried them. Only one arrived at the city with his flame unextinguished, and he, according to the custom, was proclaimed victor in the race, and received the prize. Anacreon explained to me the meaning of this ceremony.

"To Prometheus is confided the descent of our rational souls; and fire, from its tendency upwards, is an emblem of a rational soul. As a burning lamp, therefore, may be considered a very proper image of our rational part, this custom of the Athenians, of running from the altar of Prometheus to the city, with burning lamps, in which he alone is victorious whose lamp remains unextinguished in the race, is intended to signify, that he is the true conqueror in the race of life whose rational part is not extinguished, or, in other words, does not become dormant in the career."

We then wandered about the Academus, and viewed the altars erected to the Muses, to Minerva, Hercules, Mercury, &c.; after which we went to the sepulchre of Plato, which is at no great distance. It is related of Plato, that his arrival at the summit of philosophy was indicated by a divine omen; for Socrates, in the night before that day on which Plato became his disciple, saw, in a dream, a swan fly to his bosom. The soul of Plato being descended from Apollo, to whom the swan is sacred, this bird obviously signified Plato, in the vision of his preceptor.

The sight of this monument excited reflections not altogether pleasant. Notwithstanding the continual round of pleasure in which I had been engaged, the prejudices of education were not entirely eradicated from my mind. I recollected that the great philosopher, whose tomb we were now contemplating, had been, in the early part of his life, zealously attached to the pleasures of poetry, and had written many tragedies and poems, which had passed the ordeal of Athenian taste with distinguished applause. At a very youthful period, his soul was won by the wisdom of Socrates; and, after a slight struggle, he resigned the worship of the Muses for the arid disquisitions of morality. I

* Crito is corroborated by Pausanias.

† See chap. 30.

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ventured to express my uneasiness to Anacreon.

"Is this," said he, "the enthusiasm you pretended to feel? Has the sight of a mouldering tomb such magical influence as to damp the ardour of your soul, and revive the abstruse speculations of the Academus?" I confessed that I could not avoid some degree of irresolution, when I compared the eminence of the teachers of the schools with that of the followers of Apollo. It is also certain, I continued, that we are placed here for some purpose, and that we should so occupy our minds as to be useful to others, and prevent a retrospect from being painful to ourselves. This is the doctrine that Socrates taught and Plato approved. Their followers are numerous, and how shall I venture to put my inexperience in opposition to their advice?

"Ah, my dear Crito," resumed Anacreon, "I see you are yet a novice. I see you have yet to learn the grand maxim, that the end of our being is to pursue our own felicity. Free your mind from the solicitude of anxiety. Let your pleasures be innocent and innoxious, and the Gods will look on your actions with approbation. I have, at times, been troubled with reflections similar to yours;—I remembered the advice of the Athenian Bee; and I will now give you my sentiments on this subject, and at the same time evince my respect for his memory, by an offering to his manes."

He then, after a short deliberation, inscribed the following ode:

ON THE TOMB OF PLATO.

I know that Heav'n ordains me here,
To run this mortal life's career;
The scenes which I have journied o'er,
Return no more—alas! no more!
And all the path I've yet to go,
I neither know nor ask to know.
Then surely, Care, thou canst not twine
Thy fetters round a soul like mine:
No, no! the heart that feels with me
Can never be a slave to thee!

After he had finished it, we left the place. Anacreon acknowledged that he did not suppose Plato would have uttered precisely the conclusion of this ode, but he would have allowed some other sort of relaxation; "and we only differ as to what is pleasure. I have no doubt but that you will give me full credit for the practice of my life, when I tell you I think with Plato, that *it is always proper to believe in ancient and sacred discourses which announce to us that the soul is immortal, and that it has judges of its conduct, and suffers the greatest torments when it is liberated from the body.*"*

We had some further conversation on this interesting subject, which is indelibly impressed on my mind. In returning to our home, we agreed to visit the Odeum, and see the preparations for the festivals of Bacchus, which were now to be celebrated there. In passing through one of the bowers in the place called *The Gardens*, we found an Athenian maid sleeping. It was Euryhyle, the beauteous daughter of Soros, one of the Five Hundred. The heat of the sun was on that day remarkably oppressive, but this was a retirement which the chaste Diana could have loved, when wearied by the fatigues of the chase. It seemed to be the only spot which the rude rays of the sun could not visit. The zephyrs mildly fanned the overshadowing foliage, and the lotus and the rose diffused the sweetest fragrance. The mind was gently lulled to repose by the soft gurgling of the fountain Enneacrunos, which was so called because it had recently been made to discharge water from nine pipes, by Pisistratus.† Such was the scene, and

* That Plato believed in the immortality of the soul is evident from his Phædrus, the tenth book of his Republic, and his seventh Epistle, from which Anacreon's quotation is taken. *His* submission to this doctrine evinces the consciousness of purity in which he lived.

† The description of this bower is so natural and animated, that we cannot help feeling a degree of coolness and freshness while we read it. Longepierre has quoted from the first book of the Anthologia, the following epigram, as somewhat resembling this ode:

Come, sit by the shadowy pine
That covers my sylvan retreat;
And see how the branches incline
The breathing of Zephyr to meet.

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the nymph who now occupied it made all its beauties still more delightful. Her head reclined on her arm, and her hand, bent loosely, held some tablets in which she had been transcribing one of the plaintive elegies of Orpheus on the supposed death of Proserpine. Anacreon was enraptured. He paused and eagerly gazed on the delicate vermilion which the stillness of slumber had left fitfully playing on her cheek and the transparency of the skin—so exquisite that her eyelids almost disclosed the humid blue which the envy of Morpheus endeavoured to conceal. Conscious of the impropriety of thus violating the sanctity of her retirement, I hurried Anacreon away. But he quickly returned.—Like the careless warbler of the grove, he could not resist the fascinating lure. He was, however, prevailed upon, by my intreaties, to leave the bower: but not until he had left a memorial to shew how the slumbers of the maid had been worshipped. He stole the unfinished tablets from her hand, and wrote an address

To a slumbering Beauty.

Here recline you, gentle maid,
Sweet is this embow'ring shade;
Sweet the young, the modest trees,
Ruffled by the kissing breeze;
Sweet the little founts that weep,
Lulling bland the mind to sleep;
Hark! they whisper, as they roll,
Calm persuasion to the soul;
Tell me, tell me, is not this
All a stilly scene of bliss?
Who, my girl, would pass it by?
Surely neither you nor I! *

See the fountain that, flowing, diffuses
Around me a glittering spray!
By its brink, as the traveller muses,
I soothe him to sleep with my lay!

* *Who, my girl, would pass it by?*

Surely neither you nor I!] What a finish he gives to the picture by the simple exclamation of the original! In these delicate turns he is inimitable; and yet, hear what a French translator says on the passage: "This conclusion appeared to me too trifling after such a description, and I thought proper to add somewhat to the strength of the original."

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF LOGAN.

[*Continued.*]

The failure of his scheme of giving lectures, and the prohibition of his play, made a deep impression on his spirits, which had always been unequal, and had a considerable effect on his health, which from this time began visibly to decline. The pensive melancholy, which he felt in common with men of genius and feeling, aggravated, perhaps, by a constitutional defect in his nervous system, that inexplicable part of our frame, now became in some degree habitual, and discovered itself in deviations from the modes of the world, and violations of professional decorum, which offended his parishioners, and made it eligible for him to discontinue the exercise of his clerical function.

An agreement to that purpose was completed between him and the Kirk-Session and Incorporations of South Leith, in 1786; in consequence of which Mr. Dickson was appointed his assistant and successor; and he retired upon a moderate annuity.

While this scheme was ripening, he went to London, in October 1785, and was for some time concerned in the "English Review."

In 1788, he published, without his name, a pamphlet intituled *A Review of the Principal Charges against Mr. Hastings*, 8vo, which attracted the public attention in an uncommon degree. Some passages in it, reflecting on the conduct of the managers of the prosecution, being considered by the House of Commons as an infringement on their privileges, the Attorney-General was ordered to prosecute the publisher, Mr. Stockdale, who was tried 9th December 1789, and acquitted.

This was the last publication which he gave to the world. After a lingering indisposition, he died in London, the 28th of December 1788, in the 40th year of his age.

In 1790, a volume of *Sermons*, selected from his MSS, was published at Edinburgh, in 8vo, under the superintendance of Dr. Bla.., Dr. Robertson, and Dr. Hardy, Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the university. A second volume was published in 8vo, 1791, and his MSS. in the possession of Dr. Robertson, would furnish an additional volume. The third edition of the two volumes was printed in 1793.

The following list of his unpublished works, and uncollected pieces, was communicated to the present writer, in a letter from Dr. Robertson dated Dalmeny, Sept. 19. 1795.

"Those in verse consist of *Electra*, a tragedy; the *Wedding Day*, a tragedy, being a translation into blank verse of the *Deserteur* of Mercier; the *Carthagenian Heroine*, a tragedy, but of which there is only the first act finished; and about a half-a-dozen of short lyric

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poems. Those in prose consist of eight numbers of an intended periodical paper, called the *Guardian*. The subject of one of the numbers is a capital essay on the genius and writings of Addison. Besides these, I have also in my possession Mr. Logan's MS. *Lectures on Roman History*, about twenty-five in number, with six or seven introductory ones to his Course of Lectures on universal History. His Lectures on Roman History begin with Romulus, and come down to the fall of the empire, and the establishment of the feudal system.

"In the small volume of poems published under the title of "Poems by Michael Bruce," the following were composed by Mr. Logan: *Damon*, *Menalcas*, and *Melibœus; Pastoral Song*, to the tune of the "Yellow-Hair'd Laddie;" *Eclogue* in the manner of Ossian; *Ode to a Fountain*; two *Danish Odes*; *Chorus* of "Anacreontic to a Wasp;" the tale of *Levina* (278 lines), in the poem of "Lochleven;" *Ode to Puoli*; *Ode to the Cuckoo*."

It is of importance to the reputation of Bruce, to subjoin the following account of his share in the volume of poems published under his name, given by his friend Mr. David Pearson, in a letter to the present writer, dated, Little Balgedie, near Kinnesswood, Aug. 29, 1795.

I need not inform you concerning the bad treatment that his [Bruce's] poems met with from the Rev. Mr. Logan, when he received from his father the whole of his manuscripts, published only his own pleasure, and kept back those poems that his friends would most gladly have embraced; and since published many of them in his own name. The *Cuckoo* and the *Hymns* in the end of Logan's book are assuredly Mr. Bruce's productions."

The facts stated in Mr. Pearson's letter are more circumstantially related in the following extract of a letter to the present writer, from Mr. John Birrel, dated Kinnesswood, Aug. 31, 1795. The veneration with which this worthy and intelligent man regards the memory of Bruce, and the enthusiasm with which he cultivates his favourite studies, are only less meritorious than his benevolent exertions to relieve the necessities, and soothe the afflictions of his aged mother, which afford an example worthy the imitation of persons of superior rank and education.

"Some time before the poet's father died, he delivered the book containing the first draught of some of Michael's poems, his sermons, and other papers, into my hand, desiring I would keep them, saying, "I know of none to whom I would rather give them than you, for you mind me more of my Michael than any body;" a compliment which I never deserved, and which in modesty I should conceal. Some years after I entered upon terms with Mr. Morison of Perth, to sell the MSS. for the benefit of auld Annie [the poet's mother], who was in very destitute circumstances. But, in the mean time, Dr. Baird wrote for them, with a view to republish Michael's poems, with any others that could be procured of his. I sent them to him gladly, hoping soon to see the whole in print, and the old woman decently provided for in consequence. The finished book of Michael's poems was given to Mr. Logan, who never returned them. Many a time, with tears trickling down his cheeks, has old Alexander told me how much he was disappointed in Logan, who came unexpectedly and got all the papers, letters, and the books away, without giving him time to take a note of the titles, or getting a receipt for the papers, &c. After the publication, he went over to Edinburgh to recover them. Mr. Logan desired him to call again, and they would be ready. He did so; but he was gone out, and no message left. He saw Mr. Logan in the street, who told him that he had left the poems with the servants, but that, as he did not get them, he was afraid the servants had taken them, and singed fowls with them.—David Pearson," he adds in another place, "does not remember of seeing the *Ode to the Fountain*, *The Vernal Ode*, *Ode to Paoli*, *Chorus of Elysian Bards*, or the *Danish Odes*, until he saw them in print. But the rest of the publication he decidedly ascribes to Michael, and in a most particular manner the *Cuckoo*, *Solgar* and *Morna*, and the other *Eclogue*."

Such are the facts which the present writer esteems it a part of his duty to state, as they have been communicated to him by the respective friends of Logan and Bruce. He shall not intrude upon the admirers of these two poets any opinion of his own concerning the claims of their respective friends, since his only intention is to enable them, from a consideration of the facts, to form their own conclusions; leaving them still open to the impression of any additional or more satisfactory evidence that may hereafter arise.

It must not be concealed, that an unauthorised report is wandering about in the literary circles of Edinburgh, which ascribes the first sketch of the *Ode to the Cuckoo* to Bruce, and the composition, as it now stands, to Logan, who, it is said, improved and embellished it so much, as to make it in a great measure his own. On the other hand, his cousin Mrs. Hutchison, wife of Mr. John Hutchison, merchant in Edinburgh, informs the present writer that she saw the *Ode* in Logan's hand-writing before it was printed. If the testimonies of Dr. Robertson and Mrs. Hutchison were the length of establishing the existence of the *Ode* in Logan's hand-writing in Bruce's lifetime, or before his MSS. came into Logan's possession, they might be considered as decisive of the controversy. The suppression of Bruce's MSS. it must be owned, is a circumstance unfavourable to the pretensions of Logan.

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No new edition of his *Poems* has been called for since his death. They are now, reprinted from the edition 1782, received for the first time into a collection of classical English poetry. In this edition the present writer has not ventured, upon the authority of Dr. Robertson, to give him the pieces ascribed to him in Bruce's "Poems," which he did not think proper to claim himself; neither has he presumed, upon the authority of Mr. Pearson, to deprive him of the *Ode to the Cuckoo*, to which he has put his name. In justice to both poets, he has followed the collection of their poems, printed under their respective names, in the present edition, distinguishing the pieces which have been claimed for the one or the other by their respective friends.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[The following arch description, written in character, is by GOLDSMITH, though not inserted in any collection of his works, published during his life-time. The polite reader will immediately perceive from the gaiety and elegant simplicity of the style that it is genuine.]

AS I see you are fond of gallantry, and seem willing to set young people together as soon as you can, I cannot help lending my assistance to your endeavours, as I am greatly concerned in the attempt. You must know, sir, that I am landlady of one of the most noted inns on the road to Scotland, and have seldom less than eight or ten couples a-week, who go down rapturous lovers, and return man and wife.

If there be in this world an agreeable situation, it must be that, in which a young couple find themselves, when just let loose from confinement, and whirling off to the Land of Promise. When the post-chaise is driving off, and the blinds are drawn up, sure nothing can equal it. And yet, I do not know how, what with the fears of being pursued, or the wishes for greater happiness, not one of my customers but seems gloomy and out of temper. The gentlemen are all sullen, and the ladies discontented.

But if it be so going down, how is it with them coming back? Having been for a fortnight together, they are then mighty good company, to be sure. It is then the young lady's indiscretion stares her in the face, and the gentleman himself finds that much is to be done before the money comes in.

For my own part, sir, I was married in the usual way; all my friends were at the wedding. I was conducted with great ceremony from the table to the bed: and I do not find that it any ways diminished my happiness with my husband, while, poor man, he continued with me. For my part I am entirely for doing things in the old family way: I hate your new-fashioned manners, and never loved an outlandish marriage in my life.

As I have had numbers call at my house, you may be sure I was not idle in enquiring who they were, and how they did in the world after they left me. I cannot say that I ever heard much good come of them; and of an history of twenty-five, that I noted down in my leger, I do not know a single couple that would not have been full as happy if they had gone the plain way to work, and asked the consent of their parents. To convince you of it, I will mention the names of a few, and refer the rest to some fitter opportunity.

Imprimis, Miss Jenny Hastings went down to Scotland with a taylor, who to be sure for a taylor was a very agreeable sort of a man. But I do not know how, he did not take proper measure of the young lady's disposition: they quarrelled at my house on their return; so she left him for a cornet of dragoons, and he went back to his shop-board.

Miss Rachel Runfort went off with a grenadier. They spent all their money going down; so that he carried her down in a post-chaise, and coming back she helped to carry his knapsack.

Miss Racket went down with her lover in their own phaeton; but upon their return, being very fond of driving, she would be every now and then for holding the whip. This bred a dispute; and before they were a fortnight together, she felt that he could exercise the whip on somebody else besides the horses.

Miss Meekly, though all compliance to the will of her lover, could never reconcile him to the change of his situation. It seems, he married her supposing she had a large fortune; but being deceived in their expectations, they parted: and they now keep separate garrets in Rosemary-lane.

The next couple of whom I have any account actually lived together in great harmony and uncloying kindness for no less than a month; but the lady, who was a little in years, having parted with her fortune to her dearest life, he left her to make love to that better part of her which he valued more.

The next pair consisted of an Irish fortune-hunter, and one of the prettiest modestest ladies that ever my eyes beheld. As he was a well-looking gentleman all drest in lace, and as she seemed very fond of him, I thought they were blest for life. Yet I was quickly mistaken. The lady was no better than a common woman of the town, and he was no better than a sharper; so they agreed upon a mutual divorce: he now dresses at the York Ball, and she is in keeping by the member for our Borough in Parliament.

In this manner, we see that all those marriages, in which there is interest on one side

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and disobedience on the other, are not likely to promise a long harvest of delights. If our fortune-hunting gentlemen would but speak out, the young lady, instead of a lover, would often find a sneaking rogue, that only wanted the lady's purse, and not her heart. For my own part, I never saw any thing but design and falsehood in every one of them; and my blood has boiled in my veins, when I saw a young fellow of twenty kneeling at the feet of a twenty-thousand-pounder, professing his passion while he was taking aim at her money. I do not deny but there may be love in a Scotch marriage, but it is generally all on one side.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

[In this department of the Port Folio the Editor, with scarcely an exception, has employed his own pen. The ensuing article, however, is the production of a correspondent, and we insert it with pleasure, because, though our opinion of the German Drama is unchangeable, we believe that Mr. Dunlap in translating Kotzebue has not willingly exhibited what is hostile to pure morals or good taste. Mr. Dunlap has not confined himself to the task of translating, but has occasionally soared on a stronger pinion, and respired the *cælum empyræum* of Invention. From his situation as a man of letters, a man of misfortunes, and one of the earliest votaries of the Dramatic Muse in America, his works will not only solicit, but deserve, the regard of all, who value themselves upon their zeal for the productions of Domestic Literature.]

Mr. William Dunlap of New York proposes to publish his Dramatic Works in our city. As he is the first American who has written in this department of literature, our national feelings are not a little interested in his success. The writer of this article having perused some of his manuscripts, and having enjoyed his friendship, has acquired a right to call upon the patronage of that class of readers who have the talent to discern, and the liberality to reward, the labours of an author. Mr. Dunlap's collection will be comprised in ten volumes. Some of his plays are translated from German writers, and others are original. His versions will not be degraded by comparison with those which have been made in England. They are equal in elegance of language, and generally superior in fidelity to the author. Of his originals the writer of this article has only seen, "The Father of an Only Child;" and if it be a fair specimen of his talents, an American need not blush for this home-production. The plot is skilfully and ingeniously unravelled, the diction is clear and correct, and the sentiments are derived from the purest schools of morality and politics.

The first volume will soon be published, and a more regular criticism may then be attempted. Meanwhile, the writer will express his sanguine hope that this author may not be added to the long list of neglected merit, and his works be enrolled in the catalogue of those which have perished from the penury of patronage. There are many writers in this country, emulous of the wreath of fame; and were they properly aided in their exertions, our literary character would be established in a much higher rank than it is now placed.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

THE FLINT AND THE STEEL.

From Belfour.

Nature and art should help each other;
As father, son; as sister, brother;
Genius from wisdom aid requires,
To guide his pen, and fan his fires;
And science pleases most, when join'd
With polish'd manners, taste refin'd.—
Thus wit and judgment were by heav'n
Each for the other's succour giv'n;
And long together, void of strife,
Should ever dwell, like man and wife.
Who then the world would fain delight,
With genius learning should unite;
For fancy often fails to gain
What she with knowledge might attain.
Of pride and insolence possest,
An angry Flint a Steel address't:
"How comes it, sir, without my aid,
That thou a useless thing art made?
For though fair Betty's hand with skill
Strike me against thy ribs at will,
From me alone, to check her ire,
Proceeds the spark that kindles fire.
But not to this my pow'rs confin'd;
I please the eager sportsman's mind,
As through his tube, with deadly aim,
I speed the shot that kills the game;
While thou, forsooth, canst nought produce,
That tends to toiling mortals' use."
Awhile the Steel, with inward pain,
Allow'd his comrade to complain;
But, urg'd to speak, he coolly said,
"Since useless you conceive me made
(No malice bearing at my heart),
Suppose we live awhile apart;
My wishes to the act incline—
You take your course—and I'll take mine."
Enrag'd, the Flint approv'd the deed:
And lo! to part they straight agreed.
But, what will not experience prove!
The Flint soon found in vain he strove
To charm alone his sporting friend;
So deem'd his triumph at an end.

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And Betty, who no flame could raise,
No more was noisy in his praise.
Thus, conscious of his fault, he mourn'd,
And to his injur'd mate return'd,
Whom he discover'd on a shelf,
As much neglected as himself;
And, having there confess'd with shame,
How greatly they were both to blame,
They quell'd their broils with ready art,
And swore they never more would part.

It is but seldom that the Muses of the North sing more sweetly than in the following strain:

SONG FROM THE GERMAN.

Scarce sixteen summers had I seen,
And rov'd my native bow'rs;
Nor stray'd my thoughts beyond the green,
Bedew'd with shrubs and flow'rs.

When late a stranger-youth appear'd;
I neither wish'd nor sought him;
He came, but whence I never heard,
And spake what love had taught him.

His hair in graceful ringlets play'd,
All eyes are charm'd, that view them,
And o'er his comely shoulders stray'd,
Where wanton zephyrs blew them.

His speaking eye of azure hue
Seem'd ever softly suing,
And such an eye, so clear and blue,
Ne'er shone for maid's undoing.

His face was fair, his cheek was red,
With blushes ever burning;
And all he spoke was deftly said,
Though far beyond my learning.

Where'er I stray'd, the youth was nigh,
His look soft sorrows speaking;
Sweet maid! he'd say, then gaze and sigh,
As if his heart were breaking.

And once, as low his head he hung,
I fain would ask the meaning;
When round my neck his arms he flung,
Soft tears his grief explaining.

Such freedom ne'er was ta'en till now,
And now 'twas unoffending;
Shame spread my cheek with ruddy glow,
My eyes kept downward bending.

Nor aught I spoke, my looks he read,
As if with anger burning;
No—not one word—away he sped,
Ah! would he were returning!

Elegy on the death of the Scotch Poet, Robert Burns, by William Roscoe, Esq.

REAR high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread:
And, Scotia, pour thy thousand rills—
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red;
But, ah! what Poet now shall tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since He, the sweetest bard, is dead,
That ever breathed the soothing strain!

As green the tow'ring pines may grow,
As clear thy streams may speed along,
As bright thy summers suns may glow,
And wake again thy feath'ry throng;
But now unheeded is the song,
And dull and lifeless all around:
For his wild harp lies all unstrung—
And cold the hand that wak'd its sound!

What tho' thy vigorous offspring rise,
In arts, in arms, thy sons excel;
Tho' beauty in thy daughters' eyes,
And health in every feature dwell:
Yet who shall now their praises tell
In strains impassion'd, fond and free,
Since he no more the song shall swell
To Love, and Liberty, and thee?

With step-dame eye, and frown severe,
His hapless youth why didst thou view;
For all thy joys to him were dear,
And all his vows to them were due:
Nor greater bliss his bosom knew,
In opening youth's delightful prime,
Than when thy fav'ring ear he drew
To listen to his chaunted rhyme.

Thy lonely waste and frowning skies
To him were all with rapture fraught;
He heard with joy the tempest rise
That waked him to sublimer thought;
And oft the winding dells he sought,
Where wild flowers pour'd their rare perfume,
And, with sincere devotion, brought
To thee the summer's earliest bloom.

But, ah, no fond maternal smile
His unprotected youth enjoy'd;
His limbs inur'd to early toil,
His days with early hardships tried!
And, more to mark the gloomy void,
And bid him feel his misery,
Before his infant eyes would glide
Day dreams of immortality!

Yet, not by cold neglect deprest,
With sinewy arm he turned the soil,
Sunk with the evening sun to rest,
And met at morn his earliest smile!
Wak'd by his rustic pipe, meanwhile,
The power of fancy came along,
And sooth'd his lengthen'd hours of toil,
With native wit, and sprightly song!

Ah, days of bliss! too swiftly fled,
When vigorous health and labour springs,
And bland contentment smooths the bed,
And sleep his ready opiate brings;
And hov'ring round on airy wings,
Float the light forms of young Desire,
That of unutterable things
The soft and shadowy hope inspire!

Now spells of mightier power prepare—
Bid brighter phantoms round him dance;
Let Flattery spread her viewless snare,
And Fame attract his vagrant glance;
Let sprightly Pleasure too advance,
Unveil'd her eyes, unclasp'd her zone;
'Till, lost in love's delirious trance,
He scorns the joys his youth has known!

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Let Friendship pour her brightest blaze,
Expanding all the bloom of soul;
And Mirth concentre all her rays,
And point them from the sparkling bowl;
And let the careless moments roll
In social pleasure unconfin'd;
And Confidence, that spurns control,
Unlock the inmost springs of mind!

And lead his steps those bow'rs among,
Where elegance with splendor vies,
Or Science bids her favour'd throng
To more refin'd sensations rise;
Beyond the peasant's humble joys,
And freed from each laborious strife,
There let him learn the bliss to prize
That waits the sons of polish'd life!

Then, whilst his throbbing veins beat high
With every impulse of delight,
Dash from his lips the cup of joy—
And shroud the scene in shades of night!
Then let Despair, with wizard-light,
Disclose the yawning gulf below,
And pour incessant on his sight
Her spectred ills and shapes of woe!

And shew, beneath a cheerless shed,
With sorrowing heart and streaming eyes,
In silent grief where droops her head—
The partner of his early joys!
And let his infant's tender cries
His fond paternal succour claim,
And bid him hear, in agonies,
A husband and a father's name!

'Tis done—the powerful charm succeeds,
His high reluctant spirit bends;
In bitterness of soul, he bleeds,
No longer with his fate contends!
An ideot laugh the welkin rends,
As Genius thus degraded lies,
'Till pitying Heav'n the veil extends
That shrouds the poet's ardent eyes!

Rear high thy bleak majestic hills,
Thy sheltered valleys proudly spread:
And, SCOTIA, pour thy thousand rills,
And wave thy heaths with blossoms red!
But never more shall poet tread
Thy airy heights, thy woodland reign,
Since He, the sweetest bard is dead
That ever breath'd the soothing strain!

SONNET TO A GOOSE.

If thou didst feed on western plains of yore,
Or waddle wide, with flat and flabby feet,
Over some Cambrian mountain's plashy moor;
Or find in farmer's yard a safe retreat
From gipsey thieves, and foxes sly and fleet;
If thy grey quills, by lawyer guided, trace
Deeds big with ruin to some wretched race,
Or love-sick poet's sonnet, sad and sweet,
Wailing the rigour of some lady fair;
Or of the drudge of house-maid's daily toil,
Cobwebs and dust thy pinions white besoil,
Departed goose! I neither know nor care:
But this I know, that thou wast very fine,
Season'd with sage, and onions, and Port-wine.

A Parisian buck wears a starched square of gauze, instead of a muslin neckcloth; thus his cravat is starched, the two ends of his shirt, that ascend on his cheeks, are starched, the frill is starched, and all, except the *petit-maitre*, for whom also the *laisse-aller* and indifferent manners are as requisite as the stiffness of his neck-handkerchief.

A lounger, in his new-fashioned buggy, resembles a Triton, or Sea-God in his car. The lady at his side, with her shoulders uncovered, her hair hanging over them, and one end of her shawl flying in the air, resembles Venus, who was said to be born *almost* naked; and the *belle* and *beau* drive as fast as the wind, and it may be justly said that Boreas delights in assisting their gondola.

AN ANIMATED PICTURE.

Woman is a very nice and very complicated machine. Her springs are infinitely delicate, and differ from those of man pretty nearly as the work of a repeating-watch does from that of a town-clock. Look at her; how delicately formed! Examine her senses; how exquisite and nice! Observe her understanding; how subtle and acute! But look into her heart; there is the watch-work, composed of parts so minute in themselves, and so wonderfully combined, that they must be seen by a microscopic eye, to be clearly apprehended.

The perception of a woman is as quick as lightning. Her penetration is intuition; I had almost said instinct. By a glance of her eye she shall draw a deep and just conclusion. Ask her how she formed it: she cannot answer the question. The philosopher deduces inferences; and his inferences shall be right: but he gets to the head of the staircase, if I may say so, by slow degrees, and mounting step by step. She arrives at the top of the staircase as well as he: but whether she leaped or flew there, is more than she knows herself.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I send you the following translation, or rather imitation (for I have not adhered literally to the original) of the 9th ode of Horace. Should it obtain your approbation, I may be induced occasionally to spend a leisure hour in making similar versions of the same poet.

Yours, &c.

VALERIUS.

ODE IX.

"Vides ut alta stet nive candidum
"Soracte." HOR.

Ah! see my friend, how white with falling snow
The "cloud-capt mountain" tow'rs above the plain;
See where the lazy stream has ceas'd to flow,
Fast bound in frozen Winter's icy chain.
Oppress'd with weight the bending forests groan;
In rattling volleys pours the driving hail;
And thro' the leafless grove, with sullen moan,
On eddying pinions sweeps the furious gale.
Now while the raging storm obscures the sky,
And nature mourns her blooming honors waste;
While swift the tim'rous herds for shelter fly,
And happy peasants to the hamlet haste;
In joyous mirth the circling hours we'll pass;
Nor rail at fortune, nor at fate repine;
With rich Falernian fill the sparkling glass,
And chaunt to Bacchus as we quaff the wine.
In ruddy flames while heaps of fuel blaze,
Let not keen winter freeze the mantling blood;
But wake the slumbering lyre to beauty's praise,
And take with grateful heart the offer'd good.
What tho' the tempest sweeps the swelling deep,
And fearful sailors shrink with chilling dread;
Soon shall the stormy winds be hush'd in sleep,
And not a willow wave its verdant head.
Let not to-morrow's cares your mind annoy,
Nor fancied ills disturb your anxious breast;
So shall you gladly taste the present joy,
Nor sour misfortune e'er your peace molest.
Now, while you yet enjoy youth's golden prime.
Weave the gay dance—swell high the festive song;
For nought can stay the fleeting foot of time,
Nor human care our measur'd date prolong.
When evening's friendly gloom enwraps the sky,
Haste with impatient steps the Fair to meet;
And while love dances in her beaming eye,
In amorous whispers all your vows repeat.
Fear not to pass the hours in sportive play;
Mid troops of damsels innocently gay.
From the sly corner, where she lies conceal'd,
Draw forth the titt'ring maid, by her own laugh reveal'd.
Then snatch the bracelet from her yielding arm,
While she, her joy dissembling, feigns alarm:
Or from her tap'ring finger, feebly closed,
Wrest thou the glitt'ring ring, "for theft dispos'd."

VALERIUS.

For the Port Folio.

[The following stanzas, in the Scottish dialect, were written by a friend who is a native of the country which gave birth to the celebrated BURNS; and, if we are not mistaken, they partake, in no mean degree, of the pathos and simplicity which characterise some of his sweetest productions.]

TO THE BLACK-BIRD, IN WINTER.

Poor bird! my heart is truly wae,
Forlorn to see thee wand'rin' sae,
Whar ilka things thy mortal foe,
E'en heav'n's vicegerent—
Unfeelin' man—he waits to slay
Thee like a tyrant.

Aft times, whan e'enin' frae her den
Staw safely up the dewy glen,
I've seen thee far frae treach'rous men
Thy sonnet singin',
While loud resoundin' to thy strain
The groves war ringin'.

But ah! the times are sadly chang'd;
The leafy forest whar thou rang'd
Clean bare by gurly winter scraing'd,
Nae bield it yie'ls
An' hunger make thee quite estraing'd
To open fiel's.

In hoary mist wi' biting breath
Stern winter reigns in gloomy wrath;
Tho' calm the air, yet fraught wi' death,
It brings starvation,
An' thou maun seek, to scape the scaith,
Som' ither station.

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Alas! before the cottage door
In humble mood thou's fain to cow'r;
Tho' bawdrons crouching to devour,
An' riddle traps,
Await thee still, thou looks them o'er
For antrin scraps.
Yet ah! in this thou's no thy lane:
Thy fate is aft the fate o' men,
Wha, in their actions fair an' plain,
Nae guile expect,
Till driv'n on knaves quite unforeseen
They're fairly wreckt.

Happy thy fate compar'd wi' their's!
Returnin' spring shall end thy cares,
But ah! nae chagrin' time repairs
The broken heart;
Still weepin' recollection tears
Wi' double smart.

MASONIC ODE.

BY THE REV. T. M. HARRIS.

EVENING.

[Tune—"*Beattie's Hermit.*"]

The sun has declin'd, and the shadows of night
Far on to the westward extend now their sway:
The world is in darkness, but we are in light
More resplendent than that which illumin'd the day.

Thus, favour'd of God, those in *Goshen* who dwelt,
Had light in their dwellings, and light in their mind,
While o'er *Egypt* was darkness which might have been felt,
From nature obscur'd and from intellect blind.

As the children of light, then, we still should pursue
Whatever is worthy, and virtuous, and wise,
And prove that, as Masons, accepted and true,
Our business on earth is to fit for the skies.

And oh, like the Sun, may we shine in our sphere,
In diffusive and cheering effulgence around,
Till the shadows of ignorance all disappear,
And through the wide world love and virtue abound!

In the labours of love and of peace we unite,
And engage in support of Religion and Laws;
And here, in the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, we plight
Our hands and our hearts in defence of the cause.

Peace, peace to the world, is the wish of our hearts,
Its tumults and wars we sincerely deplore:
We seek the extension of Science and Arts,
And all that makes man love his brother-man more.

For the Port Folio.

[The following eminently beautiful stanzas which appeared without a signature shortly after the event to which they refer, we now present to our readers with alterations by the author. They are throughout descriptive and sublime—the closing figure is bold and original, and the republication of the ode will we think contribute to render perpetual the memory of an event which has deprived America of a HERO, and the world of a MAN.]

ODE.

(*Written after witnessing the funeral obsequies of General Hamilton.*)

Hark! how the passing bell
Heaves to the gale its sullen swell!
And, lo! in sorrow's pomp array'd,
To the dull beat of death,
The slowly-moving cavalcade!
The half suspended breath
Scarce frees the struggling sigh,
And hallow'd tears bedew mute beauty's eye.
Now, o'er the mansions of the dead
With slowly-solemn, measur'd tread,
Around their slumb'ring HERO drawn
The silent soldiers print the lawn.
Now the long blaze
Arrests the gaze!
The hollow vaults resound!
The blazing sky,
The thund'ring ground,
The piercing eye,
More eloquent than pity's flow,
Proclaim the soldier's *manly* woe.
High o'er the scene the curling cloud aspires:
Fraught with a nation's fervid sighs,
The mighty incense seeks the skies,
And tells astonish'd worlds a HAMILTON expires.

LODINUS.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, April 5*, 1806. [No. 13.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No 5.

To beguile the Time,
Look like the Time.
SHAKESPEARE.

I HAD intended to devote the Day to a very different object of speculation; but I avow that the advices from Europe so occupy my mind as to render it difficult for me to write upon any other than the subjects they involve.

It has been asserted by some of those who calculated on the success of the allies, that the events which have taken place are such as no man expected, but such as in some degree wished for their arrival. This is an idle assertion. With equal propriety, we might say, they are such as all men expected, those only not included, the earnestness of whose anxiety for the contrary had prejudiced their understanding. In reality, men of sense, on both sides, must have estimated in their due extent the chances of war; and it may be that those made the most use of their understanding who saw, from the beginning, that all human probabilities were on the side of the French.

But, to discuss the foundations of conjecture, now that a fatal certitude has put an end to its reign, were a profitless pursuit. The battle of Austerlitz has decided the question. Napoleon has strengthened the establishment of his throne; and Europe, from the Carpathians to the Atlantic, and from the Mediterranean to the Baltic, is under his sceptre. It contains only his subjects, his allies, and those who dare not rise against him. What more he may accomplish, time only can show. The houses of Hapsburg, Brandenburg, and Romanof may be removed still further to the eastward. Expelled from Austria, Francis, who may now have no better mean of retrieving the fortunes of his family than that of following the course Napoleon shall direct, may one day exchange the western for the eastern empire; and, while the Ottomans cross the Dardanelles, find in Constantinople at least some portion of that security which he has for ever lost in Vienna. The descendants of Frederic the Great may reign in St. Petersburgh, *indemnified* with the provinces of Livonia and Ingria for what they shall resign to the *kings* of Saxony, and Hesse, and Denmark. Alexander, meanwhile, acknowledged to be an emperor only by Great Britain and her allies, may be left to restore the ancient capital of the Czars, or fix his seat at the port of Catharinenslof, and *indemnify* himself with Ispahan.

There is not one of these revolutions which does not appear to me consistent with what policy may dictate to Napoleon, and his arms enable him to produce. Produced, the west of continental

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Europe will constitute his empire, composed of departments, or of *federative states;* composed, from one end to the other, of his own creations; for Denmark must either fall, or experience his bounty. The petty kings, by whom he will be surrounded, will be his great vassals; and, virtually, at the least, do him homage for their crowns. In Germany, which might have hoped for a better fate, the feudal system will remain, awaiting the softening hand of time and civilization; and the imperial republic alone will have been delivered from all traces of the institution. Such is the state of things to come, or rather all but established, and which is to be altered only by new arrangements of the Thuilleries, by the mutual dissensions of the French allies, by their revolts, and by their future acquisitions of power.

To those who shall think I overstretch, if not the ambition, the probable achievements or influence of Napoleon, I submit a few considerations. In the south, it cannot be otherwise than sound policy to check the career of Russia, and how can this be more effectually done than by establishing the House of Austria on the Black Sea? I do not know that it can desire a more splendid establishment; but, if it do not desire it, in what condition is it to resist the will of Napoleon? Do we forget that, in ceding the Tyrol, the Venetian territory, and other western possessions, it parts with a population of more value than one of double the number, acquired on the east? Are its Croats and Morlachians equally fit for the field with its Tyrolese? and will it find in the Servians a soldiery more capable or more willing to resist the armies of France? In strengthening Suabia and Bavaria with the Austrian borders of the west, Napoleon does the latter the irreparable injury of taking from her, not only that part of her people most familiar with the civilization of the west, but that part most imbued with national prejudices against the French; and what does he give her in exchange? Barbarians prepossessed against her yoke! Barbarians, unused to European discipline, and who will not be persuaded to learn it without difficulty and time. In all this, I take no account of the superiority of the tactics of France, of the superiority of her plans, of the enthusiasm of her battalions, of the excellence of her generals, or of the ruinous jealousies of those of Austria.

In the north, what is there to render incredible any thing that I have sketched above? Will not the kings of Suabia, Bavaria, Baden, Hesse and Saxony, be strengthened, and are there not others to be provided, not only with crowns, but with whole kingdoms? Will Poland be suffered to remain as it is? Will not Prussia be called upon to make cessions, and will she not be gratified with compensations? And out of what fund shall Napoleon remunerate Frederic-William? What policy so justifiable as that of reducing Russia, the natural ally of Great Britain? And is Russia so impregnable? Can no impression be made on it? To over-run the Russian empire would be a laborious task, indeed; but would it be less difficult to defend it? Why should not a French or a Prussian army penetrate into Courland? In short, what extraordinary safeguard surrounds and protects St. Petersburgh? But, if St. Petersburg were once in the possession of an ally of France, Napoleon might then control the ports of the Baltic, from the Cattegatte to the Gulf of Cronstadt.

The scheme of empire, however, which I have described, as that of Napoleon, is so unlike any thing seen in Europe, since the period of the Roman sway, that it may be, I ought to omit nothing which can remove from the mind of my readers the idea that it is the offspring of my own imagination. To show that Napoleon judges it inexpedient to extend too far the bounds of the *republic;* that he rather chuses to surround its frontiers with small monarchies, his allies; and that those monarchies, at the same time, are to be considered as estates of the French empire, I need only appeal to the Peace of Presburg and to one of his latest decrees. In the latter, we find him remarking, that "All history proves the "uniformity of laws, beyond a certain "extent of territory, to be incompati-

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"ble with the safety and durability of "an empire;" and, in another place, promising certain provisions regarding the "Federative Estates of the em- "pire."

But, while some will regard as romance the extension of the influence of Napoleon eastward to the Sea of Marmora, others will suppose that he desires, and will obtain, nothing less than the whole line of sea-coast, from the Straits to Alexandria. This point I shall examine, leaving to more adventurous politicians all speculations on his marches through the interior of Asia, where they have prepared for him all the triumphs of Alexander, Sesostris, and Bacchus; and where, after crossing the Indus and the Ganges, he is to receive deputations from the mandarins of Canton.

That the crown of France, at no very distant day, may become possessed of Egypt, and exercise a species of sovereignty over Syria and Natolia, I do not believe improbable; but all this must be of an inland description: the navigation of the Mediterranean will remain, as I hope and trust, under the control of Great Britain. He may make Cairo the centre of African trade and influence; he may dispatch from that capital menaces and benedictions throughout Barbary, Nigritia, Nubia, Abyssinia, and Ethiopia; he may collect within its walls slaves, ivory, and gold; he may receive at Suez the coffee of Arabia; but, he shall never ship his merchandise but to expose it to British cruizers: if it reach Europe in safety, it must be through the aid of weary caravans, toiling over the Great and Little Deserts.

But, here, I have more than usual occasion for putting myself on my defence. Am I bold enough to hope, nay even to trust, that England will still command the navigation of the Mediterranean? I hope, and trust, that she will still command not only the Mediterranean, but the Baltic, the Atlantic, the Indian and the Pacific Oceans. On her so doing depends the freedom of the world; and that she will so do I cannot see reason to doubt. Mr. Randolph, indeed, is of opinion (unless his language is misrepresented), that "Great "Britain can never again see the year "1760; that she is no longer formida- "ble but as a naval power; and that, "even thus, she will not, perhaps, be "so long." On what are these opinions founded? On the victories of Napoleon? On the subjection of continental Europe? If Great Britain suffer materially by these, it must be through the errors of her statesmen. Her case is not so desperate as her foes are too ready to believe, and her friends too ready to fear. I am not sure that she will never see again the year 1760; that is, that she will never again achieve similar continental victories, and possess similar continental influence; but I am very sure that the year 1805 will not be a contemptible one in her annals: that her present attitude is firm and lofty; and that, with wise conduct, she may flourish through a period of which no man can determine the duration.

True, the battle of Austerlitz has been lost; but so have the battles of St. Domingo and Trafalgar. If France have not been ruined by the latter, no more has England by the former. England has gained so much at sea; France so much by land. Has the victory of Trafalgar enabled England to conquer France? Has the victory of Austerlitz enabled France to conquer England?——But, I will reserve, for another Day, my speculations on the present state and present prospects of the British empire.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF LOGAN.

[*Continued.*]

Logan was a man of very amiable dispositions, and of very agreeable manners. He loved and esteemed his friends, and was by them loved and esteemed. He was respected by the world as a man of superior talents, learning, and virtue. Genius, a sufficient stock of professional erudition, and a happy facility of communication, distinguished him as a public instructor. Failings he had undoubtedly; many of his friends will remember them; but he had no failings which did not proceed from an unhappy constitutional

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temperament. In feeling minds passions naturally burn with too much vehemence. His sensibility was too ardent, his passions were too easily moved. His spirits were always much elated, or much depressed. After the failure of his schemes of literary ambition, the frequency and duration of his periods of melancholy became more remarkable. His health continually declined. He grew burdensome to himself, and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief which the bottle supplies; a weakness which, in his unhappy circumstances, reflects no dishonour on his memory, and cannot be remembered, but with pity and sadness.

As an author, Logan has distinguished himself as an *historian*, a *divine* and a *poet*.

His *Elements of the Philosophy of History* display the deep penetration, comprehensive views, and animated composition, which distinguished his course of "Lectures on Ancient and Modern History." He appears, from these outlines, to have taken a very comprehensive and philosophical survey of the history of mankind. Though they were particularly intended for his pupils, they may be of use to the readers of history in general, in leading them to contemplate events in their connection with each other, and in relation to their causes, and in suggesting hints of speculation and inquiry. In this excellent production, as well as in his *Dissertation on Asia*, he shows himself to be both a man of erudition and a philosopher. But, besides this, we discover in them some of the principal qualifications of a poet, a vein of imagery and invention, and the true flame of genius.

It is no unpleasant reflection, to be able to find so many elegant writers of sermons among the Scottish preachers; in the first rank of which Logan stands very high. Leechman, Craig, Farquhar, Walker, Logan, Drysdale, Gerard, Lamont, Charters, and Blair, are such writers of sermons, as any country might with justice be proud of. It is remarkable, that an art which has been so long and so constantly practised as that of preaching, should hitherto have furnished so very few models of eloquence. It was in France that the first attempts appear to have been made towards any improvement in this species of composition. In the reign of Lewis XIV, the eloquence of the pulpit was carried to a perfection which has not since been exceeded by the writers of that or any other country. The first who distinguished themselves in France by their eloquence in preaching, were Bossuet, Flechier, and Bourdaloue; and the two former were surpassed by the latter, who united with considerable warmth, and remarkable correctness and purity of expression, great force and strength of reasoning. These were followed by Massillon, who exceeded all his predecessors, and has afforded the most perfect models of pulpit-eloquence. Bourdaloue, nervous in his style, simple in his expression, and acute in his reasoning, aims at convincing the understanding, rather than at touching the heart. Massillon, not less nervous in his style, but more acute in his expression, expresses himself in a language dicated by the richest imagination and the most delicate taste; and, addressing himself to the heart, hurries us along with a never-failing torrent of the warmest and most passionate eloquence.

In England the art of preaching has made a less distinguished progress, and is yet far from having arrived at that degree of perfection which the French have attained. Before the Restoration, there is hardly a preacher whose sermons deserve to be read. The spirit of religious controversy gave them some warmth; but, utterly void of taste, and destitute of elegance of expression, they abound in cold divisions and scholastic jargon. Then appeared Sanderson and Barrow, who, deviating from the involved method of their predecessors, introduced a mode less formal, though not quite pure from the parade of artificial composition. In that reign, Scott, diffuse, figurative, serious, and fervent, formed a manner peculiar to himself, which, without an equal portion of congenial talents, it was impossible to imitate. About the end of the last, and the beginning of the present century, some improvements were made. In the sermons of Tillotson there is remarkable good sense, accompanied with simplicity, and considerable purity of expression. Clarke pondered his subjects with patience, compared the Bible carefully with itself, argued coolly, decided with caution, wrote with precision, and seldom admitted an improper word, or gave it a wrong position; but he is generally dry and uninteresting. Butler's sermons are for the most part upon very abstruse metaphysical points, little suited to the pulpit, or to the generality of readers. In the sermons of Seed there is sound and clear reasoning; the expression is lively and elegant, and the manner warm and interesting; but his style is often too artificial, as opposed to natural. The sermons of Hoadly, Sherlock, Secker, Jortin, and many others, though justly celebrated for their sound and clear reasoning, and nervous expression, yet hardly ever afford any examples of an animated and passionate eloquence. Atterbury is almost the only English preacher who has attained any remarkable elegance, or who approaches in any degree to the eloquence of the French. His style is more nervous, his expression more elegant, and his manner more warm and affecting than almost any of the English preachers; but he is sometimes careless and incorrect, and sometimes even flat and insipid.

[*To be continued.*]

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For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[Some time before Dr. Goldsmith projected the writing of Comedy, and long before his laughable play, "The Mistakes of a Night" appeared, it was the fashion, among a knot of fantastic French innovators, to introduce on the Parisian stage a motley species of the Drama, which they saluted by the discordant name of *Comedie larmoyante*, or *crying* Comedy. This strange creature, with her harlequin coat, has become such a favourite since that time, from Cumberland to Kotzebue, that she is frequently introduced upon the stage as a substitute for the genuine Thalia. In the following elegant, sprightly, and well reasoned essay, which does not appear in Dr. Goldsmith's edition of his works, this innovation is attacked with all the force of good sense, and all the sharpness of ridicule. It affords us much satisfaction to have an opportunity to exhibit the nervous protest of a competent judge against a fashionable absurdity. Of the accuracy of his assertions we have not a doubt. The authority of Boileau is decisive. Men go to a comedy to *laugh* at the folly and vice of coxcombs and knaves. Aristophanes, Plautus, Shakespeare, Congreve and Cibber, never dreamt of a *comic* muse in mourning, and whining "like a sick girl."]

The Theatre, like all other amusements, has its fashions and its prejudices: and when satiated with its excellence, mankind begin to mistake change for improvement.

For some years Tragedy was the reigning entertainment; but of late, it has entirely given way to Comedy, and our best efforts are now exerted in these lighter kinds of composition. The pompous train, the swelling phrase, and unnatural rant, are displaced for that natural portrait of human folly and frailty, of which all are judges, because all have sat for the picture.

But, as in describing nature it is presented with a double face, either of mirth or sadness, our modern writers find themselves at a loss, which chiefly to copy from; and it is now debated whether the exhibition of human distress is likely to afford the mind more entertainment than that of human absurdities!

Comedy is defined by Aristotle to be a picture of the frailties of the lower part of mankind, to distinguish it from Tragedy, which is an exhibition of the misfortunes of the great. When Comedy therefore ascends to produce the characters of princes or generals upon the stage, it is out of its walk, since low life and middle life are entirely its object: The principal question, therefore, is, whether, in describing low or middle life, an exhibition of its follies be not preferable to a detail of its calamities? or, in other words, which deserves the preference? The weeping sentimental Comedy, so much in fashion at present, or the laughing and even low Comedy, which seems to have been last exhibited by Vanbrugh and Cibber?

If we apply to authorities, all the great masters in the dramatic art have but one opinion. Their rule is, that as Tragedy displays the calamities of the great, so Comedy should excite our laughter, by ridiculously exhibiting the follies of the lower part of mankind. Boileau, one of the best modern critics, asserts that Comedy will not admit of Tragic Distress:

> Le Comique, ennemi des soupirs et des pleurs,
> N'admet point, dans ses vers, de tragiques douleurs.

Nor is this rule without the strongest foundation in nature; as the distresses of the mean by no means affect us so strongly as the calamities of the great. When Tragedy exhibits to us some great man falling from his height, and struggling with want and adversity, we feel his situation in the same manner as we suppose he himself must feel; and our pity is increased in proportion to the height from which he fell. On the contrary, we do not so strongly sympathize with one born in humble circumstances, and encountering accidental distress: so that while we melt for Belisarius, we scarcely give halfpence to the beggar, who accosts us in the street. The one has our pity; the other

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our contempt. Distress, therefore, is the proper object of Tragedy, since the great exite our pity by their fall; but not equally so of Comedy, since the actors employed in it are originally so mean, that they sink but little by their fall.

Since the first origin of the stage, Tragedy and Comedy have run in distinct channels, and never till of late encroached upon the provinces of each other. Terence, who seems to have made the nearest approaches, always judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright pathetic; and yet he is even reproached by Cæsar for wanting the *vis Comica*. All the other comic writers of antiquity aim only at rendering folly or vice ridiculous, but never exalt their characters into buskined pomp, or make what Voltaire humourously calls a *Tradesman's Tragedy*.

Yet, notwithstanding this weight of authority, and the universal practice of former ages, a new species of dramatic composition has been introduced under the name of *Sentimental Comedy*, in which the virtues of private life are exhibited, rather than the vices exposed; and the distresses rather than the faults of mankind make our interest in the piece. These comedies have had of late great success, perhaps from their novelty, and also from their flattering every man in his favourite foible. In these plays almost all the characters are good, and exceedingly generous; they are lavish enough of their *tin* money on the stage, and, though they want humour, have abundance of sentiment and feeling. If they happen to have faults or foibles, the spectator is taught not only to pardon but to applaud them, in consideration of the goodness of their heart; so that folly, instead of being rediculed, is commended, and the Comedy aims at touching our passions without the power of being truly pathetic. In this manner we are like to lose one great source of entertainment on the stage; for, while the comic poet is invading the province of the Tragic Muse, he leaves her lovely sister quite neglected. Of this, he is no way solicitous, as he measures his fame by his profits.

But it will be said, that the Theatre is formed to amuse mankind, and that it matters little, if this end be answered, by what means it is obtained. If mankind find delight in weeping at comedy, it would be cruel to abridge them in that or any other innocent pleasure. If those pieces are denied the name of comedies, yet call them by any other name, and if they are delightful they are good. Their success, it will be said, is a mark of their merit; and it is only abridging our happiness to deny us an inlet to amusement.

These objections, however, are rather specious than solid: it is true that amusement is a great object of the theatre, and it will be allowed, that these sentimental pieces do often amuse us; but the question is, whether the true comedy would not amuse us more? The question is, whether a character, supported throughout a piece with its ridicule still attending, would not give us more delight than that species of bastard tragedy which only is applauded because it is new.

A friend of mine, who was sitting at one of these sentimental pieces, was asked how he could be so indifferent? "Why truly," says he, "as the hero is but a tradesman, it is indifferent to me whether he be turned out of his counting house on Fish-street hill, since he will still have enough left to open a shop in St. Giles's."

The other objection is as ill grounded; for though we should give these pieces another name, it will not mend their efficacy. It will continue a kind of *mulish* production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility. If we are permitted to make Comedy weep, we have an equal right to make tragedy laugh, and to set down in blank verse the jests and repartees of all the attendants in a funeral procession.

But there is one argument in favour of sentimental comedy, which will keep it on the stage, in spite of all that can be said against it. It is, of all others, the most easily written. Those abilities, that can hammer out a novel, are fully sufficient for the production of a senti-

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mental comedy. It is only sufficient to raise the character a little; to deck out the hero with a ribband, or give the heroine a title, then to put an insipid dialogue, without character or humour, into their mouths, give them mighty good hearts, very fine cloaths, furnish a new set of scenes, make a pathetic act or two, with a sprinkling of tender melancholy conversation through the whole, and there is no doubt but all the ladies will cry, and all the gentlemen applaud.

Humour, at present, seems to be departing from the stage; and it will soon happen that our comic players will have nothing left for it but a fine coat and a song. It depends upon the audience whether they will actually drive those poor merry creatures from the stage, or sit at a play as gloomy as at the tabernacle. It is not easy to recover an art when once lost; and it will be but a just punishment that when, by being too fastidious, we have banished humour from the stage, we should ourselves be deprived of the use of laughing.

For the Port Folio.

EPISTOLARY.

Original letter from Dr. Smollet.

[Every line from the pen of genius should be preserved with care, and perused with avidity. The following letter, from the author of Roderick Random, is one of the last he ever wrote; and though it be a mere letter of business, may excite some not unpleasing ideas of association.]

Lucca Baths, Wednesday, August 21.

DEAR SIR,

I was favoured with your's last night, and take this first opportunity of answering it, as I am determined to be with you as soon as possible. We shall set out from hence on Monday morning, and lie at Pisa, and on Tuesday we propose to take potluck with you at Leghorn; so that we may proceed to the Guadino in the evening—Meanwhile I must beg the favour of you to write Mr. Favilla that I shall be at Lucca next Monday, and that I shall have occasion for twenty Zechins, as I should not care to be run to the last Paul. He may then take my order upon you for the money, and I will pay him the amount of what he has laid out, in our behalf, since we left Leghorn. You will therefore desire him to have the account ready to settle.

The baggage we shall send to Leghorn by the Canal; and when we arrive we shall be able to judge what must be forwarded to the Guadino, where I hope you will remember to make some provision of wine. We shall leave the best part of a barrel to our friend Domenicho, who has not yet received the printed cotton, but I suppose it will come to hand this day or tomorrow. Pray remember me to Nanny and Kitty, Capt. St. Barbe, and all friends, and excuse this first trouble from,

Dear Sir,
Yours always,
Ts. Smollet.

A Monsieur
Monsr. Renner,
Negotiant, à Livourne.

ANECDOTES OF ANSTEY.

Mr. Anstey was formerly of King's College, and well known in the literary world for some excellent poetical productions, particularly the "New Bath Guide, or Memoirs of the Blunderhead Family." He was originally designed for the church; but inheriting, rather unexpectedly, a moderate fortune, he resigned every pretension to ecclesiastical honours, and was content with economising what he had, without the ambition of making more. At the university, so far from distinguishing himself, he incurred the disgrace of having his degree withheld from him, and is reported to have been remarkable, in early life, for levity and dissipation. To this circumstance he alludes, without seeming greatly to lament it, in the following lines of the Bath Guide:

Bear witness, you moon, the chaste empress of night!
Ye stars, that diffuse the pure radiance of light!
How oft have I mourn'd that such blame should accrue
From one wicked letter of pious Miss Prue!

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May this lazy stream, who to Granta bestows
Philosophical slumbers and learned repose,
To Granta, sweet Granta, where, studious of ease,
Seven years did I sleep, and then lost my degrees.

His first appearance as an author was in a monody on the death of the unfortunate marquis of Tavistock, who was killed by a fall from his horse. This was immediately followed by the New Bath Guide, which is, in a great measure, built on Smollet's novel of Humphrey Clinker. Indeed, the characters of Tabby and Miss Prue, and the whole description of Bath, are copies from the novel. Mr. Anstey, however, was not the only one who derived materials from this source; for Sheridan has made equally free with the same characters in the comedy of the Rivals. The Bath Guide was received with deserved and general applause. Its satire, which is poignant without grossness or personality, pleased all; and the profusion of wit and humour on the Bath amusements, the physicians, the extortions, the public breakfasts and balls, was equally grateful, on account of its justness and novelty. But it is unnecessary to enlarge on a work which has passed through numerous editions, and is in the hands of every person of taste. After this production, Mr. Anstey's muse continued silent, or was, at least, employed on mere trifles; and a writer, to whom the palm of humorous and light poetry was adjudged upon the first efforts of his talents, immediately passed into obscurity. For the last thirty years, nobody has been less known to the public than Mr. A. There is no *bon mot* or witticism of this distinguished author upon record. He could never be prevailed upon to sing again, however persuaded by his friends or his bookseller, but seemed resolved that, like the swan, his first note should be his last. His name, however, has not been forgotten; his son has, in a great measure, redeemed the pledge of his father, and proved that he inherits a full measure of his poetic talents, by a publication in no respect inferior to the Bath Guide, entitled, The Conduct of a Suit at Law, &c.

For the Port Folio.

[The following pathetic Ode to the true *nepenthe* of life occurs in Desmond, a novel by Mrs. C. Smith. Dr. Mead was wont to say energetically of Opium, that it was *Donum Dei*. Physic, in mercy to tortured man, has bestowed the juice of the poppy, in aid of our moral consolations.]

ODE TO THE POPPY.

Not for the promise of the labour'd field,
Not for the good the yellow harvests yield,
I bend at Ceres' shrine;
For dull, to humid eyes, appear
The golden glories of the year.
Alas! a melancholy worship's mine.
I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower.
Thou brilliant weed,
That dost so far exceed
The richest gifts gay Flora can bestow;
Heedless I pass'd thee in life's morning hour,
Thou comforter of woe,
Till sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when fancy cheats,
A various wreath I wove,
Of laughing Spring's luxuriant sweets,
To deck ungrateful love.
The rose or thorn my numbers crown'd,
As Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd;
But love and joy and all their train are flown,
E'en languid hope no more is mine,
And I will sing of thee alone;
Unless per chance the attributes of grief,
The cypress bud and willow leaf
Their pale funereal foliage blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! thou can'st ease
The wretched victim of disease,
Can'st close those weary eyes in sleep,
Which never open but to weep!
For oh! thy potent charm,
Can agonizing pain disarm,
Expel imperious memory from her seat,
And bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

Soul-soothing plant! that can such blessings give,
By thee the mourner loves to live,
By thee the hopeless die,
Oh, ever friendly to despair,
Might sorrow's pallid votary dare,
Without a crime, that remedy t' implore,
Which bids the spirit from its bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliating aid no more,
No more I'd sue that thou should'st spread
Thy spell around my aching head,
But would conjure thee to impart
Thy balsam for a broken heart,
And by thy soft Lethean power,
Inestimable flower!
Burst these terrestial bands, and other regions try.

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For the Port Folio.

[The following ingenious Essay, replete with liberality of sentiment, as well as with elegance of expression, is from the pen of *Goldsmith*, though unpublished during his lifetime. We cannot resist the temptation to transfer it to the Port Folio. Every line from this fascinating author is to our eye as a string of pearls, or *a signet of carbuncle, set in gold.*]

As I am one of that sauntering tribe of mortals, who spend the greatest part of their time in taverns, coffee-houses, and other places of public resort, I have thereby an opportunity of observing an infinite variety of characters, which, to a person of a contemplative turn, is a much higher entertainment than a view of all the curiosities of art or nature. In one of these my late rambles, I accidentally fell into the company of half a dozen gentlemen, who were engaged in a warm dispute about some political affair; the decision of which, as they were equally divided in their sentiments, they thought proper to refer to me, which naturally drew me in for a share of the conversation.

Amongst a multiplicity of other topics, we took occasion to talk of the different characters of the several nations of Europe; when one of the gentlemen, cocking his hat, and assuming such an air of importance as if he had possessed all the merit of the English nation in his own person, declared that the Dutch were a parcel of avaricious wretches; the French a set of flattering sycophants; the Germans were drunken sots, and beastly gluttons; and the Spaniards proud, haughty, surly tyrants; but that, in bravery, generosity, clemency, and in every other virtue, the English excelled all the rest of the world.

This very *learned* and *judicious remark* was received with a general smile of approbation by all the company—all, I mean, but your humble servant; who, endeavouring to keep my gravity as well as I could, and reclining my head upon my arm, continued for some time in a posture of affected thoughtfulness, as if I had been musing on something else, and did not seem to attend to the subject of conversation; hoping by these means to avoid the disagreeable necessity of explaining myself, and thereby depriving the gentlemen of his imaginary happiness.

But my pseudo-patriot had no mind to let me escape so easily. Not satisfied that his opinion should pass without contradiction, he was determined to have it ratified by the suffrages of every one in the company; for which purpose, addressing himself to me with an air of inexpressible confidence, he asked me if I was not of the same way of thinking. As I am never forward in giving my opinion, especially when I have reason to believe that it will not be agreeable, so, when I am obliged to give it, I always hold it for a maxim to speak my real sentiments. I therefore told him, that, for my own part, I should not have ventured to talk in such a peremptory strain, unless I had made the tour of Europe, and examined the manners of these several nations with great care and accuracy: that perhaps a more impartial judge would not scruple to affirm, that the Dutch were more frugal and industrious, the French more temperate and polite, the Germans more hardy and patient of labour and fatigue, and the Spaniards more steady and sedate, than the English; who, though undoubtedly brave and generous, were at the same time rash, headstrong and impetuous; too apt to be elated with prosperity, and to despond in adversity.

I could easily perceive that all the company began to reward me with a jealous eye before I had finished my answer, which I had no sooner done than the patriotic gentleman observed, with a contemptuous sneer, that he was greatly surprised how some people could have the conscience to live in a country which they did not love, and to enjoy the protection of a government, to which, in their hearts, they were inveterate enemies. Finding that by this modest declaration of my sentiments I had forfeited the good opinion of my companions, and given them occasion to call my political principles in question, and well knowing that it was

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in vain to argue with men who were so very full of themselves, I threw down my reckoning, and retired to my own lodgings, reflecting on the absurd and ridiculous nature of national prejudice and prepossession.

Among all the famous sayings of antiquity, there is none that does greater honour to the author, or affords greater pleasure to the reader (at least if he be a person of a generous and benevolent heart), than that of the philosopher who, being asked "what countryman he was," replied that he was "a Citizen of the World." How few are there to be found, in modern times, who can say the same, or whose conduct is consistent with such a profession! We are now become so much Englishmen, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, Spaniards, or Germans, that we are no longer citizens of the world; so much the natives of one particular spot, or members of one petty society, that we no longer consider ourselves as the general inhabitants of the globe, or members of that grand society which comprehends the whole human kind.

Did these prejudices prevail only among the meanest and lowest of the people, perhaps they might be excused, as they have few, if any, opportunities of correcting them by reading, travelling, or conversing with foreigners: but the misfortune is, that they infect the mind, and influence the conduct, even of our gentlemen; of those, I mean, who have every title to this appellation but an exemption from prejudice, which, however, in my opinion, ought to be regarded as the characteristical mark of a gentlemen; for, let a man's birth be ever so high, his station ever so exalted, or his fortune ever so large, yet, if he is not free from national and other prejudices, I should make bold to tell him, that he had a low and vulgar mind, and had no just claim to the character of a gentleman. And, in fact, you will always find, that those are most apt to boast of national merit, who have little or no merit of their own to depend on; than which, to be sure, nothing is more natural: the slender vine twists round the sturdy oak, for no other reason in the world but because it has not strength sufficient to support itself.

Should it be alleged, in defence of national prejudice, that it is the natural and necessary growth of love to our country, and that therefore the former cannot be destroyed without hurting the latter, I answer, that this is a gross fallacy and delusion. That it is the growth of love to our country, I will allow; but that it is the natural and necessary growth of it, I absolutely deny. Superstition and enthusiasm too are the growth of religion; but who ever took it into his head to affirm, that they are the necessary growth of this noble principle? They are, if you will, the bastard-sprouts of this heavenly plant, but not its natural and genuine branches, and may safely enough be lopt off, without any harm to the parent stock: nay, perhaps, till once they are lopt off, this goodly tree can never flourish in perfect health and vigour.

Is it not very possible that I may love my own country, without hating the natives of other countries? that I may exert the most heroic bravery, the most undaunted resolution in defending its laws and liberty, without despising all the rest of the world as cowards and poltrons? Most certainly it is; and, if it were not—But why need I suppose what is absolutely impossible!—But if it were not, I must own, I should prefer the title of the ancient philosopher, viz. a Citizen of the World, to that of an Englishman, a Frenchman, an European, or to any other appellation whatever.

For the Port Folio.

INTERESTING LITERARY MEMOIRS.

JOHN SCAPULA.

Having received a good education at Lausanne, was employed as assistant corrector of the press by Henry Stephens. Whilst the latter was printing his excellent *Treasury of the Greek Language*, his assistant compiled from it, secretly, an abridgment, which contained all that he judged necessary for the advancement of students. This Lexicon was first printed by him in 1580, and was reprinted at Leyden by the Elzevirs, in folio, 1652. Henry Stephens by this theft lost the sale of a work

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which had cost him immense labour, and was ruined, whilst Scapula enjoyed in peace the fruit of his villany.

SCREVELIUS

published his Lexicon at Leyden, 1647, in 8vo, the form it still holds. This is the only work of that scholar which does him any credit. He printed several editions of Homer, Hesiod, and other ancient writers, in a fine style of typography; but his critical notes are only distinguished by their want of taste and judgment. Screvelius's Lexicon was afterwards enlarged and corrected by Hill, 1767, and is now in general use.

JOHN FRANCIS REGNARD,

famous as the greatest traveller that France ever produced, is also well known as a pleasing poet and an elegant scholar. After visiting almost every country of Europe, and part of Africa and Asia, he determined to penetrate as far to the northward as possible; and for this purpose followed the course of the Torno, till he arrived at the Frozen Ocean. Here being obliged to terminate his career, he carved the following verses on a stone, and on a slab of wood, for the edification of those who might take the trouble to tread in his steps:

Gallia nos genuit, vidit nos Africa; Gangem
Hausimus, Europamque oculis lustravimus omnem;
Casibus et variis acti terráque marique,
Sistimus hîc tandem nobis ubi defuit orbis.

Thus rendered into French.

Nés François, eprouvés par cent périls divers,
Du Gange et du Zaïr nous avons vu les sources,
Parcouru l'Europe et les mers;
Voici le terme de nos courses,
Et nous nous arrêtons où finit l'Univers.

Regnard and Boileau the satirist were long at variance; but in 1705 they made up their differences, and were ever after friends. Regnard wrote more than twenty pieces for the theatre, which were well received. The account of his voyages is a spirited performance. The best edition of his works is that of Paris, 1790, 4 vols. quarto.

ROSCIUS QUINTUS.

This celebrated actor was born in Gaul, and was induced by Cæsar to go to Rome. Cicero, his friend and admirer, has spoken of him in the highest terms of panegyric. "This "man," says he, "was so agreeable on the "stage, that he ought never to have quitted "it; and he was so virtuous, that he ought "never to have set his foot on it." Cicero undertook his defence against Fannius, and it was on this occasion that he delivered his fine oration, *pro Roscio*. Piso and Sylla were no less his friends. He won the hearts of all, by his humanity, candor, suavity and liberality. The republic granted him a pension of 20,000 crowns; and, although he was not paid for ten years together, he continued to perform. Æsop, according to Pliny, was worth 125,000 ducats a year (about 8,000£. sterling). Roscius might have made a fortune, to which this would have been but a trifle, if he had duly appreciated his own talents, since Cicero made a formal declaration, in his harangue for him, that he could earn annually a million of ducats (27,000£. sterling.) This illustrious actor died 61 years before Christ. He wrote, *A parallel of the Stage and the Bar;* but this work has not descended to our time.

For the Port Folio.

[With the exception of Cervantes, Quevedo, Father Feyjoo and a few others, whom we are compelled to praise, I know not whether even in England, and still less in America, the literature of Spain excites the just attention of the learned. My slender acquaintance with the language enables me to affirm, that it abounds with writings which, in dignity, spirit and grace, exceed works translated from languages much more fashionable. The apothegms of the Spanish nation are as pregnant with wisdom as those of the Grecks. The following, in very quaint terms, convey lessons of prudence, which deserve to be studied and obeyed.]

Old Spanish Proverbs.

He is a rich man who hath God for his friend. He is the best scholar who hath learned to live well. A handful of mother-wit is worth a bushel of learning. When all men say you are an ass, it is time to bray. Change of weather finds discourse for fools. A pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt. The sorrow men have for others hangs upon one hair. A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will. That day on which you marry you either mar or make yourself. God comes to see or look upon us without a bell. You had better leave your enemy something when you die, than live to beg of your friends. That's wise delay which makes the road safe. Cure your sore eyes only with your elbow. Let us thank God, and be content with what we have. The foot of the owner is the best manure for his land. He is my friend who grinds at my mill. Enjoy that little you have while the fool is hunting for more. Saving and doing do not dine together. Money cures all diseases. A life ill-spent makes a sad old age. 'Tis money that makes men lords. We talk, but God does what he pleases. May you have good luck, my son, and a little wit will serve your turn. Gifts break through stone walls. Go not to your doctor for every ail, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your pitcher for every thirst. There is no better looking-glass than an old true friend. A wall between both best preserves friendship. The sum of

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all is, to serve God well, and to do no ill thing. The creditor always hath a better memory than the debtor. Setting down in writing is a lasting memory. Repentance always costs very dear. Good breeding and money make our sons gentlemen. As you use your father, so your children will use you. There is no evil, but some good use may be made of it. No price is great enough for good counsel. Examine not the pedigree nor patrimony of a good man. There is no ill thing in Spain but that which can speak. Praise the man whose bread you eat. God keep me from him whom I trust; from him whom I trust not, I shall keep myself. Keep out of an hasty man's way for a while; out of a sullen man's all the days of your life. If you love me, John, your deeds will tell me so. I defy all fetters, though they were made of gold. Few die of hunger; an hundred thousand of surfeits. Govern yourself by reason, though some like it, others do not. If you would know the worth of a ducat, go and borrow one. No companion like money. A good wife is the workmanship of a good husband. The fool fell in love with the lady's laced apron. The friar who asks for God's sake, asks for himself too. God keeps him who takes what care he can of himself. Nothing is valuable in this world, except as it tends to the next. Smoke, raining into the house, and a talking wife, make a man run out of doors. There is no to-morrow for an asking friend. God keep me from still water: from that which is rough I will keep myself. Take your wife's first advice, not her second. Tell not what you know, judge not what you see, and you will live in quiet. Hear reason, or she will make herself be heard. Gifts enter every where, without a wimble. A great fortune with a wife is a bedfull of brambles. One pin for your purse, and two for your mouth. There was never but one man who never did a fault. He who promises runs into debt. He who holds his peace gathers stones. Leave your son a good reputation and an employment. Receive your money before you give a receipt for it, and take a receipt before you pay it. God doth the cure, and the physician takes the money for it. Thinking is very far from knowing the truth. Fools make great feasts, and wise men eat them. June, July, August, and Carthagena, are the four best ports of Spain. A gentle calf sucks her own mother, and four cows more (between two own brothers, two witnesses, and a notary). The devil brings a modest man to the court. He who will have a mule without any fault must keep none. The wolves eat the poor ass that hath many owners. Visit your aunt, but not every day in the year. In an hundred years time princes are peasants, and in an hundred and ten peasants grow princes. The poor cat is whipped because our dame will not spin. Leave your jest whilst you are most pleased with it. Whither goest thou, grief? Where I am used to go. Leave a dog and a great talker in the middle of the street.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

SOUTHEY, though correctly aimed at by the sagacious archers of the old school, for his hostile approach to the ancient and fortified castles of criticism and morality, is unquestionably a young man of a feeling heart and a fertile imagination. His fault is an affectation of being wiser than what is written, a disdain of established rules, sanctioned by the quiet good sense and unerring experience of mankind. But, as is incident to such romantic adventurers, he sometimes, in the midst of his literary temerity, snatches a grace beyond the reach of art. The following poem, which, judging merely from the title, a careless reader might pronounce trifling, if not mean, is original, fanciful, and pathetic. The *considerate* humanity in the first stanza, the allusion and simile in the second, and the comparison in the last, are are all honorable to the author. The expression, occurring in the third stanza, of "nice geometry," as descriptive of a Spider's web, is not only a felicity of fancy, but is sanctioned by the rigid mathematician; and every pilgrim of sensibility, in his journey through life, will perceive and acknowledge the melancholy truth of the poet's similitude between the visions of Hope and Desire and the most flimsy and fragile of all textures.

TO A SPIDER.

Spider! thou need'st not run in fear about,
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out,
Lest thou should'st eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight,
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see;
For there is one, who might,
One day, roast me.
Thou art welcome to a rhymer sore perplext,
The subject of his verse;
There's many a one, who on a better text,
Perhaps, might comment worse.

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Then shrink not, old Free Mason, from my view,
But, quietly, like me, spin out the line;
Do though thy work pursue,
As I will mine.

"Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
Of Satan, sire of lies;
Hell's huge black spider, for mankind he lays
His toils, as thou for flies.

When Betty's busy eye runs round the room
Woe to that nice geometry, if seen!
But where is he whose broom
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought
(And 'twas a likeness true)
To emblem laws, in which the weak are caught
But which the strong break through.

And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en
Like some poor client is that wretched fly;
I'll warrant thee, thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And care on earth employ'd?
Such are young hopes and love's delightful dreams,
So easily destroy'd.

So does the statesman, while the 'vengers sleep,
Self deem'd, secure his wiles in secret lay;
Soon shall destruction sweep
His work away.

"Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more
Shall yet the verse prolong;
For, Spider! thou art like the Poet, poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song.

Both busily, our needful food to win;
We work, as nature taught, with ceaseless pains;
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my trains.

Boswell, in his life of Johnson, which is the most entertaining *ana* that was ever compiled, has quoted a rule from his great master, which I quote for the benefit of those among the literary tribe, who are subject to fits of hereditary spleen or morbid vigilance.

Talking of *constitutional* melancholy, he observed, "A man so afflicted, sir, must divert distressing thoughts, and not combat with them." Boswell, "May he not think them down, sir?" Johnson, "No, sir; to attempt to think them down is madness. He should have a lamp constantly burning in his bed-chamber during the night, and if wakefully disturbed, take a book and read, and compose himself to rest. To have the management of the mind is a great art, and it may be attained in a considerable degree by experience and habitual exercise."

In the same work, the great moralist has given his opinion of Rousseau, which is memorable not only for the uncommon energy of the expression, but for its truth and justice.

"Having mentioned that I had passed some time with *Rousseau*, in his wild retreat, and having quoted some remarks made by Mr. Wilkes, with whom I had spent many pleasant hours in Italy, Johnson said, sarcastically, "It seems, sir, you have kept very good company abroad, with Rousseau and Wilkes!" Thinking it enough to defend one at a time, I said nothing as to my gay friend, but answered, with a smile, "My dear sir, you don't call Rousseau bad company. Do you really think him a bad man?" Johnson—"Sir, if you are talking jestingly of this, I don't talk with you. If you mean to be serious, I think him one of the worst of men; a rascal, who ought to be hunted out of society, as he has been. Three or four nations have expelled him; and it is a shame that he is protected in this country." Boswell—"I don't deny but that his novel may, perhaps, do harm; but I cannot think his intention was bad." Johnson—"Sir, that will not do. We cannot prove any man's intention to be bad. You may shoot a man through the head, and say you intended to miss him; but the judge will order you to be hanged. An alleged want of intention, when evil is committed, will not be allowed in a court of justice. Rousseau, sir, is a *very bad* man. I would sooner sign a sentence for his transportation than that of any felon who has gone from the Old Bailey these many years. Yes, I should like to have him work on the plantations." "Sir, do you think him as bad as Voltaire?" "Why, sir, it is difficult

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to settle the proportion of iniquity between them."

A young girl of the city of Chichester was playing at *What is it like?* in a company where there was present an old lady of venerable character, named Boucher: she likened the thing thought on to Mrs. Boucher's stick. It proved to be the History of Pamela. The History of Pamela, said she, is like Mrs. Boucher's stick, because it is the support of virtue.

The following Epigram was occasioned by Miss H's elopement from Oxford with her footman at the time a gentleman, called by the wits of the University, Dr. *Toe*, from his peculiarity of walking, was paying his addresses to her.

'Twixt footman John and Dr. Toe
A rivalship befel,
Which should be the happy beau,
And bear away the belle.

The footman gain'd the lady's heart,
And who can blame her?—No man!
The *whole* prevail'd against *its part*,
'Twas *Foot*-man versus *Toe*-man.

An Irish gentleman, in company, a few nights since, observing that the lights were so dim as only to render the darkness visible, called out lustily, "Here, waiter, let me have a couple of *daycent* candles, that I may see how those others burn."

A club has been established in Charlestown America, which, we presume, will be no great inducement to the emigration of English ladies. The following is their advertisement.

Ugly club. The anniversary of the *Ugly club* will be at Williams's room on Wednesday the 18th. Dinner on the table at half past three.

N. B. Any *ugly* gentleman wishing to become a member, will leave his name, and qualifications at the bar of the tavern. A ballot will be called in favour of two candidates, one with a very large nose, the other with no nose at all. *Lond. Pap.*

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Americanus" feels and expresses the impatience of an author; but we have not determined to reject his essays. Americanus should remember that many literary competitors press around us,

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand.

The poetry of "Eliza" is inadmissible. The rhymes are incorrect, and the cadences are false. Her letter, with its *inclosure*, is left to be returned to her, or her order, at the office, No. 42, Walnut Street.

By mistake, the Original Biography of Anacreon was supposed to be *concluded* in our last number. The Author has only entered the vestibule, and promises, at his leisure, to conduct us through the Temple. We hope he will fulfil his task. When we wander with him over this classic ground, we imagine ourselves under the lentiscus, and the myrtle of Asia, listening to the lyre, and gazing at the Graces.

N. N. who favoured us with a "Lament on Burns," which has much Scottish spirit and simplicity, and a very elegant translation from the Greek of Athenæus, is thanked for communications of so much merit On the banks of St. Lawrence the voice of the Muse is not less audible than on the banks of the Thames, or by the cascade at Tivoli.

"Valerius" has translated with spirit the beautiful Ode addressed by Horace to Thaliarchus, in which the poet so jocundly persuades his friend to mitigate the horrors of winter by the warmth of wine. We wish that Valerius may often produce similar versions from the same poet.

We thank 'Viola' for her offer to translate Regnier's epitaph, inserted in No. VIII of the Port Folio, under the head of Literary Biography, but it is impossible to do it better than in the following lines, which we remember to have perused in some volume, the amusement of our early years:

Gaily I liv'd, as Ease and Nature taught,
And spent my little life without a thought,
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,
Should think of me, who never thought of him.

This close and at the same time spirited translation is a memorable example of the superiority of the English language to the French. Six lines of the original are, without any diminution of grace or energy, abridged to four; and criticism the least partial must proclaim that the epitome contains the very soul of the poet's meaning.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

[From a paper published in the wilds of Kentucky, we copy, as a very great curiosity, a version of VIRGIL's first Eclogue. This forester's translation, though occasionally meritorious, does not always emulate the sense of the original. But we think the very attempt is wonderful in a savage region; and cannot help considering that a classical imitation, by a woodman of the west, is as stupendous as the erection of an Academy of the Sciences among the Esquimeaux, or a Professorship of the Belles Lettres, to be filled by *Red Jacket*, or *Cornplanter*.]

From the Kentucky Gazette.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL'S

FIRST PASTORAL.

MELIBÆUS,

YOU, in loved ease, a spreading beech be neath,
Your flute melodious, happy Tityrus! breathe;
We, wretched exiles, leave our native seats,
Our smiling fields, our darling green retreats;
You teach the shades the breathing sweets of love,
And Amarillis' charms fill ev'ry grove.

TITYRUS,

A heav'n-born youth my balmy peace redeem'd;
The youth by me a god be e'er esteem'd;
Oft on his shrine shall holy incense flame,
Each letter 's gold that spells his precious name!

MELIBÆUS,

I envy not, but 'midst such wasteful wars
Admire your peace, and wail our helpless stars:
We our sad flocks in pining sorrow drive,
This ewe I lead, alas! is scarce alive;
She hardly moves, two infant lambs she mourns,
Their piercing cries her frantick moan returns;
To me these woes yon hapless oak proclaim'd,
When red-wing'd lightning 'mid its ruin flam'd:
I heard the crash—I heard the raven's scream—
This robb'd my slumber of its golden dream.
But tell me, Tityrus, whence such blessings come?

TITYRUS,

I thought our Mantua might compare with Rome,
As smaller things with great we oft compare;
So lambs all like their milky mothers are;
But peerless Rome above our Mantua shines,
As cypress forests o'er the creeping vines.

MELIBÆUS,

What lur'd you hence to Rome's imperial tow'rs?

TITYRUS,

The noblest blessing heaven on mortal pours,
Blest *Liberty!* the goddess late appears,
To bless the remnant of my silv'ry years:
Now bent no more by darling fortune's frown,
I rest my head on plenty's feath'ry down;
'Till now, my flocks no golden wealth return'd.

MELIBÆUS,

We wonder'd why your Amarillis mourn'd;
The fruit unminded dropt from ev'ry tree,
The beauteous damsel pin'd away for thee!
She sought the lonely shades, for thee to mourn,
The bubbling fountains sigh'd for thy return.

TITYRUS,

What could I here? to fruitless labor chain'd,
Elsewhere no glimpse of smiling hope remain'd;
'Twas there the bliss-bestowing youth appear'd
Who, angel-like our sad despondence cheer'd,
"Go, tune thy pipe," the god-like youth decreed,
"Go feed thy flocks where they are wont to feed!"

MELIBÆUS,

O blest old man! thy bleating flocks remain,
Thy mossy dells, thy fields of mellowing grain.
Far round thy bounds, in undulating line,
The honey-breathing, golden willows shine,
Thence swarming bees stream through the air perfumes, [blooms:
Sipp'd from the bosoms sweet of thousand
Their breezy murmurs lull to rest the swain—
From grove to grove the turtle-doves complain;
The distant copse the woodman's song resounds:
Your blest retreat in tranquil peace abounds!

TITYRUS,

Light-wing'd in air, the fleecy droves shall feed,
The silv'ry fish in woodland bow'r shall breed,
North change to South, the Orient-beam to West,
Ere his dear image quit my grateful breast!

MELIBÆUS,

But we, alas, are doom'd, an exile band,
Fainting, to wander o'er the burning sand!
O'er wilds and seas to Britain's lonely isle,
Nor meet one friendly, sympathising smile!
Ah! wilt thou ever, O prophetic time!
E'er more return us to our native clime?
May we these cots, with tufted grass o'ergrown,
These lovely fields our hands so oft have sown,
E'er see again? Ah no! sad, wretched swains!
Barbarian soldiers ravage all your plains!
With bloody hands pollute your crystal springs!

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Ye Gods, what mis'ries civil discord brings!
Away my droves! once happier flocks away!
No more my goats you crop the dewy spray;
No more, reclining 'neath this cave, serene,
I see you headlong down the summit lean,
In dread suspense, to taste the spicy thyme,
No more these honey-bosom'd cliffs you climb;—
No more I wander thro this willowy dell;
Sweet scenes, adieu! sweet warbling late, farewell!

TITYRUS,

This night, at least, Melibæus, be my guest,
On the green couch compose thy troubled breast;
The fairest fruit my darling trees afford,
And luscious cream shall grace our rural board;
For, see! the gliding shadows shoot away,
And spires of smoke o'er distant villas play.

For the Port Folio.

ODE XXII. Lib. I.

"Integer vitæ, sceleris que purus." *Hor.*

The man of pure and virtuous heart
Wants not the Moorish bow or dart;
Nor need he in his quiver bear
The pois'nous implements of war:
* * * * * * * * * *
Whether beneath a burning ray
O'er Libyan sands he takes his way;
Or thro' the inhospitable snows
Of barbarous Caucasus he goes;
Or where Hydaspes rolls its stream,
Of poets long the fabled theme:
For heedless wheresoe'er I stray'd
In the deep forest's gloomy shade,
Unarm'd I rov'd, and, light of heart,
In songs confess'd love's amorous smart;
Sudden before my startled view
A wolf appeared!—and from me flew:
Terrific beast! than whom more fell
None ever raised the midnight yell,
On warlike Daunia's wide domains,
Or sandy Juba's scorching plains.
Place me in those deserted fields,
Where earth exhausted nothing yields;
Where drooping stand the withering trees,
Unfann'd by summer's cooling breeze:
Where clouds the face of Heaven obscure,
And rain and hail incessant pour;
Or place me where the solar rays
With undiminish'd fervor blaze;
E'en there, the maid I love my heart beguiles
With soft bewitching speech, and heavenly smiles.

VALERIUS.

For the Port Folio.

ODE XXXVIII. Lib. I.

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus." *Hor.*

Boy! I detest the Persian's gorgeous state,
No flow'ry garlands shall my brows entwine;
Cease to collect the rose of latest date;
Nor in such idle search consume thy time.
Myrtle alone enwreath'd my head shall grace,
In the cool arbour as I lay reclined
And take my glass—it suits thy humble place,
And well befits thy modest master's mind.

VALERIUS.

For the Port Folio.

IMPROMPTU.

To a young lady, who presented an apple to the author.

Now Priam's son thou may'st be mute,
For I more proudly boast than thee;
Thou to the fairest gav'st the fruit,
The fairest gave the fruit to me.

For the Port Folio.

EPITAPH ON GENERAL WOLFE.

Here modest Wolfe, cut off in early bloom,
Tho' crown'd with glory, waits the gen'ral doom;
The shouts of vict'ry met his parting breath,
He heard with joy, and smiling sunk in death.
O brave, enlightened youth! thy manners mild,
Of half its terrors horrid war beguil'd;
And sweet compassion purify'd the flame
Which fir'd thy breast to gain a deathless name,
For thee thy country drops the gen'rous tear,
And mourns thy conquests at a price so dear,

Wolfius, victoriâ annunciatâ, ut Thebanus obiit. N. N.

EPIGRAM.

A colonel, by chronicles, late, it appears,
In style gave a feast to his crack volunteers;
The dishes were good, but the glasses so small,
His heroes could scarcely drink any at all.
The commandant then thus, to his right and left wing,
Said, "Gentlemen, CHARGE! let us drink to the King!"
A jolly sub, eyeing his glass at the time,
Cried, "Col'nel, here's hardly enough for a PRIME!"

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, April* 12, 1806. [No 14.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE LAY PREACHER.

"Favour is deceitful."

UNDOUBTEDLY; though LAVATER, a Swiss clergyman, whose faith, it seems, could remove mountains, has, in a book which treats of faces, asserted that the nose is no cheat, and that the chin is a very honest and plain-spoken fellow. According to this fanciful theory, we can see every man's character sitting astride on his nose.

This is a whimsical age. Who would believe that a man could be found sufficiently bold, and readers sufficiently credulous, to suppose that Favour is *not* deceitful.

In the spring-like days of youth and fantasy, when the warmest blood rolled rapidly through my veins, when the heart bounded, and the pulse throbbed with many a sanguine emotion, I was pleased with almost every face; particularly if the face was the face of a female. Charming maid, quoth I to a smiling lass, you have a benevolent countenance; you will, therefore, lend a favorable ear to my vows.—A sudden coquettish wave of her fan, an averted cheek, and a scorning nose, instantly demonstrated that *Favour was deceitful.*

During my non-age I remember that I rested many hopes upon the plausibility of a bland courtier. He had been educated by the Jesuits, who had made him familiar with all the subtle sophisms of their school, and instructed him in the art of delightfully deceiving. His smile was sweet, his tongue was silver, and his speech was gracious. He had a knack of being agreeable. He seldom displayed any of the sterner and malevolent passions. His looks, whatever the provocation, were always benignity and love.

Though inly stung with anger and disdain,
Dissembled he, and answer smooth return'd.

When I discovered, after the severest scrutiny, that between my friend and the smooth Sinon of Virgil there was certainly some resemblance, I sighed that he was not always what he seemed, and that his *Favour was deceitful.*

I lately saw a morose wretch, with a book in his hand. His urchin form reminded me of a gnarly crab apple, at once mishapen and sour; yet the leaves he turned over were Sterne's, and his cheeks were moistened by the death of Le Fevre. How! whispered I, can this man boast sensibility? I know him well, a grinder of Poverty's face, who understands distress and sale better than a deputy sheriff; this is he who drives away the cottager's cow, and plucks from under her the widow's bed.—I paused; and reflection convinced me that this was a mechanical and crocodile grief; that, while he wept, he could wound; and that his *Favour was deceitful.*

A rural and simple purchaser repairs to a city, and asks a shopkeeper to shew

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him changeable silk, designed as a wedding gown for a favourite daughter. The knavish pedlar holds up a piece in a favourable point of view, and smiling plausibly, declaims an hour upon its cheapness and durability. The silk is bought; when the rustic bride had worn it two Sundays, it was indeed changeable. Spotted with bilge water, and discoloured by damp, even one eye might read on the hem that *Favour is deceitful.*

Thomas Paine, that infidel in religion, and that visionary in politics, seduces many of you, my countrymen. You read his "Age of Reason," and think the Bible a last year's almanack. You read his "Rights of Man," and think every form of Government an imposture. But, trust me, the sly deceiver is equally a rebel to Religion and to Law. Though to vulgar ears his Common Sense may sound

"As tuneable as sylvan pipe or song,"

yet every legitimate scholar in the universe scorns the lying and abject phrase. Though "The Age of Reason" may delight the blinking deists of a *Commonwealth*, yet every votary of Taste and Genius, as well as of Religion, prefers Watson's Apology for the Bible. To the superficial gaze this stay-maker may seem a prodigy, but genuine Philosophy, *without* her *glasses*, can perceive that his *Favour is deceitful.*

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF LOGAN.

[*Continued.*]

If the English preachers have fallen short of the eloquence of the French, those of Scotland have been still farther behind. The genius of presbytery, and the manners of the people, were unfavourable to a refined and polished eloquence. Of late, however, together with other improvements, good sense, elegance, and correctness, have come to be attempted in the discourses from the pulpit; and some preachers have appeared, who, in sound and dispassionate reasoning, in order and clearness, and even in purity and elegance of expression, have rivalled the most celebrated preachers of our neighbouring country. The first who appears to have distinguished himself in Scotland, by the good sense, sound reasoning, and manly simplicity of his pulpit compositions, was Dr. Leechman. Some improvements were made by succeeding preachers, and sermons became gradually more fashionable. Those of Mr. Walker, as the productions of taste and genius, exercised on important subjects, were deservedly commended. But the polish of Dr. Blair, which gave elegance to sentiments not too profound for common comprehension, nor too obvious to be uninteresting, was wanting to render this species of composition popular and generally pleasing. By employing the utmost exertions of a vigorous mind and of patient study, to select the best ideas, and to prune off every superfluous thought, by taking pains to embellish them by all the beauties of language and elegant expression, and by repeatedly examining, with the severity of an enlightened critic, every sentence, and erasing every harsh and uncouth phrase, he has produced the most elegant models of pulpit-composition that have yet appeared in these kingdoms. In consequence of Dr. Johnson's approbation, one hundred pounds was given for the first volume of his sermons; which, on account of the extensive sale, the proprietors doubled. They gave him 300l. for the second, and 600l. for each of the two succeeding volumes; which was more than ever a work of equal bulk procured from booksellers; but they increased the sale of the former volumes.

The *Sermons* of Logan, though not so exquisitely polished as those of Dr. Blair, possess in a higher degree the animated and passionate eloquence of Massillon and Atterbury. His composition is every where excellent. Its leading characteristics are strength, elegance, and simplicity. The formation of his sentences appears the most inartificial, though at the same time it will be found to be strictly correct. But the manner, amidst all its beauties, is on the first perusal lost in the enjoyment the reader feels from the sentiment. Devotional and solemn subjects peculiarly accord with his feelings and genius. In exhibiting deep and solemn views of human life, his sentiments are bold and varied, and his imagination teems with the most soothing and elevated figures. His knowledge of poetry in general, and his relish for its highest beauties, are every where conspicuous. Topics such as these, which we have seen illustrated before a thousand times, are made to pass before the mind in the most impressive and affecting manner; and for a moment we deceive ourselves into a belief that the subjects themselves must be new to us. But it appears to have been no part of his plan to seek out for new subjects of preaching, or to excite his ingenuity in exhibiting new views of moral and religious topics. To embellish the most common subjects, which are certainly the most proper and useful, with new ornaments; to persuade

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by a more forcible and more captivating illustration; to unite the beauties of elegant diction, and the splendor of fine imagery; in this lay his chief exertions, and here rests his chief praise. The *fourth*, *ninth*, and *eleventh* discourses, in the first volume, remind us that the *Sermons* are posthumous, and many of them, at least, not intended for publication. The first head of the *fourth* sermon, and three short passages in the *ninth*, are almost literal transcripts from Seed's sermon "On the path of the Just;" and almost the one-half of the *eleventh* is taken from Seed's sermon on "Charity." It is evident that he was indolent at times, and did not write up to his powers, contenting himself with producing what was at hand, rather than seeking what was best, and what he *could* have given. It is also evident that what is his own, is superior to what is foreign, and that he has improved what he has adopted. The *Prayers* and *Addresses* to communicants, in the celebration of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, according to the form in which that solemn ordinance is generally administered in the present times in Scotland, are distinguished compositions, and highly devotional.

As a *poet*, Logan appears to no less advantage than in those departments of literature in which we have surveyed him. He is characterised by that pregnancy of invention, that exquisite sensibility, and that genuine enthusiasm, which are the invariable sanctions bestowed by nature on every true poet. His poems are the productions of a mind tremblingly alive to those fine impulses of passion which form the soul of poetic composition, and familiarised to all the most delicate graces of the poetic art. He discovers taste and delicacy of sentiment, joined to a great share of poetical imagination. His thoughts are always just, and often striking. His images are pleasing and picturesque, and his language is for the most part correct and harmonious. Sprightly subjects he treats with ease; in the pathetic and solemn he is a master. The pensiveness of his disposition, though unfortunate for himself, enriched his poetical vein, and shaded his compositions with a tender melancholy. Melpomene, Erato, and Euterpe, were his favourite muses.

His *Runnamede* is the greatest effort of his genius. The title is taken from the place where the famous *Magna Charta* was obtained. The story is founded on the contest between King John and his barons. The under-plot is borrowed, without any acknowledgment, from the *Tancrede* of Voltaire. This is evident from the following list of correspondent characters: Tancrede *Elvine*, Orbassan *Arden*, Argive *Albemarle*, Aldamon *Edgar*, Amenaide *Elvina*, the Sultan, and the *Dauphin*. It is not, however, a mere translation of the *Tancrede*. It has variations in the circumstances, and variations in the conduct of the story. The savage temper of Amenaide is properly softened in *Elvina*; an unnatural connection is formed between the love-tale and the contest of the barons with King John; the story terminates happily, and the performance is made more dramatical. The subject is announced in the *Prologue*, in an elevated tone.

A nameless youth beheld with noble rage
One subject still a stranger to the stage;
A name that 's music to the British ear!
A name that 's worshipp'd in the British sphere!
Fair *Liberty*, the goddess of the isle,
Who blesses England with a guardian smile.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

REFLECTIONS ON FANATICISM.

[For the following curious and instructive article we are indebted to the researches of a Gentleman, who is not more distinguished for his love of rational piety than for his aversion to fanaticism.]

——————Here Gamaliel sage,
Of Cameronian brood, with ruling rod,
Trains up his babes of grace, instructed well
In all the gainful discipline of pray'r;
To point the holy leer, by just degrees
To close the twinkling eyes, t' expand the palms,
T' expose the whites, and with their sightless ball
To glare upon the crowd, to raise or sink
The docile voice, now murm'ring soft and low,
With inward accent calm, and then again
In foaming floods of rapt'rous eloquence
Let loose the storm, and thunder thro' the nose
The threats of vengeance.

SOMERVILLE.

It has been observed of fanatics, that they do not speak nor think like other people. They seem to labour under a kind of twilight of the mind, that perceives ideas in confusion; and this disorder in the arrangement of thoughts or conception is in effect a delirium, which, having an air of mystery, is mistaken not only by their followers and friends, but even by themselves, for a species of inspiration. In the tabernacles and conventicles of the methodist teachers, one may constantly remark that the most

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unintelligible parts of the discourse make always the greatest impression upon the hearers. The truth is, they have resigned, with an implicit faith, all their faculties to the direction of their pastors, whom they reverence as apostles, and that which they cannot comprehend they never suspect to be nonsense, but receive with admiration and awe, as a sublime doctrine far above the reach of an ordinary understanding. It is now pretty generally allowed that Oliver Cromwell, notwithstanding his great talents, his boundless ambition, and artful dissimulation, was, at bottom, a real fanatic, and worked himself to a belief of those very illusions which he had contrived for the purposes of deceit: but whether that seeming perplexity of thought, that ambiguity of meaning, that obscurity of expression, and absolute nonsense with which almost all his speeches and letters were embarrassed, ought always to be ascribed to his enthusiasm, and a natural defect of elocution, is a question not easily answered. I should imagine that on some occasions he threw out those unintelligible hints, in order to astonish, puzzle, exercise and inflame the fanaticism of his tools and partizans. Be that as it may, there is not, to persons of a liberal turn of thinking, in the history of those times, any circumstance more productive of contempt and hatred towards that adventurer and his faction than the nauseous cant, hypocrisy, ambiguity, and inelegance which appeared in their speeches and writings. The following letter is composed of all these despicable ingredients; and the reader, when he has perused it, will, perhaps, blush to think that the author of such a piece should have had the assurance to project, and the fortune to execute, a plan of despotic power over the lives and properties of his fellow subjects. The letter contains an account of the battle of Lamport, fought in the year 1645.

" Dear Sir,

" I have now a double advantage upon you, through the goodness of God, who still appears with us. And as for us, we have seen great things in this last mercy: it is not inferior to any we have had, as followeth:

Wee were advanced to Long-Sutton, neere a very strong place of the enemies, called Lamport, far from our owne garrisons, without much ammunition, in a place extreamly wanting in provisions, the malignant club-men interposing, who are ready to take all advantages against our parties, and would undoubtedly take them against our armie, if they had an opportunity. Goring stood upon the advantage of strong passes, staying until the rest of his retreats came up to his army, with a resolution not to engage, until Greenvill and prince Charles his men were to come to him. We could not well have necessitated him to an engagement, nor have stayed one day longer without retreating to our ammunition, and to conveniency of victuell.

In the morning word was brought us, that the enemy drew out. He did so, with a resolution to send most of his cannon and baggage to Bridgewater, which he effected; but with a resolution not to fight; but trusting to his ground, thinking he could march away at pleasure.

The passage was strait between him and us; he brought two cannons to secure his, and laid his musketiers strongly to the hedges; wee beat off his cannons, fell down upon his musketiers, beat them off from their strength, and where our horse could scarcely passe two a breast. I commanded major Bether to charge them with two troops of about an hundred and twenty horse, which he performed with the greatest gallantry imaginable, beat back two bodies of the enemies horse, being Goring's own brigade, and broke them at sword point. The enemy charged him with near four hundred fresh horse. He set them all going, until oppressed with multitudes, he brake them with the losse not of above three or foure men. Major Desborough seconded him with some other of those troops which were about three hundred. Bether faced about, and they both routed at sword-point a great body of the enemies horse; which gave such an unex-

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pected terror to the enemies army, that set them all a running. Our foot in the mean time coming on bravely, and beating the enemy from their strength, we presently had the chase to Lamport and Bridgewater. We took and killed about 2000, brake all his foot: we have taken very many horse, and considerable prisoners; what are slain we know not; we have the lieuftenant general of the ordnance, col. Preston, col. Heveningham, col. Slingsby, we know of, besides very many other officers of quality. All major general Massies party was with him, seven or eight miles from us, and about 1200 of our foot, and three regiments of our horse, so that we had but seven regiments with us.

Thus you see what the Lord hath wrought for us; can any creature ascribe any thing to itself? Now can we give all the glory to God, and desire all may do so! for it is all due unto him. Thus you have Long-Sutton mercy added to Naesby mercy; and to see this, is it not to see the face of God! You have heard of Naesby, it was a happy victory; as in this, so in that, God was pleased to use his servants: and if men will be malicious and swell with envy, we know who hath said, if they will not see, yet they shall see and be ashamed, for their envy at their people. I can say this of Naesby, that when I saw the enemy drew up, and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poore ignorant men to seek how to order our battell; the general having commanded mee to order all the horse, I could not (riding alone about my businesse) but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would by things that are not, bring to naught things that are, of which I had great assurances, and God did it—"Oh! that men would therefore praise the Lord, and declare the wonders that he doth for the children of men!"

I cannot write more particulars now. I am going to the rendezvous of all our horse, am three miles from Bridgewater, we march that way. It is a seasonable mercy; I can better tell you than write that God will goe on. We have taken two guns, three carriages of ammunition, in the chase. The enemy quitted Lamport; when they ran out one end of the town, we entered the other; they fiered that at which we should chase, which hindered our persuit, but we overtook many of them. I beleeve we got neere fifteen hundred horse—Sir, I beg your prayers; beleeve and you shall be established: I rest,

Your Servant.

The following "conclusion of a sermon preached at Sir P—T—'s house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, (by the writer of the above letter,) on the last Lord's day in the year 1649," will serve to place his fanaticism in a still more distinguished point.

"But I have strayed too far from my text: I will now come to the remaining words thereof, and so conclude. For there are no powers but of God, &c. The council of state, the house of commons, the council of war, and the high court of justice (when it was,) were all powers of God; and the following words of my text give you the reason: for the powers that be are ordained of God. Be they just or unjust, they are all of God. God ordained them: and so he did that tyrannical power of the late king, and those belly-gods the bishops, to punish us for our iniquities. But now that he hath graciously removed those powers, he hath ordained ours to preserve, cherish, elevate comfort, and delight the saints, and to rule and govern the land in sincerity and in truth, to distribute justice equally and impartially, according to his will. But the time is spent, and I must be marching. I desire, therefore, my dear bretheren and sisters, that you daily pour out your prayers and supplication for us, and for our success against the wicked and ungodly, that are risen up against us; and that you cease not to comfort one another with mutual embraces, and spiritual kisses, to delight and sweeten your passage through this vale of misery; and that you take especially care to strengthen and corroborate yourselves with capon and cock-broth, that I may find oil in your lamps at my return."

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For the Port Folio.

[In one of the early volumes of the Port-Folio we introduced an essay which excited considerable attention at the time, respecting the peculiarities of the literary tribe, and treating in particular of the difference between an author's conversation, life, and writings. The following essay, the offspring of the confederated genius of Colman and Thornton, is employed on similar topics, and treats them with such good sense and gaiety, that we cannot refrain from calling public attention to it, both as a natural picture of an author, and as a cogent defence of the profession. But although the descriptions and allusions in the ensuing article are extremely natural and striking, and the inferences, drawn from obvious facts, are very ingeniously supported, we are still left inquiring why a writer is so often an inconsistent and a singular mortal, viewed by the vulgar sometimes as a fool, and sometimes as a lunatic. For a complete solution of all the phenomena of the contemplative and inventive mind, the inquirer is referred to D'Israeli's Essay on the Manners and Genius of the Literary Character, in which admirable performance, the author, both a man of the world and a man of letters, explains the peculiarities of the literati, with all the accuracy of a moral anatomist, and all the shrewdness of a profound philosopher.]

I remember, when I was very young, a relation carried me to visit a gentleman, who had written some pieces, which had been very well received, and made me very happy by promising to introduce me to an *author*. As soon as I came, I surveyed his whole person from top to toe with the strictest attention, sat open-mouthed to catch every syllable that he uttered, and noticed his voice, manner, and every word and gesture, with the minutest observation. I could not help whispering to myself the whole evening, "I am in company with an *author*," and waited, with the most anxious impatience, to hear him deliver something, which might distinguish him from the rest of mankind. The gentleman behaved with great cheerfulness and politeness: but he did not at all answer the idea which I had conceived of an author; and I went away exceedingly disappointed, because I could not find any striking difference between him and the rest of my acquaintance.

There is no character in human life which is the subject of more frequent speculation among the vulgar than an author. Some look on him with contempt, and others with admiration; but they all agree in believing him something different from all other people: and it is remarkable with what greediness they attend to any little anecdotes, which they can pick up concerning his life and conversation. He is, indeed, a kind of an ideal being, of which people conceive very different notions. By some he is supposed never to stir out of his garret; to wear a rusty black coat, dirty shirt, and darned stockings; and to want all the necessaries as well as conveniences of life; while others regard him as a creature superior to the rest of mortals, and endowed with something more than reason. One part, therefore, is surprised to see him walk abroad and appear as well dressed as other people; and another is disappointed when they find him talk and act, and fill the offices of life, no better than any other common man.

Nor is it less curious to consider the different ideas they conceive of the manner in which the business of writing is executed. The novice in literature, "smit with the love of sacred song" but not yet dipt in ink, supposes it all rapture and enthusiasm, and in imagination sees the author running wildly about his room, talking poetry to the chairs and tables; while the mechanic considers him as working at his trade, and thinks he can sit down to write whenever he pleases, as the smith can labour at his forge, or a carpenter plane a board. Indeed, he regards the author with some veneration as a scholar: but writing appears to him a mighty easy business, and he smiles whenever he hears any body mention the labour of it; nor has he the least conception of the mind's being fatigued with thinking, and the fancy harassed by pursuing a long train of ideas.

As people are led frequently to judge of a man from his ordinary conversation, so it is common for them to form an idea of the author's disposition from the peculiar turn and colour of his writings; they expect a gloom to be spread over the face of a mathematician; a controversial writer must be given to wrangling and dispute; and they imagine that a satirist must be made up of spleen, envy, and ill-nature. But this criticism is by no means certain and determinate: I know an author of a tragedy, who is the merriest man living, and one who has written a very witty comedy, though he will sit an hour in company, without speaking a word. Lord Buckhurst is celebrated for being the best good man with the worst natured muse; and ADDISON was remarkably shy and reserved in conversation. I remember I once fell into company with a painter, a divine and a physician, who were no less famous for their wit and humour than for their excellence in their several professions. After the usual common topics were discussed, the physician and the poet fell into a dispute concerning predestination; the divine smoked his pipe quietly without putting in a word; while the painter and myself formed a privy council for the good of the nation. Thus, were it possible to conjure

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up the spirits of the most eminent wits in former ages, and put them together, they would perhaps appear to us very dull company. Virgil and Addison would probably sit staring at each other, without opening their mouths; Horace and Steele would perhaps join in commendation of the liquor; and Swift would in all likelihood divert himself with sucking his cheeks, drawing figures in the wine spilt upon the table, or twisting the cork-screw round his finger.

The strange prejudices, which some persons conceive against authors, deter many a youth from drawing his pen in the service of literature: or, if he venture to commit a favourite work to the press, he slides to the printer's with as much caution and privacy as he would perhaps, on another occasion, to a surgeon. He is afraid that he shall injure his character by being known to have written any thing, and that the genteel part of his acquaintance will despise him as a low wretch as soon as they discover him to be an author: as if merely the appearing in print was a disgrace to a gentleman, and the *imprimatur* of his works was no more than a stamp of shame and ignominy. These are the terrors which at first disturb the peace of almost every author, and have often put me in mind of the exclamation of that writer, "O that mine enemy had written a book!"

These fearful apprehensions are perhaps no unlucky drawback on the vanity natural to all authors, which undoubtedly they often conceal or suppress, out of deference to the world; but if this false modesty is too much cherished, it must of course damp all genius, and discourage every literary undertaking. Why should it be disgraceful to exert the noblest faculty given us by nature? and why should a man blush at acquitting himself well in a work, which there is scarce one in five hundred has a capacity to perform? Even supposing an author to support himself by the profit arising from his works, there is nothing more dishonest, mean, or scandalous in it than an officer in the army, the politest of all professions, living on his commission. Sense and Genius are as proper commodities to traffic in as courage; and an author is no more to be condemned as a hackney scribbler, though he write at the rate of so much a sheet, than a colonel should be despised as a mercenary and a bravo, for exposing himself to be slashed, stuck, and shot at, for so much a day.

For the Port Folio.

INTERESTING LITERARY BIOGRAPHY.

ALAIN RENE LE SAGE, an excellent novel writer, whose comic vein is universally admired, was born at Ruys, in Brittany, about the year 1677, and went to the French metropolis early in life. His first work was a paraphrased translation of the Letters of Aristenete, a Greek author, 2 vols. 12mo. He afterwards learned Spanish, and imbibed a taste for the productions of several Spanish authors, which he translated, or rather imitated, with great success. His principal works of that kind are;—1st, *Guzman d'Alfarache*, 2 vols. 12mo.; in which the author has happily blended the serious with the playfulness by which it is characterised;—2d. *The Bachelor of Salamanca*, 2 vols. 12mo. a well-written novel, interspersed with useful criticisms on the manners of the age;—3d, *Gil Blas de Santillane*, 4 vols. 12mo. which abounds in true pictures of men and manners, ingenious and pleasing incidents, and judicious reflections. It is remarkable for the purity and elegance of its diction, as well as for the neatness and sprightliness of its dialogue. It is a faithful delineation of every situation of life, and the best moral work that has ever been produced;—4th, *New Adventures of Don Quixote*, 2 vols. 12mo. This new Don Quixote is not equal to the old one; it contains, however, many good things;—5th, *The Devil on Two Sticks*, 2 vols. 12mo.; a work calculated to enliven the mind and correct the manners. It had so rapid a sale, that two noblemen fought a duel for the possession of the last copy of the twelfth edition;—6th, *A Collection of Interesting Historical Sketches, and Lively Essays*, 12mo. This, like all other works of the kind, is a melange of good and bad;—7th, *Roland the Lover*, a translation from Boiardo, 2 vols. 12mo.—8th, *Estevanille; or the Good Humoured Youth*, 2 vols. 12mo.; in which is easily traced the genius of the pleasing author of Gil Blas.

Le Sage has also rendered himself famous by his dramatic pieces. *Crispin, Rival of his Master*, and *Turcaret*, comedies in prose, are ever received with pleasure on the French boards. The latter, which was played for the first time in 1709, paints the manners of the time as they are at present. It is distinguished by chaste and natural dialogue, well-drawn characters, and an excellently managed plot. The comic opera is enriched by a great number of his productions. He had but little invention; but he possessed wit, taste, and the happy art of embellishing the ideas of others, and converting them to his own use.

Le Sage may be placed among those authors who possessed a perfect knowledge of their own language. He had several children; the elder of whom became illustrious as an actor at the French theatre, under the name of MONTMENIL; a man of great suavity of manners; who, amidst the pleasures inseparable from his profession, maintained an irreproachable character. He died suddenly on a hunting-party, the 8th of September, 1743, deeply regretted by all lovers of

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theatrical genius and private worth. He was particularly happy in his representation of the part of a valet. The public long lamented his loss.

The death of his son plunged the father into great affliction. He was extremely deaf, and made use of a trumpet which he termed his *benefactor*, because he drew it from his pocket, and applied it to his ear, whenever he found himself with men of sense; but, when in company with ignorant babblers, he suffered it to remain concealed. This deafness prevented his enjoying the society of his friends in the capital, and he therefore departed for St. Quentin, where one of his sons had obtained a canonry. This separation from a scene which he had so much embellished was not without deep regret; and he might have said, with the ingenious and easy Coulange, in his *Adieu to the city of Paris*,

Je crois, en te quittant, sortir de l'univers.

His wife and children accompanied him to his retreat at St. Quentin; but he did not long survive his removal. A violent sickness carried him off in 1747, at the age of 70 years. He died at Boulogne-sur-mer. The following Epitaph was placed over his grave:

Sous ce tombeau gît *le Sage*, abattu
Par le ciseau de la Parque importune:
S'il ne fut pas ami de la Fortune,
Il fut toujours ami de la Vertu.

Le Sage has been represented as a man of a mild character, provident, and even-tempered. His conversation was so engaging, that when he entered a coffee-house he was surrounded by the company, who listened with delight to the sallies of his imagination. It is said that he was a strict observer of religious duties, and that the flights of his wit had no effect on the rectitude of his heart. The works of Le Sage and those of the Abbé Prêvot have been collected in 54 vols. 8vo.

Charles de St. Denis, lord of St. Evremont, was born at St. Denis-le-Guast, three miles from Constance, on the first of April, 1613, of a noble and ancient family of Lower Normandy, named *Marquetel* or *Marguastel*. He received his education at Paris, and after having practised one year at the bar, he adopted the profession of arms, and served at the siege of Arras in 1640, as a captain of infantry. Politeness seasoned with the blandishments of wit, valour evinced in general actions as well as in private rencontres, and all the brilliant concourse of qualities which do not often fall to the share of military men, drew on St. Evremond the esteem of the most distinguished characters of the age. The prince of Condé was so much charmed with his conversation, that he conferred on him the lieutenancy of his guards, that he might have him constantly about his person. But St. Evremond did not long retain his friendship. The prince was weak enough to make sport of the foibles of mankind, without being able to bear the sarcasms of others. St. Evremond had not spared him in some private conversations, and in consequence lost his lieutenancy. It is said, however, that the prince, naturally of a forgiving temper, soon after received him into favour. This was not sufficient to cure St. Evremond of his caustic humour. Three months afterwards he was put into the Bastille for having uttered some ludicrous expressions at table against Cardinal Mazarin, with whom he was shortly after reconciled. The civil war breaking out, St. Evremond remained faithful to the king, who promoted him to the rank of field-marshal, with a pension of 3000 livres. The treaty of the Pyrenees put an end to hostilities; but the peace displeased a great part of the nation. St. Evremond wrote on this subject to the marshal de Crequi: his letter was a complete satire on the treaty. The king, therefore, having some private reasons for being displeased with him, made use of this letter to order his arrest and confinement in the Bastille. Of this he was informed in the forest of Orleans, and, escaping the vigilance of his pursuers, made his way to England, where Charles II received him according to his merits. Many illustrious personages employed their credit with the king to obtain his recal: but were not able to succeed till St. Evremond, too far advanced in years, refused to profit by the good intentions of his friends. "He preferred (as he himself expressed it) to remain amongst a people who were accustomed to his squinting." (He squinted with both eyes, which turned a little inwards).

The expatriated philosopher endeavoured, amid the pleasures of reading, composing, and the society of his friends, to soften his chagrin and disgrace. The duchess of Mazarin having quarrelled with her husband, quitted the court of France, travelled into different countries, and at length arrived in England. St. Evremond often visited her, in company with many other men of letters, who assembled at her house. To this lady he dedicated a great part of his works. His old age was unattended with sickness or adversity. To the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos he addressed the following lines:

Je vis eloigné de la France,
Sans besoin, et sans abondance,
Content d'un vulgair destin.
J'aime la vertu sans rudesse;
J'aime le plaisir sans mollesse;
J'aime la vie, et n'en crains pas la fin.

This philosopher died the 20th September, 1703, aged 90, and was interred in Westminster abbey, among the kings and great men of England. To the end of his life he

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preserved a lively imagination, a solid judgment, and a happy memory. He had a flow of spirits which, instead of diminishing in old age, seemed to acquire additional force. He loved the company of young persons; and enjoyed the recital of their adventures. The idea of those amusements of which he could no longer partake floated agreeably on his mind. He was fond of the pleasures of the table; and distinguished himself by refinements in the art of cookery; but he was less captivated with sumptuousness and magnificence than by delicacy and neatness.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 6.

If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak.—

SHAKESPEARE.

TWO of those master-errors which continually mislead our understanding consist in the judging of different things by similar rules, and of similar things by different rules. The actual power of the French and English crowns is in each allowed to be great; but that of the one is reckoned upon as lasting, while that of the other is pronounced to be transitory. I hope to show, that nothing is to be affirmed of either that is not equally affirmable of both.

I am not responsible for the visions of those who, at any period within the last fifteen years, assured themselves and others of the overthrow of France; I am not liable, therefore, to be charged, on the one hand, with any lowering, nor on the other with any abandonment of my political estimate, when I thus equalise the pretensions of the two rival powers of Europe. This equality is all I contend for. To compare things which are incapable of being measured together, such as naval power and military power, is indeed somewhat difficult; the result admits of no demonstration; but it may, nevertheless, carry conviction to the mind. An impartial reasoner can easily perceive that the issue of the French and English struggle is still so far doubtful that each party possesses eminent advantages over the other.—This brings me to the point at which I concluded my preceding paper. Concerning the grandeur of the French empire, as it exists at this moment, and that to which it may possibly attain, I have made large admissions; and it is now my object to show that, vast as that grandeur is, and vaster as it may become, it neither does nor probably will overwhelm or surpass that of Great Britain.

Let us take one broad position. France is the mistress of Europe, that is, of continental Europe. This is not entirely true, but I allow it. France is mistress of the world. I deny it! Great Britain is mistress of the world. But, Great Britain can effect nothing on the continent. I am ready to allow this also; for the argument proves nothing. When we talk of the sovereignty of the world, it is not in reference to the appointment of mayors and governors, nor to the direction of municipal legislation, nor even to the disposal of the armies of nations; but to the exercise of a paramount and essential control. Great Britain is mistress of the world, because it is by her permission only that other nations can make use of the readiest medium of intercommunication, the sea. She is mistress of the world, because, whatever may pass between the states that divide continents between them, she is able to annoy or protect, at her pleasure, every shore. She is mistress of the world, because in that part of it where her power is most put to the proof, there she enjoys the most decisive dominion. Napoleon, in the midst of his triumphs and his puissance, only divides with George the Third the lordship of the French, to whom he can afford no succour, and over whom he can extend no authority, beyond the range of his batteries.

Mr. Randolph tells us, of Great Britain, "With less profession, indeed,—she occupies "the place of France in 1798.—She is the "sole bulwark of the human race against "universal dominion;" and he adds, very justly, "No thanks to her for it." I quote this passage for two reasons; first, because it implies an assertion of the fact that Great Britain is mistress of the world; and, secondly, because it will illustrate an argument I wish to establish. Nations, like individuals, may serve each other by the mere selfish prosecution of their separate interests; and, after this manner, France and England, instead of pulling each other down, are mutually adding to each other's strength. This is one of the grounds on which I shall rest the pretensions of Great Britain to stability. I have long entertained a decided opinion that this latter power, as well by its naval as by its land operations, gives strength and energy to France. By checking in the bud every project of Napoleon for the attainment of maritime existence, she not only renews the impulse of revenge and ambition, but she prevents the dissipation of his resources, and, by narrowing their direction, increases their impetuosity. Suffered to waste himself in colonial enterprises, he might be less enterprising, or more vulnerable, at home. But, Great Britain, by marking out for him that line of action for which, indeed, he is best

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qualified, and excluding him from every other, must painfully see herself compelled, by the nature of things, to act the part of a wholesome though rugged guardian of the man she desires to ruin. She prohibits those excesses which fancy rather than wisdom might dictate; she compels him to seek only his proper good. She says, in effect, to him who has won so many fields, "Remain on "your element. Trust nothing to the waves "and winds." She says this; and she forces him to obey her. The consequence is, that his empire is not a scattered one, like her own, but a compact one, contiguous to his throne, and encompassed with a ring-fence.

Let us inquire, now, what return Napoleon makes for so great a benefit. By forcing Holland, Spain and Italy into his alliance, he obliges England almost to monopolise the trade of Europe, as she has already been obliged to destroy its navy. Let his legions obey his commands. Let them tell him that all Italy submits to his laws, or to those of his allies; let them drive the Neapolitans into the sea. So much the more will be thrown into the English commercial monopoly! Let him keep Genoa, and let Venice and I know not how many other ports be wrested from neutral and friendly powers; it will augment the English commercial monopoly. Let him lavish the last favour. Let him compel her to treat the United States as an enemy; let him wither the commerce of this country with his alliance. Great Britain will then show whether or not she be mistress of the world; and be relieved from all the evil she now suffers so bitterly from the revolt of her colonies,—that of their neutral commerce; she will crush, by her fiat, the most injurious of her rivals. I offer two general *projets* for our modern statesmen: to serve France, coalesce Europe against her; to serve England, multiply the number of her maritime enemies. Let your masts wear the flag of France, or a flag in alliance with it, and you are at the best a demi-subject of Great Britain.

It is in this view that an Englishman may see with composure the extension of the French coast-line in the Mediterranean. It increases the trade of his country, and it does something more; it invigorates and enriches her navy. Every hour, the English people become more naval in their character. Boys who, in many instances, a few years ago would have been educated for the church, the bar, or mercantile pursuits, are sent to sea. From the family of the tradesman up to that of the peer, friendship and patronage are exhausted to gain a son's admission into a ship of war. And what is the motive of all this? The increasing prospects of employment, advancement, and wealth. Add to the number of the maritime enemies of England, and you add to these. You take away from the weariness and poverty of idle cruizes; you infuse spirit and alacrity; you repay them richly.

While I am speaking of the Mediterranean, let me suppose a case which, if it have no necessary connection with our present argument, will yet, without occasioning us to wander far, throw some light on another which equally belongs to the Day. Let us suppose Egypt in the possession of the French, and the Mediterranean, at the same time, in the possession of the English. France would wield only a 'barren sceptre'; she would enjoy no communication between her own ports and those of her colony. Under these circumstances, what should we think of an American neutral trade, between France and Egypt? Would it be neutral? would it be any thing short of hostile? And yet, wherein would this trade differ from that *neutral* one at present prosecuted between the French West Indies and France? America ought to be ashamed of the argument she holds upon this subject. It is less her honesty that it impeaches, than her understanding. The question does not turn upon the abstract innocence of a merchant's speculations. It is not an abstract question upon what, in a mercantile sense, is fair trade; but upon the indefeasible right of every man and every nation to say, You shall not do that which, however innocent in itself, is injurious to me: if you persist in doing it, you are no longer my friend, you are no longer neutral, and I must treat you as an enemy. Any surprise, however, that might be excited by the attempt to invalidate this argument must be diminished by the consideration of the absurdity manifested upon another question, if possible, still clearer. I allude to that of the trade to St. Domingo. I am not about to speak of the vulgar diatribes in which the suspension of that trade is called an act of the government of Bonaparte, nor of the equally ignorant and immoral assertion that this country is disgraced by the adoption of this law, at the instance of a superior power; and to which it is sufficient to reply, that neither nation nor individual can be disgraced by doing that which is right, even though it be at the instance of superior force; that the only disgrace can consist in not doing it without such instance, and, the only mean of wiping it off, in a ready compliance. What I have more strongly in my mind is the language that has appeared in the public papers, under the signature of Leonidas. "We "have shown," says this writer, "that "France and St. Domingo are independent "belligerent powers;" and then we are told that the United States are *neutral*, and this is followed up with Vattel, book, chapter, and verse, upon the duties of neutral nations! What I relate would seem almost incredible. That it should be asserted by a public political writer, pretending to speak as a statesman of the United States, a country at peace

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and in amity with France, that France and St. Domingo are independent belligerent nations, is almost incredible. This writer is either no politician or he is a very knavish one. A colony revolts from the parent-country, and he would have a state calling itself the friend of that parent, to acknowledge it an independent belligerent nation! As an individual, I sincerely and earnestly wish that St. Domingo may become an independent state, and I detest the unworthy language which the French minister has applied to the rebels of that colony,—"The race of "African slaves, the reproach and the refuse "of nature;" but, so long as France shall call herself its sovereign, so long must it be incompatible with the character of any nation in amity with France to speak of it as an independent power. Our publicist cites the conduct of France on the revolt of these countries, and imagines that nothing is left for him to do but walk over the course. It never once occurs to him that this conduct was the result of a resolution on the part of the cabinet of Versailles to annoy Great Britain; that it was intended as an act of aggression; and that it commenced what, in Europe, is called the American War.

But, to return, and, at the same time, enter upon the great question, on the durability of the British empire. I cannot be accused of undervaluing the power of France, such as it is; but, if I am to be told that Great Britain is formidable only as a naval power, I insist, on the other hand, that France is formidable only as a military power; and I insist further, that whatever durability may be ascribed to the empire of Napoleon, whether as arising from its abstract nature, or compounded of all the circumstances that belong to it, the same durability is to be ascribed to that of the British crown.

Here, I am not quite certain of the ground taken by my adversaries. Do they suppose the race of Great Britain to be run because they imagine the territorial preponderance of France in Europe sufficient to effect her ruin, or because they account naval power, according to the popular doctrine, to be of a fleeting character? I am bound, and I am ready, to answer each of these arguments. Meanwhile, I beg it to be understood that I found my opinion, not upon partial views of particular species of power in the abstract, or any equally partial views of the respective situations of Great Britain and France, but upon the whole view of the two empires.

The first question is, whether the territorial preponderance of France in Europe be capable of overwhelming Great Britain, or necessarily tend to the production of such a state of things? I have, in great measure, anticipated my reply. I have endeavoured to impress upon the reader, not only that Britain also possesses a vast preponderance in Europe, but that every increase of that of France produces a corresponding increase of hers. There remains, however, an important consideration, from which, indeed, this is not the place to draw the whole advantage it offers me. The enlargement of the territory, or of the territorial influence, of France, so long as Britain shall be mistress of the sea, adds nothing to the weight of that scale by which, as we are told, England is to be made to kick the beam; and it is scarcely necessary to put it into words, that the elevation of her military power does not lift her a degree in naval rank. To advance rapidly in one direction, helps a man nothing on his progress in another. On this head, however, I reserve myself.

But, if the naval power of England be at this moment equal to the task of rendering of no avail against her the territorial preponderance of France in Europe, her fate must turn upon the stability of that power. I know that it is a common opinion, and, as the premises are commonly laid, it is a just one, that naval power is transitory. The examples, in modern history, are, I believe, Venice, Genoa, and Holland; but, it will be allowed me that the circumstances of these maritime states, of which the two former enjoyed so brilliant a reputation throughout Europe, were very different from those in which Great Britain is at this moment placed. I contend that the union of the resources which support Great Britain, her territory, her agriculture, her manufactures, her commerce, and her maritime strength and splendor (for splendor is a resource), is such as to remove that fragility which belongs to maritime greatness alone. If, like America, she had a commerce without a navy, or, like France, a navy without a commerce, her situation might indeed be critical; but, where there is the one to supply and the other to protect, reciprocally assuring and advancing each other; where the destruction of the one is impracticable but through the destruction of both; there springs from this mutual action a degree of security which does not appear to me inferior to the usual amount of human certainty. Europe—the world—can never reduce the naval power of Great Britain, but by lowering her commercial pre-eminence; they can never lower her commercial pre-eminence, but by reducing her naval power. I do not see how these mice are to save themselves from the teeth of the cat, except by hanging a bell under her chin.

But, England may lose a naval battle, and what becomes of her, then? All this floating fabric is wrecked in an instant! She might have lost the battle of Trafalgar!—And France might have lost the battle of Austerlitz. I will not take upon me to say what number of battles must be lost to France or Great Britain before they are severally ruined; or whether the fate of either empire hang or

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do not hang on the fortunes of a day; but I return to my old ground, and maintain that that of England is as secure as that of France; and that to count upon the one as lasting, and on the other as evanescent, is to offend against sound logic.

I come then to the consideration of the whole of the grounds of safety that exist with respect to Great Britain. I grant what, perhaps, few of the friends of Great Britain are ready to grant, not only that the empire of the French is likely to last, but that its crown is likely to remain upon the brows of Napoleon. I do not seek a miserable shelter from the bodings of fear, in weak and vain anticipations of the issues of time. I do not divert the chagrin of the moment with consolatory reflections that Napoleon is not six feet high, and that he was born in Corsica; nor do I seek to stifle my apprehensions of the future by clamorous suggestions that he may be cut off by the hand of the assassin, by the chance of war, or by the stroke of disease;

Sogni d'infermi, e fole di romanzi;

I look the danger in the face, and I defy it; I calculate upon the life of Napoleon, and upon at least the continuance of his power; I contemplate the one without dissatisfaction, and the other without dread.

Take it then as established that the empire of Napoleon is lasting; still it is lasting only in the human sense of the term, and that of Great Britain is equally so. Napoleon's enemies, pursuing wiser plans, may make serious inroads; his military fortune may forsake him; domestic treason may do much. He is vulnerable within and without. Now, as to the empire of Great Britain, let us inquire with what present means of destruction he is able to assail it. We shall find that, if Great Britain have made but little progress in her own behalf, France has made still less against her. We shall see the hero of Austerlitz no stronger than the hero of Marengo: and Britain, in 1806, no weaker than in 1802. Bonaparte will still say, what he said before the rupture of the Peace of Amiens, that he has no resource but in invasion; and he will still acknowledge, with the same earnestness as before, that that resource is but a precarious one. He will renew all his labours at Boulogne and Ambleteuse, and still endeavour to do by threats what he scarcely hopes to do by arms. The situation of the continent may allow him to increase the number of his troops, but it will not facilitate their transit. I do not regard the invasion of Great Britain as absolutely impossible; but we need not despair of her empire because it is talked of, nor even when it shall be undertaken.

Reducing, therefore, all our views to this, that, whether by a "War like a peace," or a "Peace like a war," the contest will continue, our only conclusions ought to be, that the event is equally uncertain as it respects either party, and that Great Britain has an equal chance for the maintenance of her naval power, and may effect as much with it, as France, for and with her military.

In thus casting our eyes on the future, some strong features present themselves; first, as to what advantage Great Britain may at one time or other be able to draw from her naval strength; and, secondly, as to the means by which it may be possible for France to put herself into a condition to rival that naval strength, and thus fairly come to blows with her. It is natural to attribute much that France has gained, and the probability of gaining more, to the impulse she has received. The minds of men, like their bodies, are capable of acquired velocity; past successes go far toward insuring future; conquerors expect to conquer, and the expectation is legions in their favour; they are expected to conquer, and they are the more easily submitted to. These, with many other things, may be said of the French armies; but they are equally applicable to the English fleets. A French soldier and an English sailor are upon a par in this respect. It follows, that the naval power of England is as likely to increase as the military of France. But, if the second overawe Europe, why not the first? If the one annoy its antagonist, why not the second. In reality, England must always divide with France the empire of Europe, while she enjoys alone that of the world. She must equally inspire the lesser powers with fear and hope. She is the bulwark of the liberties they retain; she must be all they can look to for those they desire to recover. If her empire have an equal chance for duration with that of France, it may survive it. It may be found in vigour when that is maimed or decrepid. New revolutions will take place on the continent; new armies will be raised against France, even though England withhold her subsidies. Of all these events, if her strength remain, she will be ready to take advantage. The eyes or the hearts of nations will continue to be fixed on her, however they may be interdicted from her intercourse. I deny that the restoration of her direct ascendance on the continent is necessary to her existence, or even to her greatness; but that restoration is among the most easy probabilities. In my former paper, I expressed this sentiment inaccurately. I spoke of the continental victories of Great Britain in 1760. What I meant was, her successes over the continental powers.

But, by what means may it be possible for France to put herself into condition to rival her naval strength. Napoleon labours at several. He would destroy her manufactures, by cutting off their vent; he would destroy her commerce, by shutting every port against it; he would raise that of France by every legislative expedient; finally, he builds a marine, and he educates mariners. The fu-

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tility of all these efforts is discernible to every one. Manufactures are not to be pulled down, nor set up, nor trade diverted from its accustomed channels, by the mere force of decrees: the avidity of commercial enterprise will elude the regulations of the law-giver; commerce cannot be created by ordinances; ships are useless without seamen; and seamen can be reared only in the cradle of commerce. But, France mans her fleets; and, though they are beaten, they fight bravely. This, no doubt, is true; but they do not fight skilfully. It must be, that they have the same deficience at sea which they discover and turn to so much account in their enemies by land. In reality, is it not reasonable to believe that she derives from her geographical situation the same disadvantage as a naval power, which England does from hers as a military one, and that her very successes by land operate to the injury of her naval prospects? Must not all that I have said of the naval impulse given to the youth of England be true of the military one to the youth of France? In England, the naval service is popular; in France, the military. In a word, nature has fitted the one for the ocean and the other for the field, and to whatever mediocrity they may respectively arise in the opposite pursuits, they are restrained by the uncontrolable course of things from leaving their true spheres.

Mr. Randolph, in a simile equally complimentary to both nations, has advised his countrymen to desire nothing better than the division of naval and military power between France and Great Britain, because they must otherwise be united in the hands of France: —"Give to the tyger," says he, "the properties of the shark, and there is no longer "safety for the beasts of the forests or the "fishes of the sea." Whether my fable be suggested by this simile, or this simile by my fable, I shall leave to the determination of my reader; my only care is to set it down.

THE Tygers and the Sharks were once filled with animosity toward each other. A quarrel had, by some strange accident, taken place between two individuals, the one a Tyger and the other a Shark; and each found in its own species adherents of its cause. Neither party was backward in the wish to put an end by force of arms to a state of hostility which not only disturbed itself, but spread a general inquietude among the beasts of the forest and the fish of the sea. Nothing was wanting but proper means of annoyance, and this object continually engaged the respective cabinets. There were councils of war that vied with those of Vienna; and conferences of ministers at which every assistant was a Talleyrand. In the commencement of the contest, while each was ignorant of the other's mode of warfare, both sides committed the most extravagant errors; they outdid the mistakes of Kouli-Khan, who sat down before a fortified town, within range of the cannon on its walls, and made three or four several removes before he placed himself in safety. You might have seen Sharks like fish out of water, and Tygers like any other things out of their element; Sharks snapping at Tygers' paws, and left to flounder and perish on the sands; and Tygers plunging headlong into the ocean, all beside the mark, and presently buried beneath the billows. The Sharks plotted an invasion of the plains, and drew out marches over the mountains; the Tygers, weary of watching by the margin of the sea, resolved on bringing the enemy to action, by surprising him in the bosom of the deep. Convinced, at length, of their respective incapacities for these undertakings, they reformed, but never abandoned their plans. They laboured to supply by art the deficiences of nature. The Tygers devoted themselves to swimming and diving; and the Sharks, wading in shoal-water, daily flattered themselves with the accomplishment of their march. After some time spent in this manner, both belligerents, in the vanity of their hearts, believed themselves qualified for the assault. Early one morning, a vidette of the Tygers, announced, by a terrific roar, from a cliff that beetled over the sea, the approach of the invaders. The Tygers had slept on their arms that night, resolved on pushing out with their flotilla before sun-rise. The Sharks, however, who had darted through the waves with extreme velocity, and already believed their march commenced, thus assumed the part of assailants, and began, as both armies believed, the attack. Every Tyger leaped from the ground; every tail waved in the air; and the forests were aghast at the war-whoop. The Tygers closed with the foe, and now all was carnage and dismay. The right wing of the Tygers undertook, with great spirit, to turn the left of the shoal; but, whether as a manœuvre, or through the invaluable instinct of fear, the latter no sooner discovered its danger than it made a masterly retreat, placing itself in the rear of the centre, and strengthening the reserve. This movement might indeed have exposed in a very reprehensible manner the flank of the main body; and, perhaps, according to the true art of war, so far from this retreat, the whole line should have deployed. But, a blunder in this instance, as in many others, achieved what skill, it is probable, would have lost. The Tygers followed; they got into deep water; they could swim, but they found it impracticable to couch and spring; they were cut to pieces; and thousands of Sharks were sated with booty. Meanwhile, the right wing of the invaders vied in temerity with the left of the Tygers. They threw themselves into the shallows, eager to reach

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the mountains; here all their natural powers became useless; resisted by the Tygers, they attempted to roll on their backs and thus seize their adversaries. Some succeeded, and could turn no more. Some failed, and were fixed motionless in the sands; thousands perished by the fangs of the Tygers, and tens of thousands were left to bleach on the shore, deserted by the tide.

Numerous were the battles that were conducted on similar principles, and attended with similar success. Each party uniformly retired with the loss on the right of what it gained on the left, or on the left of what it gained on the right. Years rolled away, and the war still continued. Lookers-on had calculated, some on the destruction of the one, and some on that of the other. The mermaids had trembled lest their grottoes of coral should be forced by the Tygers, and their fears had represented their beloved seaweed as spreading only to become the couch of the glossy but blood-thirsty conquerors; the hills, the forests, and the champaign had groaned under the prospect that Sharks would stretch themselves in the dens, crouch amid the waving grass, stalk beneath the branches, or bask upon beds of violet. None of these things came to pass; Nature, that took no part in the private disputes of the combatants, smiled at the projects of each, and defeated all. The Tygers were not driven from the earth, nor the Sharks from the ocean.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In the following poem, which is conspicuous both for its amiable morality, and its harmonious cadence, none of Mr. SOUTHEY's offensive peculiarities appear. It is a fine specimen of the faculties of his mind, and some of the emotions of his heart. The allusions, in the 4th Stanza are perfectly descriptive of the mingled gentleness and roughness of a "self-sequestered" and studious man. He, who cannot forgive, or who cannot explain this circumstance in the character of an author, will do well to consult D'Israeli, on the Manners and Genius of the Literary Character. In that work equally profound and agreeable, the above phenomenon is very justly and elegantly explained, both upon moral and physical principles.

O reader! hast thou ever stood to see
The Holly-Tree?
The eye, that contemplates it well, perceives
Its glossy leaves,
Ordered by an INTELLIGENCE, so wise,
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen;
No grazing cattle thro' their prickly round,
Can reach to wound;
But, as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize!
And in the wisdom of the Holly-Tree
Can emblems see,
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
Such as may profit in the after-time.

So, though, *abroad*, perchance I might appear
Harsh and *austere*,
To those, who on *my leisure* would *intrude*,
Reserved and *rude*;
Gentle, *at home*, amid *my friends*, I'd be,
Like *the high leaves* upon the Holly-Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I, day by day,
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be,
Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.

And as, when all the summer-trees are seen
So bright and green,
The Holly-leaves their fadeless hues display,
Less bright than they,
But when the leaves and wintry woods we see,
What then so cheerful as the Holly-Tree?

So, serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng;
So would I seem, among the young and gay,
More grave than they,
That, in my age, as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the Holly-Tree.

I believe the good taste of Dr. Knox has preserved this song in one of his various editions of that classical compendium, the Elegant Extracts. But it is not to be found in some of the latest, though no good reason could be assigned for the omission. The author's name does not appear, though it is a production of so much merit, that no man of genius need be ashamed to acknowledge it as his offspring. The style

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is sparkling, the allusions are classical, and the sentiment is highly pathetic. The thoughts in the second Stanza, the image in the fifth, and the invocation in the conclusion, could emanate only from a true poet of inspired genius and exquisite sensibility.

Though Bacchus may boast of his care killing bowl,
And Folly in thought drowning revels delight;
Such worship, alas! has no charms for the soul,
When softer devotions our senses excite.

To the arrow of fate, or the canker of care,
Its potion oblivious a balm may bestow,
But to fancy, that feeds on the charms of the fair,
The death of reflection 's the birth of all woe.

For who, that possesses a dream so divine,
In riot would bid the sweet vision be gone!
For the tear, that bedews sensibility's shrine,
Is a drop of more worth than all Bacchus's ton.

That tender excess, which enamours the heart,
To few is imparted, to millions denied,
'Tis the brain of the victim, that tempers the dart,
And fools laugh at that for which sages have died.

Each change and excess has through life been my doom,
And well can I speak of its joys and its strife;
The bottle may yield me a glimpse thro' the gloom,
But Love's the true sunshine, that gladdens my life.

Then come, rosy Venus, and spread to my sight
Those magic illusions which ravish the soul,
Awake in my breast the dear dream of delight,
And drop from thy myrtle one sprig in my bowl.

Then deep will I drink of its nectar divine;
Nor e'er, jolly god, from thy banquet remove,
But each tube of my heart shall still thirst for the wine,
That 's mellow'd by FRIENDSHIP, and brightened by LOVE.

Charles YORKE, the celebrated short-lived chancellor of England, is perhaps better remembered for his politics, his forensic skill, and fluent speech, than for his powers of invention and poetry. But, although much of his time was devoted to business, such was the versalility of his genius, that he could turn his eye at once from the courts of Westminster Hall to the haunts of the muses. The following scarce poem, attributed to him by BURKE, is a shining proof of his abilities.

STANZAS,

In the manner of Waller, occasioned by a receipt to make Ink, given to the author by a Lady.

In earliest times, ere man had learn'd,
His sense in writing to impart,
With inward anguish oft he burn'd,
His friends unconscious of the smart.

Alone he pin'd in thickest shade,
Near murmuring waters sooth'd his grief,
Of senseless rocks companions made,
And from their echoes sought relief.

Cadmus, 'tis said, did first reveal
How letters should the mind express;
And taught to grave with pointed steel
On waxen tablets its distress.

Soon was the feeble waxen trace,
Supply'd by Ink's unfading spot,
Which to remotest climes conveys
In clearest marks, the secret thought.

Blest be his chymic hand that gave,
The world to know so great a good,
Hard! that his name it should not save,
Who first found out the sable flood.

'Tis this consigns to endless praise
The hero's valour, statesman's art,
Historic truth, and fabling lays
The maiden's eyes, the lover's heart.

If still OBLIVION'S LETHE live,
Immortal in poetic lore,
What honours shall the stream receive,
Sacred to memory's better power.

Who now from Helicon's fam'd well,
The drops celestial would request,
When by Ink's magic he can spell
The image of his faithful breast?

This kindly spares the modest tongue,
To speak aloud the pleasing pain,
Aided by this, in tuneful song,
Fond vows the virgin paper stain.

Though stain'd, yet innocent of fame,
No blush the indignant reader warms,
If well express'd the poet's flame,
Aided by fair Maria's charms.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

SCOTCH VERSES.

Now since I've left my native Isle
For th' east, some many thousand mile,
An' left the thistle for a while
To some young bard,
Wha' seeks for fame in rhyming style
For his reward.

But tho' I'm in Columbia's clime
I'll ne'er forget my jinglin rhyme,
But court my muse while in her prime
Wi' simple glee;
And what's my theme, before long time
Ye'll aiblins see.

Ye bonny lasses o' this place,
I like to see ye'r cantie face,
An' gin it were my happy case
To stay amang ye,
Wi' sweet content, I'd mark each grace
That springs around ye.

I dinna like ye're fauts to tell,
For ilka ane has fauts himsel',
Tho' faith there 's some can scarcely spell
Yet think they've knowledge.
An' like to chat wi' chiels that dwell
At Princeton college.

Ye dinna' like the country clowns
Ye like the chiels wi' college gown,
Ye ken there' some gay walie louns,
Amang the classes,
Wha' aften play enchantin tunes,
To bonnie lasses.

Tho' I've no right to be remarkin
About ye'r unco ways o' sparkin,
Yet monie a tyke wi' roarin barkin,
The news will bla'
How ye disturb them wi' ye'r sparkin
Till cocks do craw.

It puts me fidgin aye when thinkin,
To see some saucy dames a winkin;
Syne whan it's dark to run a jinkin,
To ilka' place,
Tho' pride an poverty are sinkin,
Them in disgrace.

Oh would some power the giftie gie them,
To see themselves as others see them,
It wou'd frae monie a blunder keep them,
An' foolish notion
The very thought of this wud send them
To their devotion.

It's no' their dress, it's no' their een,
It's no their bonie bonnets green,
It's no the lassie in her teen,
Completes the fair;
Whar' modest graces aft are seen,
There's virtue there.

Tho' I hae nae pretence to lear,
I like to read an' learn some mair,
While something wispers banish care
Far frae ye'r mind;
But to the virtuous blooming fair,
Be ever kind.

O Pride! thou tyrant, dreadfu' foe!
O happiness an' peace below!
How dare ye wi' ye'r banefu' show
Thus ruin man;
Or e'er attempt to level low
Auld nature's plan.

But here I'd maist forgot my theme,
Wi' thinkin' o' ye'r cursed name,
Off wi' ye then: ye'r but a dream
O' fancy's flight;
O friend o' evil! fie, for shame,
Flee frae my sight.

HENRY CLOW.

For the Port Folio.

Stanzas from the French of Malherbe.

(See page 60.)

TO DUPERRIER.

Thy grief, my friend, admits no cure;
E'en friendship's soothing voice is vain:
It freshens woes thou must endure,
And wrings thy tender heart again.

Stern death demanded thy dear child,
And bore her to a house of clay:
Is this the lab'rinth where, beguil'd,
Lost Reason can't regain her way?

In this strange world where she did dwell,
Nature's best gifts how soon they fly!
Just like a rose she bloom'd and fell,
Ere noon had chas'd the morning sky.

Z.

EPIGRAM.

Sharp but Sharper still.

A *Yorkshire* Man! and ostler still!
Ere this you might have been,
Had you employ'd your native skill,
Landlord, and kept the inn.
Ah! Sir, quoth John, here 'twill ne'er do,
For, dang it! meyster's *Yorkshire too!*

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, April* 19, 1806. [No. 15.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 163.

MR. SAUNTER,

TO an ingenuous mind, nothing appears so truly venerable or excites a more powerful interest than the occasional society and undisguised conversation of a man of real virtue, far advanced into the transitory vale of existence; one who has buffeted the storms of adversity by the aid of virtuous philosophy, and accumulated a large stock of experimental knowledge without extinguishing his philanthropy; one whose dignified manners, and benign serenity of countenance, presage an uncorrupted heart and intelligent head. In the presence of such men, virtue shines with pre-eminent splendor; morality is extorted from the libertine; and haggard vice shrinks abashed within itself. I need not inform you that in the social intercourse, and entire confidence of a being corresponding exactly with the preceding outlines, I have derived genuine pleasure, mingled with useful instruction. For these last thirty years, this amiable and truly excellent man has resided in the country, enjoying perfect tranquillity, secluded from the empty bustle of the world, and looking unconcernedly through the quiet 'loop holes of retreat.' There the natural benevolence of his guiltless heart expands, and he is the dispenser of happiness to all those who have been so fortunate as to live within the sphere of his virtues. During the earlier periods of his life, he mixed freely with the fashionable world; and, without contaminating his principles, enjoyed the agreeable relaxation of mirth, and partook largely of what are denominated the pleasures of society. At length, by the fraud and villany of those in whom his unsuspecting heart confided, he was swindled of half his fortune. This unfortunate event was the origin of a succeeding calamity, which sunk deep, and made an indelible impression in the good old gentleman's heart. A young lady of high respectability, whom he thought the paragon of excellence, shared his undivided affections. The partial loss of his estate was deemed by her avaricious parents an irreparable obstruction to the consummation of his passion, and the lady was ultimately compelled to sacrifice her felicity to the inexorable mandates of parental authority. The good old gentleman sustained this most bitter of all disappointments with the calm resignation of a Christian, and the unshaken firmness of a man. Respect to the only object of his love has induced him to preserve inviolable celibacy, abandon the intricate mazes of love, and as the ladies would elegantly term it, become a 'fusty old

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bachelor.' Happening to be on a visit to his friends, the extreme brilliancy of our fashionable republican nobility this winter awakened a curiosity in the old gentleman to become a spectator, and contrast the manners of the present age with those in days of yore. Anticipating his astonishment, I accepted with alacrity the proposition; and, a few evenings since, had the pleasure of ushering my old friend into a tea-room, considered here as the preliminary etiquette of a ball. We commenced preparations at an early hour. During the duties of the toilette, my companion assured me he was not one of those prejudiced old codgers whose acidity would not allow them to derive any pleasure in what they were averse to participate; on the contrary, he flattered himself with enjoying entertainment and instruction by contemplating the present improved state of manners, which report had led him to believe had attained a very finished polish. A whole hour elapsed before he could decide on the particular style of dress in which he thought proper to appear; for the old gentleman still cherished the antiquated punctilios of good breeding and fashion. A formidable well-powdered tie-periwig, adorned with an elegant black satin bag and rose, was deemed an indispensible appendage: a pair of broad-rimmed glittering silver buckles, chocolate coloured coat and breeches, cocked hat, and gold hilted sword, were next selected. In vain I remonstrated against his obsolete ideas of elegance, he being resolved to consult with scrupulous tenacity his own taste, in order (said he) to heighten its contrast, for I entertain no suspicion of exciting ridicule where good breeding presides. Preparations having at length terminated, we sallied forth in primitive splendor, and were in a few moments driven to Mrs. Fiddle-faddle's, the spouse of a rich and ponderous alderman of that name; the lady is justly considered as the criterion of taste, lives to the very acme of ton, and as Sancho Pansa would express it, is decidedly the very cream and scum of fashion. We were presently accosted by a gentleman in waiting, equipped à la mode de France, who my friend innocently mistook for one of the company, and saluted him accordingly, with a courteous inclination of the body: I, however, corrected his error before he had time to utter a syllable, adding that, 'liveries were long since thrown aside,' and 'like master like man' was now in vogue. From hence we entered the tea-room, which was crowded with a brilliant assemblage of belles and beaux, through the midst of whom I made our way to the hostess, and presented my old friend, with suitable formality. He saluted her with profound reverence, appropriately expressing the high sense he entertained of the honor done him. The surprise my friend's old fashioned garb created instantly evaporated in an universal titter from the ladies; some of the male animalcula of fashion evinced their 'horreur', by a significant 'hem!' others prettily lisped 'Demme, what rusticated old Put is that: did you ever, my dear mem, see any thing so preposterously outré?' Happily my friend did not discover, or was too well bred to acknowledge, himself the object of their risibility and gentleman-like attention. A brace of *fashionable near-sighted* bloods scrutinized my companion with the most impertinent curiosity, shrugging up the shoulders, and vociferated a clamorous horse-laugh, or restless asses bray; ejaculating, 'Par Dieu! what quizzical figure is that? In the name of his Satanic Majesty, has the bête been dug up from Herculaneum, or was he an inhabitant of Noah's Ark?' Perceiving my venerable friend's embarrassment, I seated myself beside him, and inquired 'How he liked the company?' The first objects against which he fulminated his displeasure was the fashionable indecency of the ladies, and outlandish forwardness of the gentlemen. Modesty, he inferred, had been kicked out of good company, and did not belong to the present catalogue of feminine virtues. 'If a lady, in my time,' continued the old gentleman, with ardour, 'had had the audacity to display half so many naked charms, she would inevitably have fallen into a decay of reputation.' I

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answered, 'that the epidemical distemper, to which he alluded, had long since been extirpated from the bulk of American elegantes.' Just as he had begun a dissertation on the close tucker, short petticoats, and tamboured apron of his maiden aunt, Miss Diana Durable, who was the leader of fashion forty years ago, we were interrupted by a shrill echo from the opposite corner of the room. On investigation it proved to be a heterogeneous party of French, Spanish, and American guests, who were testifying their tumultuous plaudits at the exhibition of a Frenchman's musical talents. Not a song or duet—O no! no! an imitation of the bugle horn, which, by a happy contortion of muscles, issued from his mouth in the most copious and animated strains. The old gentleman stared at this delicate species of modern sentimental amusement, but did not deign to open his mouth wider than to exclaim an emphatic 'pish!' Unfortunately, I had described in glowing colours, before we set out from home, the happy specimens of wit and delicate sentiment which abounded in many of our fashionable coteries. The ladies pronounced it 'very strange! very droll!' and the gentlemen declared, 'pon honor, it was *fort original*,' and was 'an excellent hoax, demme!' Having now finished with the element of scandal (tea), the company withdrew in the utmost confusion to the dancing room, which was fitted up in a very elegant taste. Cotillions were immediately formed, country dances and minuets having been long since unanimously voted a 'bore.' My friend, on being solicited to join, alleged by way of excuse his entire ignorance of the present style of dancing. He afterwards whispered slyly into my ear, that 'old as he was, he would be delighted to walk a minuet with that elegant figure,' pointing to Miss Plum: I instantly signified his wishes to the lady, who politely declined, having formed a pre-engagement to walk with Mr. Ichobad Dibble. My worthy friend reprobated, with just acrimony, the general adoption of French manners, 'not (said he) that I entirely disapprove, but, in my opinion, an affectation of them, daubed on, as it were, so glaringly awkward, appears indecent and ridiculous.' To the Ladies' fine forms he gave unqualified commendation. A numerous variety of old-fashioned observations escaped my old friend, which were I to relate, I fear would lead to unavoidable prolixity. The evening chosen for this entertainment was Saturday, and as my old friend is a high church-of-England-man, he signified his inclination to withdraw before Sunday morning; I instantly assented, and we proceeded to take leave of Mrs. Fiddlefaddle; my old friend retreating backward three steps, in order to add grace and mingle respect in his parting bow: it was answered by an approbating nod; and we departed. His remarks after we returned to our lodgings, if you (from the character of the man) deem them worthy of notice, will probably constitute the subject of a further communication.

AMERICANUS.

P. S. Not a single cigarr was even attempted to be fumigated during the whole evening, and no efforts to smoke, except abortive attempts to smoke my old companion.

New York.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF LOGAN.

[*Concluded.*]

The play is intended to awaken sentiments of liberty and public spirit in the hearts of his countrymen. But *Liberty* is by no means *a stranger to the stage*. It makes the principal subject of the 'Cato,' of Addison, and has been brought forward by Voltaire in his "Brutus," and "Death of Cæsar;" to omit a crowd of less illustrious examples. The stories which form the most striking exemplification of moral or political heroism, the death of Socrates, or the catastrophe of Cato, through inexpressibly beautiful and engaging in themselves, are by no means calculated to succeed upon the theatre. This has been imputed to the necessity of introducing the passion of love, in order to make a tragedy interesting. But this is by no means the case. The tragedies of Shakspeare, the *Athalie*, the *Merope*, and the *Orphelin de la Chine*, on the French theatre, have been suc-

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cessful without this subsidiary aid. In reality, nothing more is requisite than an event full of anxiety and uncertainty, and subject to the greatest and most unexpected changes of fortune. Addison found the inability of supporting the representation of five acts, merely by the patriotism of Cato. Logan has also found the necessity of recurring to the aid of an improbable love-tale. Exclusive of the injudiciousness of this circumstance, it must be allowed to be a very interesting and pathetic performance. The diction is nervous and elegant; though it is sometimes deficient in grace, and sometimes chargeable with redundancy and amplification. It has many passages highly dramatic and highly poetical. It has a beauty directly the reverse of amplification. He not unfrequently concenters a thought, which an unskilful poet would have dilated, in a very few words, and by that means gives it a high degree of force and pathos. The whole performance is animated with the noblest enthusiasm for liberty, and is stamped with the peculiar characters of genius. The spirited address to *King John*, which is put into the mouth of *Elvine*, asserting the natural rights of mankind, in opposition to tyranny and oppression, is the most singular passage in the play. But, it is difficult to interest the generality of readers in sentiments of public virtue, which are in a great measure peculiar to minds of a superior order.

In his *Odes*, he is rather characterised by the sprightly and tender than by the sublime; yet his muse preserves her dignity, and retains that pleasing wildness, that excursive humour, which necessarily enter into the genius of lyric poetry. She discovers not by the barbarity of her accent, and the harshness of her numbers, that she has acquired her first ideas of harmony and modulation north of the Tweed. The numbers are easy, the language is elegant, and the stanzas are regular throughout. The regular measure is always preferable to loose and irregular numbers, while the length and variety of the stanza prevent the disgust of monotony; because in poetry, as in music, it is necessary that there should be a proportion of parts, so that the ear should be accustomed to the modulation. The selection of his subjects displays at once the delicacy of his taste, and the sensibility of his heart.

The *Ode to the Cuckoo*, which he is supposed to have written, and certainly improved, is distinguished by the delicate graces of simplicity and tenderness, in the highest degree. The hint of this exquisite performance was probably taken from "A Song to the Cuckoo," the earliest specimen of song-writing extant in our language; but the train of the thoughts is purely original. His *Ode to Woman* is sprightly and poetical, but inclines more to the *beautiful* than to the *sublime* species of lyric composition. It is more in the manner of Anacreon than Pindar. We cannot, however, admit that any modern breathes the true spirit of Anacreon. There is, in the sound of the Teian lyre, an irresistible and ineffable magic, when struck by the hand of its original master, which no other touch can extort. His *Odes* written in *Spring* and *Autumn*, and his other descriptive and allegorical performances, are not destitute of pathetic sentiment and agreeable description; but their spirit and genius are of a more abstracted kind, and will be most admired by those few congenial minds, who can discern and feel the finer influences of fancy, who can enjoy the enthusiasm of visionary communications, and aspire to the regions of ideal existence. But, abstracted from all external praise, there is a charm in the indulgence of poetic fancy; and in this respect poetry, like virtue, is its own reward.

Of his *Lovers* and *Tale* the sentiments are delicate and noble, and the narration is animated and agreeable. He judiciously avoids that minuteness which anticipates every reflection of the reader, and supports attention without an affectation of brilliancy, and without wandering from his purpose, like an ordinary artist, in search of flowers and embellishment. He well knew that poetry, when it fails to interest the affections, is no longer the animated language of nature. His *Braes of Yarrow* is an imitation of Hamilton's beautiful ballad of that name; but his story of the bereaved bride surpasses the original. Ovid, Propertius, and Tibullus, never composed a more affecting and impassioned elegy. The poem on Hero and Leander cannot boast a stronger infusion of the soft and tender, of energy and pathos.

His *Hymns* may challenge a comparison with the most popular compositions of that kind in our language; but they add little to his poetical reputation. Most of them were originally printed, with some variations, in the collection of "Translations and Paraphrases of Sacred Scripture," 1781, used in public worship in Scotland. It appears from a copy of the "Paraphrases, &c." in the possession of Dr. Robertson, in which the several authors are distinguished by Logan, that he is the most considerable, as well as the most poetical, contributor to that collection of sacred poems. In majesty and sublimity of sentiment, grandeur and solemnity of description, and beauty and simplicity of expression, he maintains a distinguished superiority over his competitors. His version of *Genesis* xxvii, 20—22, has exceeding merit. If his efforts to smooth the path of duty by the powers of imagination, and to win our attention to the precepts of life by ornament and harmony, are sometimes unsuccessful, his motives at least deserve applause. He is even entitled to some praise, for having done better than others what no versifier of

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the sacred writings has done well. "Poetical devotion," to use the emphatical words of Dr. Johnson, in his life of Waller, "cannot often please. Contemplative piety, or the intercourse between God and the human soul, cannot be poetical. Man, admitted to implore the mercy of his Creator, and plead the merits of his Redeemer, is already in a higher state that poetry can confer. Whatever is great, desirable or tremendous, is comprised in the name of the Supreme Being. Omnipotence cannot be exalted, Infinity cannot be amplified, Perfection cannot be improved. Of sentiments purely religious, it will be generally found that the most simple expression is the most sublime. Poetry loses its lustre and its power, because it is applied to the decoration of something more excellent than itself. The ideas of Christian theology are too simple for eloquence, too sacred for fiction, and too majestic for ornament; to recommend them by tropes and figures, is to magnify by a concave mirror the sidereal hemisphere." But, besides this want of conformity and assimilation between piety and poetry, there is another reason why the versification of the sacred writings should not be attended with success; the want of conformity and assimilation between language and sentiment. Nothing can be more striking and opposite than the different genius of the English and the Hebrew poetry. The eastern muse is daring, fervent, and unsubdued in her progress; snatching at figures remote in their nature and disposition, frequently inattentive to consistency and connection, desultory in sentiment, and abrupt in expression. These qualities are utterly unfit for the regular and limited walks of rhyme. The songs of Sion will no more bend to the genius of a strange language than their singers would of old to the commands of their conquerors, when called upon to sing them in a strange land.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[Much false criticism has been uttered on the subject of GOLDSMITH'S prose writing. In particular, it has been deliberately asserted, that his History of the Earth and Animated Nature was not only a venal but a dull book, displaying none of the beauties of the Author. Nothing can be more audacious than such an injurious falshood. The work in question is remarkable for the vivacity of its descriptions, the elegance of its diction, and the harmony of its periods. It is true, it is not so remarkable for the truths of science, as for the graces of genius. But our business is with the style; and, in this respect, it may be perused with not less advantage than the Vicar of Wakefield, or those Essays which dispute the palm with the Tatler.]

ACCOUNT OF THE SQUIRREL.

[*From Goldsmith.*]

The squirrel is a beautiful little animal,* which is but half savage; and which, from the gentleness and innocence of its manners, deserves our protection. It is neither carnivorous nor hurtful; its usual food is fruits, nuts and acorns; it is cleanly, nimble, active and industrious; its eyes are sparkling, and its physiognomy marked with meaning. It generally, like the hare and rabbit, sits upon its hinder legs, and uses the fore paws as hands; these have five claws or toes, as they are called, and one of them is separate from the rest, like a thumb. This animal seems to approach the nature of birds, from its lightness, and surprising agility on the tops of trees. It seldom descends to the ground, except in case of storms, but jumps from one branch to another; feeds, in spring, on the buds and young shoots; in summer, on the ripening fruits; and particularly the young cones of the pine tree. In autumn, it has an extensive variety to feast upon; the acorn, the filberd, the chesnut, and the wilding. This season of plenty, however, is not spent in idle enjoyment; the provident little animal gathers at that time its provisions for the winter, and cautiously foresees the season when the forest shall be stripped of its leaves and fruitage.

Its nest is generally formed among the large branches of a great tree, where they begin to fork off into small ones. After chusing the place where the timber begins to decay, and an hollow may the more easily be formed, the squirrel begins by making a kind of level between the forks; and then, bringing moss, twigs, and dry leaves, it binds them together with great art, so as to resist the most violent storm. This is covered up on all sides, and has but a single opening at top, which is just large enough to admit the little animal; and this opening is itself defended from

* Buffon.

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the weather, by a kind of canopy made in the fashion of a cone, so that it throws off the rain, though ever so heavy. The nest, though formed, with a very little opening above, is, nevertheless, very commodious and roomy below; soft, well knit together, and every way convenient and warm. In this retreat, the little animal brings forth its young, shelters itself from the scorching heat of the sun, which it seems to fear, and from the storm and inclemency of winter, which it is still less capable of supporting. Its provision of nuts and acorns is seldom in its nest, but in the hollows of the tree, laid up carefully together, and never touched but in cases of necessity. Thus one single tree serves for a retreat and a store-house; and, without leaving it during the winter, the squirrel possesses all those enjoyments that its nature is capable of receiving. But, it sometimes happens that its little mansion is attacked by a deadly and powerful foe. The martin goes often in quest of a retreat for its young, which it is incapable of making for itself; for this reason, it fixes upon the nest of a squirrel, and, with double injustice, destroys the tenant, and then takes possession of the mansion.

However, this is a calamity that but seldom happens: and, of all other animals, the squirrel leads the most frolicksome playful life; being surrounded with abundance, and having few enemies to fear. They are in heat early in the spring; when, as a modern naturalist says,† it is very diverting to see the female feigning an escape from the pursuit of two or three males, and to observe the various proofs they give of their agility, which is then exerted in full force. Nature seems to have been particular in her formation of these animals for propagation; however, they seldom bring forth above four or five young at a time; and that but once a year. The time of their gestation seems to be about six weeks; they are pregnant in the beginning of April, and bring forth about the middle of May.

† British Zoology.

The squirrel is never found in the open fields, nor yet in copses or underwoods; it always keeps in the midst of the tallest trees, and, as much as possible, shuns the habitations of man. It is extremely watchful; if the tree in which it resides be but touched at the bottom, the squirrel instantly takes the alarm, quits its nest, at once flies off to another tree, and thus travels, with great ease, along the tops of the forest, until it finds itself perfectly out of danger. In this manner, it continues for some hours at a distance from home, until the alarm be past; and then it returns by paths that to all quadrupeds but itself are utterly impassable. Its usual way of moving is by bounds; these it takes from one tree to another, at forty feet distance; and if at any time it is obliged to descend, it runs up the side of the next tree, with amazing facility. It has an extremely sharp piercing note, which most usually expresses pain; it has another, more like the purring of a cat, which it employs when pleased; at least it appeared so in that from whence I have taken a part of this description.

In Lapland, and the extensive forests of the North, the squirrels are observed to change their habitation, and to remove in vast numbers from one country to another. In these migrations they are generally seen by thousands, travelling directly forward; while neither rocks, forests, nor even the broadest waters can stop their progress. What I am going to relate appears so extraordinary that, were it not attested by numbers of the most credible historians, among whom are Klein and Linnæus, it might be rejected with that scorn with which we treat imposture or credulity: however, nothing can be more true than that when these animals, in their progress, meet with broad rivers, or extensive lakes, which abound in Lapland, they take a very extraordinary method of crossing them. Upon approaching the banks, and perceiving the breadth of the water, they return, as if by common consent, into the neighbouring forest, each in quest of a piece of bark, which answers all the purposes of boats

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for wafting them over. 'When the whole company are fitted in this manner, they boldly commit their little fleet to the waves; every squirrel sitting on its own piece of bark, and fanning the air with its tail, to drive the vessel to its desired port. In this orderly manner they set forward, and often cross lakes, several miles broad. But it too often happens that the poor mariners are not aware of the dangers of their navigation; for although at the edge of of the water it is generally calm, in the midst it is always more turbulent. There, the slightest additional gust of wind oversets the little sailor and his vessel together. The whole navy, that but a few minutes before rode proudly and securely along, is now overturned, and a shipwreck of two or three thousail ensues. This, which is so unfortunate for the little animal, is generally the most lucky accident in the world for the Laplander on the shore; who gathers up the dead bodies as they are thrown in by the waves, eats the flesh, and sells the skins for about a shilling the dozen.‡

The squirrel is easily tamed, and it is then a very familiar animal. It loves to lie warm, and will often creep into a man's pocket or his bosom. It is usually kept in a box, and fed with hazelnuts. Some find amusement in observing with what ease it bites the nut open and eats the kernel. In short, it is a pleasing pretty little domestic; and its tricks and habitudes may serve to entertain a mind unequal to stronger operations.'

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I continue an humble gazer at the literature and other attractions of Philadelphia; I devour your newspapers, my favourite food; I tickle my palate with the sweet things and short-cakes of the Port Folio; and I sometimes sip a little (for I cannot boast of drinking deeply) at the Library; and, now that neither Miss Louisa nor Miss Catharine walks on her hands, or bites her own toes; now that there is no longer any fun in crowding to Mr. Fennell's on a Saturday-night, because we can no longer disappoint Mr. Cooper of a house; now that Mr. Wright's bill is lost, and Mr. Gregg's is carried, to be carried; now, I say, I begin to feel the leisure, and to summon the resolution, to burden you with another of my rambling epistles.

And, first, for your Library, whence I am now writing, and which I should be ashamed to have entered, and still more to have mentioned, without seizing this opportunity of testifying to you my warmest admiration of its institution and conduct. The extraordinary liberality with which it is thrown open to the public reflects the truest honour on the city of Philadelphia; but it is adorned by another feature of equal importance with the excellence of its design: I mean the unwearied civilities of its present librarians.

Whatever may have been the original intention, I find that the apartments of the Library (or, to speak strictly, Libraries) are not now to be considered as reading-rooms. Before I saw the matter in this point of view, I was at a loss to imagine for what purpose the doors were unlocked only between the hours of two and six in the afternoon; or, in other words, in precisely that part of the day which must least suit the convenience of any description of persons disposed to enter. That they were shut in the morning I easily explained, on the principle that, let the idlers of this city be as numerous as they might, no large portion of their numbers were of the literary kind; but I was not so readily satisfied of the expedience with which access was forbidden in the evening, because I have been accustomed to see places of this description well attended in that part of the day, both by the young and by the aged; because it appears to me that such a practice affords a medium of relaxation highly favourable to public morals and good taste; a relaxation and an indulgence

‡ Oeuvres de Regnard.

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with which youth might be gratified free of the expense of dramatic exhibitions; and a weapon, in aid of a wise and beneficent police, by which an hour or two might be occasionally rescued from cigarrs and rum and claret and madeira. But, however the arrangement may surprise me, or however much it may deprive me of that portion of pleasure which the Libraries would otherwise afford me, I find sufficient to deserve my praise in what is actually established, and have no doubt that local circumstances abundantly account for the rest.

You have already, Mr. Oldschool, perceived me to be one of 'those who lurk in the neutrality of criticism;' my habit of examining the Port Folio is alike within your knowledge; and your other correspondents must excuse me if I sometimes amuse myself at their expense. If, by this acknowledgement, or by any overt act, I should kindle their wrath, assure them that I will not refuse satisfaction. I present my whole surface to their fire. Judges may be judged, and critics may be criticised; and, if those whom I criticise can find nothing to criticise in me, all I can say is, that it is their fault, and not mine.

I make this preamble much less with reference to any hard things I meditate, than of the offensive words I may unwittingly let fall; of the hyper-irritability of system in those very irritable personages, who, in America, derive their lineage from the Muses; and more especially, on account of the Mimosa-feelings of the young gentleman on the banks of the Ohio. It is not, Sir, that I am about, in any way, as I hope, to put those feelings to new trials; but I allude to them for the sake of illustrating one of the tempers with which criticism is too much received, and still more for that of offering some general observations, in no respect calculated, as I flatter myself, to induce the translator of the Ode to Lydia to throw his reed into the stream, or hang his harp upon the willows.

I am equally unacquainted with the Madrigal and with the criticisms of Messrs. Colon and Spondee; I have even refrained from attempting to gratify my curiosity as to how the rhymes 'neck and speak, untorn and burn,' could possibly put a man into danger of being called a 'French philosopher,' or a philosopher of any other description, or 'one of Buonaparte's officers.' For my own part, I think, *primâ facie*, they would have led me to suspect neither a philosopher nor a conjuror;—but, it this moment occurs to me, that, in the cant of the day, among those who certainly are neither philosophers nor conjurors, philosopher is a by-word of reproach, and used *ad libitum;* on this topic, however, or something like it, I shall have occasion to touch again. As to 'Buonaparte's officers,' I have not learned whether they are or are not peculiarly unfortunate in tagging rhymes; whether, like Othello, they are 'rude of speech,' or, like Richard, but little fitted for the 'piping-time of peace.' They seem to have what is called a *knack* at turning wings and redoubts; but, that they turn couplets with equal facility, I confess I am unable to assert.

The question I regard as of most interest is this. What are Messrs. Colon and Spondee, or what is any other critic, to the 'young man on the banks of the Ohio,' or to any other man? If their remarks were just, why were they not submitted to in silence, and employed to the best advantage? If they were unjust, why was not their injustice exposed, or despised? If they were ridiculous, why was not the ridicule turned against them, or left where alone it could truly rest? If they consisted merely in 'forced and waggish constructions,' why was that which every man is exposed to received so peevishly?

But, the Madrigal out of the question, I must dispute the ground that has been taken by H: it is absolutely necessary to dislodge him from that post. Bad rhymes are not to be defended, even though they should be discoverable in Pope. Among these, however, I would not include syllables spelled alike, and of similar quantity, though differently pronounced; as *wears* and *tears*, *bow*, *now*, and *brow;* but *appear'd* and *reward*,

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streams and *Thames*, *obey* and *tea*, *sweet* and *wait*, *fate* and *retreat*, are not rhymes, let who will write them. There are some rhymes which the ear neither entirely condemns nor entirely approves; as *tears*, *pray'rs*; and I would forbid the use of them to no poet who has sufficient nerve, not to tremble nor wince at criticism. There is one consideration remaining, to which much weight ought to be allowed. Rhymes collected from such a poem as the Dunciad, or even the Translation of the Iliad, are not to be taken as authorities for what is admissible in an Ode. It has been said of the Sonnet, that it must be a string of pearls, of which not a single one must be defective in colour or roundness; and the same is true of the Ode. These short productions must be exquisite in all their parts. A poem may be very agreeable that is not exquisite in all its parts; but, then, he that writes it should neither indulge in wrath nor in despair because its imperfections are exposed. With respect to elisions, also, a line is to be drawn. The line from Pope,

I tell you, fool, *there's* nothing *in't*,

is no authority for the use of such elisions in all kinds of poetry. I find no fault with

'Till death *th'* indissoluble knot unbind;

but, my lord Strangford has grievously marred his translation of one of the sonnets of Camoens by commencing one of the lines with

'Cause that blind boy.—

Here is an elision which can be allowable only in burlesque composition.

I trust, and as far as I can judge, I believe, that the good sense of the translator is such, as to justify me in no longer hesitating to make one or two criticisms. I cannot admit that

Telephus's *ruby* neck

is the proper translation of

Telephi
Cervice roseam.

I prefer Mr. Boscawen's

—— roseate neck.

He must forgive me, if I can discover no more beauty in a ruby neck than in a ruby nose; and I think that Lydia saw with the same eyes that I do. I cannot answer for the precise meaning of *roseus*, in the age of Horace; but, the rose is an object of so many charms that the world has adopted it as the collective sign of numerous ideas. Its form, its colour, its touch, its odour, unite to render it the appropriate symbol of almost universal beauty. With each and all of its attributes, love may compare the object of its delight. In this large sense, we have indeed no corresponding epithet, unless it be that very *roseate*, used by Mr. Boscawen; but, if the Romans could call a girl *mea Rosa*, so we have the baptismal names of Rosa and Rose. I shall not contend that the *cervix rosea* of Horace means any thing more than a neck possessing that beauty which is the reverse of sallowness; but, a rosy or roseate neck, has this beauty in the expression, that its meaning is equivocal; it may have the meaning not only of soft, but of that sweetness we meet with in the *Venus and Adonis* of Shakespeare:

Poor flow'r! quoth she, this was thy father's guise
(Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire!)
For ev'ry little grief to wet his eyes.

Taking it, however, as denoting nothing but colour, still we must conceive a colour very different from that which is understood by ruby. Let us have ruby lips; but no ruby neck! In whatever concerns the colour red, there is no little perplexity in the languages of mankind. This colour delights us, and therefore attracts our attention more than all others. If the rose may be taken for the sign of absolute beauty, so, it appears, may redness. The Russians call a *beautiful girl* by a term which, literally, signifies a *red girl*; and we ourselves talk of ruddy beauty, and the rose that blooms

On the fresh cheek of Innocence;

nay, we do more; we beset the merchant for quintals of a commodity with which we try to imitate that rose. In a word, I would not have the rose forgotten by any translator of the *cervix rosea*. Something more should be understood

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by it than the colour of the neck; but, if I am asked what colour it paints to my mind, I shall freely answer that it is no other than what we mean when we speak of *the bloom of youth;* that which I likewise understand by the *purple light of youth*, and which, a little heightened, I take to be the *purple light of love:*

Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum. VIRGIL.

The *bloom* of *young* DESIRE, and *purple light* of LOVE. GRAY.

Nay, *cervix roseæ* may only mean fair, not tawney, not coarse. Indeed, what becomes of the ruby neck, if the *Rosea cervice refulgit* of Virgil be rightly translated by *a neck like the* WHITE *rose?* After what I have said of the rose, I may venture to add, that I believe the truest rendering of *rosea* would be by *beautiful*, or *lovely*.

Mr. Oldschool, your correspondent maintains his friend's translation of the third stanza, and appeals to the commentators on the Delphini edition; but I think the text affords strong evidence in favour of Mr. Boscawen. Let us see the three parties before us:

Uror, seu tibi candidos
Turpârunt humeros immodicæ mero
Rixæ; sive puer furens
Impressit memorem dente labris notam.
HOR. LIB. I. ODE XIII.

I rage when drunken brawls and strife
Disturb the pleasures of thy life;
When the rash boy, with liquors warm,
Degrades with blows thy lovely form;
Or, kissing thee with fury blind,
Leaves on thy lips the marks behind.
PORT FOLIO, P. 154.

I rage whene'er the beauties of thy breast,
Rude brawls and drunken revelries disgrace;
When the fierce spoiler has imprest,
Rude kisses on thy tender face.
BOSCAWEN'S HORACE.

I am very far from pleased with Mr. Boscawen's translation; but, how, in the former, we find the 'rude boy' in the first member of the sentence, while Horace has not introduced him till the second, I cannot conceive: in Horace, I find him giving 'rude kisses,' but I hear nothing of his blows. Besides, Sir, I cannot find that *uror* is a word to express that rage which Horace would assuredly have felt if Lydia had been struck. *Uror* signifies, *I am racked; I am burnt with shame:* it is, in part, the feeling of Heloisa:

I can no more, with rage, with grief oppress;
My shame and burning blushes speak the rest;

and how conformable is this with the sentiments of Horace, previously expressed!

Cum tu, Lydia, Telephi
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi
Laudas brachia, væ! meum
Fervens difficili bile tumet jecur!
Tunc, nec mens mihi, nec color
Certâ sede manet; humor et in genas
Furtim labitur, arguens
Quàm lentis penitus macerer ignibus.

These stanzas I think, in some parts, better translated by your correspondent's friend, than by Mr. Boscawen. 'Tender arms' is infinitely better than 'soft taper arms;' but, in my opinion, it it should be *twining*. My business, however, is with the sentiments; and are these such as bespeak a man who only burnt when Lydia was struck?

When the rash boy, with liquors warm,
Degrades with blows thy beauteous form.

Horace says, that he is inflamed, afflicted, when her naked beauties are exposed, dishonoured, profaned, amid brawls and drunken excesses. That blows sometimes pass on such occasions is very true; but Horace says nothing of them; and it is surely more worthy of him to believe his sensibility wounded by the exposure of her naked beauties, and by that alone. If she were struck, I do not see that the case were much aggravated by that nakedness. Again, there is an anticlimax in the construction I oppose; for, if Horace were inflamed when a half-intoxicated youth left the marks of his teeth upon her lips, how much more would he have felt, had she received blows? All the laws of composition, that is, all the laws of right reason, ordain that the lesser outrage should not be mentioned after the greater. The import of the whole stanza I conceive to be this: 'I am burnt with anguish, whether thy naked beauties be exposed, amid drunken excesses, or the

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wine-maddened boy leave the marks of his teeth on thy lips.' Horace here betrays the same sentiment of tenderness with that of Palemon:

What pity that a form so delicately fair
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown!

But, if I cannot repel the charge of blows, it is time I relieved the fair reader, who, I am confident, has interested herself in this controversy, as to their being given on the *breast*, as Mr. Boscawen translates it, or on the whole *form*, as must be understood from what I have quoted from the Port Folio. Horace says, *tibi candidos humeros; thy white shoulders*; and I, who believe all the dishonour he speaks of to have consisted in exposure, am of opinion that the whole amount of his complaint is no more than that Lydia anticipated the nakedness of the modern *bon-ton*. By the way, I have a design here, to carry my cause by an oblique hit; for blows on the *shoulders* are not in the nature of drunken blows; they imply regular castigation, which was surely not the species of indignity, or ill usage, Horace deplored in the condition of Lydia.

Along with this explanation, I may seize the opportunity of giving another. The *cervix rosea* which Lydia so much admired in Telephus, was the back part of the neck. 'The turn of the neck and arms,' says Mr. Boscawen, 'is often commended, in the Latin poets, among the beauties of a man. This we should be at a loss to account for, did we not observe, in the old Roman statues, that these two parts were always bare, and exposed to view as much as our hands and face are at present.'

Your correspondent has pointed out a faulty rhyme or two in the translation; but there is still another, and one that displeases me more than all the rest:

Does those sweet kisses violate
Which Venus hath herself imbued,
In her own sweet nectareous fluid.

In her own ought to be *with her own*. Mr Boscawen translates the passage thus:

——who dar'd those lips profane,
That breath'd the nectar'd sweets of love.

I am offended at the introduction of *fluid*. It reminds me too much of some of the less fortunate verses of Mr. Moore. Horace is more elegant; leaves more to the imagination. Mr. Boscawen has not rendered the expression faithfully. Horace says nothing of breathing; and he certainly never thought that *lips* breathed. On the other hand, it is equally inconceivable that Venus should imbue *kisses*, in or with her own sweet nectareous fluid. The text is very simple, and cannot be improved by alteration; *oscula* is, unfortunately, beyond the reach of a translator:

Non, si me satis audias,
Speres perpetuum, dulcia barbare,
Lædentem oscula, quæ Venus
Quintâ parte sui nectaris imbuit.

'Thou wouldst not, if my voice could 'persuade thee, expect durable happi-'ness from him who thus barbarously 'outrages that sweet mouth, which Ve-'nus imbued with the quintessence of 'her own nectar.'

Here, I take leave of the translations; but, in order to defend my proposed rendering of *cerea brachia*, I find it necessary to take a view of the whole ode, of which, indeed, the beauty might excuse even a more lengthened examination than I shall have given it. I suppose Horace to have heard Lydia praise Telephus solely with regard to personal charms; and I believe that a little reflection on human nature, as well as on the tenor of the ode, will justify my opinion. I suppose her a mere wanton, and not in love with Telephus. But, 'tender arms' is sentimental; it has in it that blending of moral and physical ideas which is the soul of sentimental language; I therefore prefer *twining*. I say, that I suppose Lydia a mere wanton. Horace does not speak of Telephus as of a rival in her affections. The aim of the ode is to inspire a wanton with sentiment; to reclaim her to love. Horace paints his own passion, and her degradation. On the one hand, he would awaken pity; on the other, disgust. The fourth stanza is exceedingly ingenious. To wean her from Telephus, he endeavours to make her hate his present conduct, and expect nothing from his future. Add to this, he touches on her superiority to

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so unworthy a thraldom, and the instance involves a passionate compliment. Nothing can be more artful than this introduction to the morality of the last stanza, in which, with the fire and grandeur that characterise his odes, he extols marriage. Thomson has enlarged upon this stanza, in lines of which it would be trite to praise the beauty:

Felices ter et amplius,
Quos inrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

But, happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend!
* * * * * * * * * * * * *
The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long day of vernal life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

Such, Sir, are the observations that have occurred to me upon perusing this article of the Port Folio; and I trust that, in the event of your affording them a place, they will give neither reasonable nor unreasonable dissatisfaction to the correspondent whom they import. False rhymes are easily altered; and, if the interpretations of Horace contained in the translation are right, my criticisms will not make them wrong.

The translator of the *Ode ad Lydiam* is not the only communication on which I have it in mind to make a few remarks; but I have gossipped, as usual, down I know not how many sides of paper, and must begin to think of making a conclusion. The ambition, however, of bringing what honey I can to the hive whence I receive so much, forbids me to lay down my pen without transcribing for your use a few French verses, with which I am more than commonly pleased:

A ma prière, à mes desirs,
L'Amour encor n'a cedé qu'une plume:
Le cadeau, me dit-il, suffit à tes plaisirs;
Il suffit à chasser l'ennui qui te consume;
Il dit; et je m'en sers pour écrire à maman:
J'aurai bientôt volé vers elle,
Si cet Amour, plus complaisant,
M'avait voulu prêter son aile.

This little poem which, as the reader sees, is addressed to an absent mother, is averred to be the production of a child of eight years of age. The productions of early talents are often praised less on account of their intrinsic merit, than of that encouragement we take so much pleasure in affording to youthful efforts, or that indulgence with which we view their feebleness; and it may be further observed, that the literary palm least out of the way of children is that which belongs to language. With a good understanding, elegant reading or conversation, and a correct ear, there is more rarity than wonder in their writing good prose or verse; but the fruits of imagination are much less to be expected from their years. In these lines, however, we have both diction and thought, worthy of the most cultivated talents; and, what delights me most is, the thought, though as brilliant and as elegant as any thing that can deserve these epithets, is still as simple as suits the infantine mind from which we are assured it came.

One scrap and one comment more, and I have done. The spirit of the verses I subjoin has induced me to copy them from amid a parcel of rubbish, but not without taking the liberty to make a few alterations, which, considering the beauty of the poem, I was surprised to find necessary, but which, on offering them to you, I could not omit. I found them with the title of *A Translation from the Greek of Meleager, by* ——— *Ogle, Esq.* and so I leave them:

Who buys the wanton god of love? who buys,
As on his mother's beauteous breast he lies?
I will not nurture the audacious boy
That loads with lasting pain the fleeting joy,
Equipp'd with darts to wound, and wings to fly,
Of open face, but of too sharp an eye;

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Or griev'd or pleas'd, still various he appears,
With smiles his grief, his pleasures mix'd with tears;
Beside his will no other law he seeks,
Loud when he laughs, and flippant when he speaks;
Perverse by habit, as by nature wild,
Though little, strong; and cruel, though a child;
No act of violence his hand forbears;
The wretch not even his own mother spares:
In every part a monster; in the whole
A monster, both in body and in soul.
Come, merchant, you that navigate the seas,
Come, take the miscreant, at what price you please!
Sold he shall be.—Hold! hasty merchant, hold!
The boy relents, the boy shall not be sold!
How loth he seems to quit the fond embrace!
Behold! what pearly tears bedew his face!
What moving pray'rs his voice discloses, hear!
Well, Love! thy sentence shall be less severe:
With my Zenophile for ever rest;
Thou wilt not wish for Cytherea's breast!

METOICOS.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I hasten to reply to the question proposed to me, in terms of so much condescension, by Columbia. Your correspondent has examined Johnson's definitions of *progressed*, *opposed*, and *inform*; and they appear to her *legitimate* representatives of the meanings they are, in the passages I have quoted, intended to express. I will meet her with Johnson's *Dictionary* in my hand, or rather in both hands; and, notwithstanding her previous examination, I flatter myself that I shall be able to convince her, from that source alone, of the justice of my censures.

As to the pretended verb, to *progress*, of which *progressed* and *progressing* are the pretended participles, it does not exist in the language, any more than *to ingress*, *to egress*, which might be formed with equal propriety. We have *progress*, *progression*, *progressive*, *progressively*, but, *to progress* 'is not used.' Dr. Johnson, indeed, inserts *to progress*, but only to stigmatise it; he tells us, not merely that it is *obsolete* (for, in that case, it might once have been legitimate), but that it is *not used*. He gives us no instance of its use, except in Shakespeare, and from this writer produces but one example. There is no modern English writer, or speaker, elegant or vulgar, who would think of using it. No slip of the tongue could lead him into it. It would be as natural in him to talk Arabic. *Progressing* is a *shiboleth*, which marks the American as decidedly as *would* for *should*, and *will* for *shall*, and 'last evening', marks the Scot. 'Last evening', too, instead of *yesterday evening*, is among the elegant phrases incorporated with the 'American language.'

'*To* PROGRESS, *v. n.* [*progredior*, Lat.] To 'move forward; to pass. Not used.

'Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
'That silverly doth *progress* on thy cheeks.
'*Shakesp.*'

Johnson's Dictionary.

As a general rule, then, let Columbia be persuaded wholly to avoid the use of *progressed*, *progressing*, and *to progress*, in like manner as she would *inconsideracy*, and other coinages of the vulgar. By *to progress* is intended to be signified *to go forward*. There are two words to be employed for this purpose; to *proceed* and to *advance*: to proceed is to *go forward*, to advance is to *come forward*. We had *gone* thus far; we had *proceeded* thus far; we had *advanced* thus far; but not, we had *progressed* thus far!

I can account for the use of *progressed* in *America*, while it is never heard of in England, only by supposing that it was brought over by the Puritans, who were but little of *Purists*.

With respect to *opposed*, I have not much to say. *Opposed* is a very proper word, in its proper place; but how ridiculous is it not to use a passive expression in an active sense? Shall we, instead of saying *we beat*, say, *we are beaten?* and, if not, how can we say, because we *oppose* a thing, that we *are opposed* to it? I understand what it is to oppose one thing to another; I like, for instance, to oppose sense to nonsense; but I must grow more nonsensical than ever before I tell the world that *I am opposed* to nonsense. In theory, at the least, I am an enemy to nonsense; I am adverse, unfriendly, hostile; I may even *oppose myself* to it; but I cannot *be* opposed. What, or who, is to *oppose* me? The general rule, here, is, that verbs active, passive, and neuter, are severally to be used in their respective characters, and not otherwise. The citizens and nobility of Vienna might be adverse to the war; but how they could be *opposed* to it I cannot imagine. If these words can be fairly said to mean anything, their meaning is a monstrously absurd one. The only sense that can be made of them is, that the citizens and nobility of Vienna were in some way or other employed (by the emperor, it must be presumed) to stop the commencement of the war; or, in the language of poetry, to bear the brunt of the battle. Thus, we can readily understand what is meant when, in Count Starhemberg's Memoir, we are told, 'It is to this circumstance 'that the French troops which *were opposed* 'to ours owe the superiority of their num-'bers;' but I will never believe, even on Mr. Randolph's authority, that poor Mr.

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Smilie 'was opposed to such war (if war it 'may be called) as was waged' [in 1793]. No!—that Mr. Smilie is a sound and zealous patriot, and a brave man—that he is 'himself a host,'—I have no reason to doubt; but, that, a solitary individual, he should have been opposed to the war of 1793 (let that war be magnified or diminished by what language it may) nothing shall induce me to think possible. No man, that does not stand in need of Mr. Randolph's own recipe, 'a dark room, strait waistcoat, and depletion,' will ever listen to it. To *oppose* Austro-Russian troops to French troops is fair play; but that, out of seven millions of souls, a single honest citizen should be *opposed*—the *enfant perdu*—the forlorn hope—the Quintus Curtius of his country,

Is tramontane, and stumbles all belief!

I insert every syllable of Johnson on the verb *to oppose;* an example of the passive verb, *to be opposed*, is not in his book; unless under his *verb neuter;* that example is, however, from Shakespeare, who is no authority for modern English, even if he were for that of his own time. It is useful for every consulter of Johnson's Dictionary to recollect, that his quotations are given as examples, not as authorities.

'*To* OPPOSE, *v. a. opposer*, Fr. *oppono*, 'Lat.]

'1. To act against; to be adverse; to hinder; to resist.

'There's no bottom, none
'In my voluptuousness: and my desire
'All continent impediments wou'd o'erbear,
'That did *oppose* my will.
'*Shakesp. Macbeth.*

'2. To put in opposition; to offer as an antagonist or rival.

'If all men are not naturally equal, I 'am sure all slaves are; and then I may, 'without presumption, *oppose* my single 'opinion to his. *Locke.*

'3. To place as an obstacle.

'Since he stands obdurate,
'And that no lawful means can carry me
'Out of his envy's reach, I do *oppose*
'My patience to his fury. *Shakesp.*
'I thro' seas pursued their exil'd race,
'Engag'd the heav'ns, *oppos'd* the stormy 'main;
'But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in 'vain. *Dryd.*

'4. To place in front; to place over against.

'Her grace sat down
'In a rich chair of state; *opposing* freely
'The beauty of her person to the people.
'*Shakesp.*

'*To* OPPOSE, *v. n.*

'1. To act adversely.

'A servant, thrill'd with remorse,
'*Oppos'd* against the act, bending his 'sword
'To his great master. *Shakesp. King Lear.*

'He practised to dispatch such of the 'nobility as were like to *oppose* against his 'mischievous drift, and in such sort to en'cumber and weaken the rest, that they 'should be no impediment to him.
'*Hayward.*'

In the extract from Hayward, for *to oppose against*, read *to be opposed to*, and the different senses of the two phrases will be instantly manifest.

The misapplication of *inform*, in the passage I quoted, consists in this, that *to inform* is a verb active, whereas it is there used as a verb neuter. *To relate, to describe*, are verbs neuter; we say, therefore, Rapin relates, Rapin describes, but not, Rapin *informs;* for the verb is here without a nominative case. We can say, What does he relate? What describe? but not, What does he inform? We must say, *Whom* does he inform?—Answer, He informs *us*. Instead, therefore, of saying, 'Captain Jones *informs* that he saw a French squadron,' we have no other alternative than that of saying, 'Captain Jones relates, or Captain Jones informs *us*, that he saw a French squadron.'

I transcribe Johnson, as before, for the re-consideration of Columbia.

'*To* INFORM, *v. a. informer*, Fr. *informo*, 'Lat.]

'1. To animate; to actuate by vital powers,

'All alike *inform'd*
'With radiant light, as glowing ir'n with 'fire. *Milt.*
'Let others better mould the running 'mass
'Of metals, and *inform* the breathing brass;
'And soften into flesh a marble face.
'*Dryden's Æn.*
'As from chaos, huddled and deform'd,
'The god struck fire, and lighted up the 'lamps
'That beautify the sky; so he *inform'd*
'This ill-shaped body with a daring soul.
'*Dryden and Lee.*
'Breath *informs* this fleeting frame.
'*Prior.*
'This sovereign arbitrary soul
'*Informs*, and moves, and animates the 'whole. *Blackmore.*
'While life *informs* these limbs, the 'king reply'd,
'Well to deserve be all my cares employ'd.
'*Pope.*

'2. To instruct; to supply with new know'ledge; to acquaint. Before the thing 'communicated was anciently put *with*; 'now generally *of*; sometimes *in*. I know 'not how properly.

'The drift is to *inform* their minds *with* 'some method of reducing the laws into 'their original causes. *Hooker.*
'I have this present evening from my 'sister

'Been well *inform'd* of them, and with 'cautions. *Shakesp.*

'Our ruin, by thee *inform'd*, I learn. '*Milton.*

'The long speeches rather confounded 'than *informed* his understanding. '*Clarendon.*

'The difficulty arises not from what 'sense *informs* us *of*; but from wrong ap-'plying our notions. *Digby.*

'Though I may not be able to *inform* 'men more than they know, yet I may give 'them the occasion to consider. *Temple.*

'The ancients examined in what consists 'the beauty of good postures, as their 'works sufficiently *inform* us. *Dryden.*

'He may be ignorant of these truths, 'who will never take the pains to employ 'his faculties to *inform* himself *of* them. '*Locke.*

'To understand the commonwealth, and 'religion, is enough: few *inform* them-'selves *in* these to the bottom. *Locke.*

'A more proper opportunity tends to 'make the narration more *informing* or 'beautiful. *Broome.*

'I think it necessary, for the interest of 'virtue and religion, that the whole king-'dom should be *informed in* some parts of 'your character. *Swift.*

'3. To offer an accusation to a magistrate.

'Tertullus *informed* the governor against 'Paul. *Acts.*

'*To* INFORM, *v. n.* To give intelligence.

'It is the bloody business which *informs* 'Thus to mine eyes. *Shakesp. Macbeth.*'

There is another Americanism which the error before me forces into my mind. It is customary to say, *I notify you;* but, *to notify* signifies *to give notice*, or *to make known;* and nothing more: *to notify you*, therefore, amounts only to this—*to give notice you*, or, to *make known you;* either of which is no better than gibberish. If *notify* be esteemed too pretty a word not to be used upon every possible occasion, at the least, let it be followed by what is obviously wanting: *I notify* TO—.

Mr. Oldschool, I might, upon each of these points, have taken further grounds of defence; but it has appeared to me that those chosen are enough. It would give me great pleasure, were I sure that what I have here submitted to the judgment of Columbia were sufficiently comprehensive in its range, and clear in its mode, to afford that information the obtaining of which was the only object of her letter, and to offer which is equally the sole motive of mine.

QUIDNUNC.

VARIETY.

The ensuing boastful advertisement, extracted from a paper published in the reign of queen Anne, is a curious specimen of quackery in literature:

"William Taywell undertakes to accomplish gentlemen, or other persons, of either sex, above the age of fourteen years, in the compleat knowledge of the Latin tongue, and make them capable of rendering Latin into English, and English into Latin, by their attendance only one hour at a time, 2 days in a week, in 3 months time from his first beginning to teach them, though they never learnt the language before: and, by an easy practical method, entirely new, founded upon undeniable reason and experience, and so wholly free from the tedious forms of schools, as not to require much study or pains, or be in the least burthensome to the memory, but is pleasant as well as profitable, and does not tire the person's patience in learning, or break the thoughts from, or hinder, any business."

A custom house officer lately allowed himself to become intoxicated when he ought to be attentive to his business. Upon which a wag observed, that Mr. *Gauge* had been perfectly attentive to his *customs*, but negligent of his *duties*.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We have given to Viator a place in the first rank of correspondents. We hope that we shall have frequent opportunities of inserting the essays of a sensible man, and correct writer, whom we delight to honor. We exult that he employs his excellent archery against that nauseous, impure, and vulgar diction which has no authority in the *British Classics*.

The Editor, like his correspondent, Viator, wishes to be skilled in no other choice or combination of words than those which are derived from the country of his ancestors, and which constitute the *English* style. He is satisfied with *Bolingbroke* and *Burke*, and with *Addison* and *Goldsmith*. Let others make a new language from the colloquies of our clowns, from the drawling cant of provincial idioms, and the turbid oratory of a *Town* meeting.

'Hermione' is no relation to her Grecian predecessor.

'Pym' is rejected with a *Pish*.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

[*In the following Ode, Horace, in a strain of tender melancholy, pathetically laments the shortness of life, and the inefficacy of all human cares and precautions, to avert the inevitable hour of Death.*]

ODE XIV, LIB. II.

To Posthumus.

" Eheu ! fugaces Posthume, Posthume,
" Labuntur anni." HOR.

Alas! my friend our fleeting years
Roll fast away—nor prayers nor tears
Avail to save our wasting breath,
Or shun the unerring stroke of Death:
No !.....should we offer every hour,
New victims slain to that dread power,
Hell's sov'reign lord—whose iron hand restrains
Gigantic Geryon's limbs in adamantine chains,
Where Tityrus 'gainst his rav'ning vulture raves,
While Styx confines them with its gloomy waves.
Sad stream ! across whose sullen tide,
In Charon's bark must one day glide
All whom the fruits of earth sustain,
Whether the powerful prince, or humble rustic swain.
In vain we shun the battle's strife;
From roaring seas escape with life;
Vainly we guard, with anxious mind,
Against the bleak autumnal wind:
Condemn'd to wander thro' the shades below,
Where languid streams of black Cocytus flow;
Where murd'rous Danaids vent their fruitless moan,
And toiling Sisyphus pants with ceaseless groan.
Your house, your lands and cultivated farms,
The wife that fills your circling arms,
Must all be left—and not a tree,
Of all you rear'd, shall follow thee;
Cypress alone its mournful branches wave
O'er the green turf that marks its master's grave.
A worthier heir shall seize thy treasur'd hoard
Of mellow wines.....and, at his festive board,
With richer streams the marble floor distain,
Than, at their sumptuous feasts, luxurious pontiffs drain.

VALERIUS.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The amiable and beloved subject of the annexed jeu-d'esprit, who feels emotions with ten times the poignancy of ordinary mortals, on parting with the author, gave him a few exquisite lines, which ended with " Forget me not."

TO MISS M. A.

Then doth my Girl awake her lyre,
And ask with true poetic fire,
Whether, through times oblivious age,
By folly led, or wisdom's page
Her Henry would forget her!

Oh! could I from my bosom tear,
My constant heart would quick declare,
How oft thy dear angelic form
Hath tranquilised the raging storm,
Sooth'd the wrinkled front of care,
And calm'd the horrors of despair.

How oft, when misery oppress'd,
Or cold neglect my soul depress'd,
Methought I saw thy bosom glow,
And sympathise in Henry's woe.

How oft, when wandering through the wild,
Thy fleeting form my time beguil'd,
Amid the dark impervious woods,
Or ploughing through the angry floods,
Methought I heard my love exclaim,
" Forget me not! we meet again."

How oft some rustic blue-ey'd maid
Luxuriant every charm display'd;
And, glowing with impetuous fire,
Tried all the arts which love inspire
To kindle me with soft desire!
Thy voice electric through me shot,
And breath'd aloud, " Forget me not!"

Forget thee! no, by Heaven I swear,
That while I breathe the vital air,
Whether a beggar or a king,
Drunk with love I'll wildly sing,
Till death shall point his barbed dart,
And pierce my fond expiring heart!

Americanus.

EPIGRAM.

Good master Le Broek, ever fond of good wine,
Of pure water would calmly ne'er hear,
" Drop the subject," he cried, " if you friends are of mine,
Nor ere water my grave with a tear!"

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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S. H'le Cleary

THE

PORT FOLIO.

N° XV.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE family of the late Lord Nelson, and those friends who were the nearest and the dearest to him, have seen with great concern the circulation of those hasty accounts of his life, which contain little more than what was collected from common Journals: in many points erroneous; in all imperfect. They have also heard announced with equal concern, other publications, which though they may be in some respect less unsatisfactory, cannot but fail in giving a just idea of the late Lord Nelson's character and conduct, as no material communications have been made to the persons who are engaged in them, from his Lordship's family. They therefore feel it a duty they owe his memory, to inform the public, that they have selected a gentleman of high respectability, who, under their patronage and by their sanction, will write the Life of their illustrious relative. To this gentleman, and to him alone, all the official and private documents of which they are in possession will be communicated for the completion of the work, in the prosecution of which he has been promised concurrent assistance of those high naval and military public characters, who either were intimately acquainted with the transactions of the times, or who acted under Lord Nelson in those engagements wherein he immortalized his own name, and rendered such important service to his country.

The work will soon be in a state of forwardness, to enable the gentleman who has undertaken it to lay Proposals before the public; till then they are respectfully requested to suspend their curiosity.

NELSON.

London, January 29, 1806.

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(CIRCULAR.)

Commendations of Aikin's Letters to a Young Lady,

ON A COURSE OF ENGLISH POETRY,

Which will speedily be published by J. Osborn, New-York.

"A KINDER task could not have been undertaken for the benefit of the rising generation, than that of pointing out those portions of English Poetry most deserving the attention of a young lady, the characteristic excellencies and defects of each writer, and the order of reading best adapted to form a correct and unbiassed taste. The reputation of Dr. Aikin, as a judicious and impartial critic, is such as will inspire his fair pupils with respect and confidence, and the public voice will probably echo our assurance, that they could not have found a safer or more pleasing guide through the flowery paths of poesy."

AGAIN—"With regard to execution, its style is marked with the clearness, nervous conciseness, and easy elegance, of the writer."—*An. Rev. Vol. II.*

"Dr. Aikin's literary popularity is well merited. The unaffected purity of his style, the judicious precision of his taste, the benevolence of his morality, ought to endear his production to the parent and to the pupil. To the readers of English poetry, these letters will form a welcome present. They will recall to notice, and prompt a re-perusal of, many excellent and instructive pieces. They will abridge the labour of the novice, by teaching where to skip. They will embolden the incipient critic, who finds, on consultation, his sympathies corroborated. They may prepare, what is much wanted both for foreign and domestic circulation, an Anthology of our minor poets, from which the weeds of Parnassus should be thrown aside for ever."—*Crit. Review, Third Series, Vol. I.*

"If the knowledge and taste of Dr. Aikin, in the poetry of his country, had not already been proved by various publications, these letters would alone suffice to display those qualifications in a very favourable light. By the easiest and most judicious steps he conducts his fair pupil (whom, by the mode of address, we should suppose to be some near relation) through every class of English poetry; explaining the nature and peculiarities of each, and illustrating his remarks by the most apposite citations."

AGAIN—"Dr. Aikin's letters will doubtless have the honour of introducing many elegant females to a just acquaintance with the English poets."—*British Critic, Vol. XXV.*

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CHARLESTON, MARCH 3, 1806.

OF the many mortifications which, in the ordinary pursuits of life, men are compelled to endure, there are few so distressing as that of making apologies. But, painful as they are in themselves, they become more so, when from their nature and circumstances they must be made in public, and to a considerable portion of the community. Feeling, as acutely as any man, the force of these truths, the EDITOR of "*The Monthly Register*" has yet to lament, that it has fallen to his lot to apologize to his subscribers, for failures which he could not foresee, and for errors which he could not prevent.—Errors, which, in their nature, are perhaps inseparable from works of this kind; and failures, the prevention of which demanded the benefit of painful experience.

The delay which has taken place in the publication of the several numbers of this work is unquestionably a just cause of complaint; and on that account it is not so much the object of this address to extenuate the past, as, by a fair disclosure of the improvement of the EDITOR's means and resources, to exhibit to his readers the grounds upon which he builds his promise for the future.

On the difficulties of obtaining materials, in this part of the Union, for a work of the multifarious nature of '*The Register*,' it were unnecessary to enlarge. Two separate histories, involving transactions and principles the most important to the general interests of mankind; and, above all, conversant of the most dear and valuable concerns of this Republic, require information, documents and authorities, not to be procured in this city. For this the EDITOR knows no remedy but his visiting the Seat of Government, and the chief Metropolitan cities of the Union, which he purposes to do in the summer months, when he hopes to make arrangements, which will remove, in future, every obstruction on that account to the regular and satisfactory progress of the work.

The EDITOR has no wish to conceal from the public a truth, which experience has, at length, forced upon his mind.—When he calculated upon conducting '*The Register*,' with such time and exertions as he could spare from other avocations, he over-rated his

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own powers. This conviction, with which he ought indeed to have been impressed from the beginning, comes with tenfold weight now, when one general sense has been expressed, with very few exceptions indeed, by his numerous subscribers spread over the continent, of the importance and utility of the work. Influenced by such powerful motives for increased exertion, he has for some time past sought for, and has at last succeeded in engaging, a *Co-adjutor*, on whom he could depend; and who, in every requisite for such an undertaking, is more than he hoped for, and as much as he could wish. His perfect knowledge of the gentleman of whom he speaks enables the EDITOR to state with confidence, that the work will not only be accelerated in its appearance, but improved in its execution. The *Historical part* will be continued in exact conformity to the plan and principles upon which it has been hitherto conducted. In this determination, he is fortified by the unequivocal approbation which that part of the work has received from many of the most erudite readers in the Union. Personal malice, itself, has not been able to fasten upon it the imputation of partiality or undue influence. But, with respect to the *Literary Miscellany*, some alterations will take place, to which he has been advised by several judicious correspondents, and which he doubts not will be considered as advantageous to the work. The aid which he will thus receive will enable him not only to give an increased diversity to the *Selections*, but to enrich the work with a larger portion and greater variety of *Original matter*, than he has hitherto had it in his power to provide.

From their very nature, it is evident the projected arrangement and improvements cannot take place so soon as the Editors desire, or the public might probably expect. But this may be confidentially promised, that with all the speed of which the press is capable, the arrears shall be brought up; after which, every number shall appear, even to an hour, at the stated time of publication.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, April* 26, 1806. [No 16.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER,

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 164.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

IT having been observed by Count Algarotti, and after him by Dr. Johnson, that the *Bard* is an imitation of the *Prophecy of Nereus*, and Dr. Johnson having founded upon this circumstance a remark which is of a nature to mislead, I beg your permission to commence my examination of this second of the Sister Odes, by setting before us the *Prophecy*, which I shall accompany with Mr. Boscawen's translation:

Hor. Carm. 1. Ode XV.

Pastor cùm traheret per freta navibus
Idæis Helenam perfidus hospitam;
Ingrato celeres obruit otio
Ventos, ut caneret fera
Nereus fata: Malâ ducis avi domum,
Quam multo repetet Græcia milite,
Conjurata tuas rumpere nuptias,
Et regnum Priami vetus.
Eheu, quantus equis, quantus adest viris
Sudor! quanta moves funera Dardanæ
Genti! jam galeam Pallas, et ægida,
Currusque, et rabiem parat.
Nequicquam, Veneris præsidio ferox,
Pectes cæsariem, grataque fœminis
Imbelli citharâ carmine divides;
Nequicquam thalamo graves
Hastas, et calami spicula Gnossii
Vitabis, strepitumque, et celerem sequi
Ajacem: tamen, heu, serus adulteros
Crines pulvere collines.
Non Laërtiaden, exitium tuæ
Gentis, non Pylium Nestora respicis?
Urgent impavidi te Salaminius
Teucerque et Sthenelus, sciens
Pugnæ, sive opus est imperitare equis,
Non auriga piger. Merionem quoque
Nosces. Ecce furit te reperire atrox
Tydeides, melior patre:
Quem tu, cervus uti vallis in alterâ
Visum parte lupum graminis immemor,
Sublimi fugies mollis anhelitu,
Non hoc pollicitus tuæ.
Iracunda diem proferet Ilio,
Matronisque Phrygum classis Achilleï.
Post certas hiemes uret Achaïcus
Ignis Pergameas domos.

The treach'rous shepherd, late her guest,
Bore beauteous Helen o'er the main,
When Nereus to unwelcome rest
Lull'd the swift gales, and sung Fate's awful strain:
'In luckless hour thou bear'st thy prize,
'Doom'd to deplore thy guilty joy:
'For, lo! confed'rate Greeks arise,
'To burst thy nuptial bands, and crush ill-
'fated Troy!
'Mark how the steeds, the chiefs, en-
'gage!
'For thee what Dardans press the field!
'See, Pallas calls forth all her rage,
'And mounts her martial car, and shakes
'her thund'ring shield!
'Elate with Venus' aid, in vain
'Oft thou shalt deck thy flowing hair,
'Wake the soft lyre's unwarlike strain,
'And soothe with melting songs the love-
'sick fair;
'In vain shalt fly the jav'lin's force,
'Avenger of thy lawless lust;
'The battle's din; swift Ajax' course;
'For, ah! thy wanton locks shall trail in dust!

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'Mark, of thy race the deadly bane,
'Ulysses! mark the Pylian sage!
'See Teucer chase thee o'er the plain,
'And Sthenelus direct the chariots' rage!
'Fam'd in the glorious martial strife,
'Hast thou ne'er heard Morion's name?
'See, raging for thy forfeit life,
'Tydides, mightier than his sire in fame!
'Whom, as the stag, if chance he spy
'The prowling wolf, scours o'er the plain,
'Breathless and panting shalt thou fly;
'The boasts that cheer'd thy bride, alas!
'how vain!
'Though stern Pelides' wrath delay
'The hour so fear'd by Phrygian dames,
'At length, on Fate's appointed day,
'Shall Troy's proud mansions blaze in Ar-
'give flames.'

Proposing to employ this letter purely in the ground-work of inquiry, I shall content myself with transcribing, in addition to to the above, the criticisms of Johnson, and the general observations of Wakefield.

I. The *Bard*, says Johnson, appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the *Prophecy of Nereus*. Algarotti thinks it superior to its original; and, if preference depend only on the imagery and animation of the two poems, his judgment is right. There is in the *Bard* more force, more thought, and more variety, But to copy is less than to invent; and the copy has been unhappily produced at a wrong time. The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible; but its revival disgusts us with apparent and unconquerable falsehood. *Incredulus odi.*

To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvellous. And it has little use; we are affected only as we believe; we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined. I do not see that the *Bard* promotes any truth, moral or political.

The stanzas are too long, especially his epodes: the ode is finished before the ear has learned its measures, and consequently before it can receive pleasure from their consonance and recurrence.

Of the first stanza, the abrupt beginning has been celebrated; but technical beauties can give praise only to the inventor. It is in the power of any man to rush abruptly upon his subject, that has read the ballad of *Johnny Armstrong*,

Is there ever a man in all Scotland—

The initial resemblances, or alliterations, *ruin*, *ruthless*, *helm or hauberk*, are below the grandeur of a poem that endeavours at sublimity.

In the second stanza, the Bard is well described; but in the third we have the puerilities of obscure mythology. When we are told that *Cadwallo hushed the stormy main*, and that *Modred made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head*, attention recoils from the repetition of a tale that, even when it was first heard, was heard with scorn.

The weaving of the *winding sheet* he borrowed, as he owns, from the northern bards; but their texture, however, was very properly the work of female powers, as the act of spinning the thread of life, in another mythology. Theft is always dangerous; Grey has made weavers of slaughtered bards, by a fiction outrageous and incongruous. They are then called upon to *weave the warp and weave the woof*, perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by crossing the *woof* with the *warp* that men weave the *web* or piece; and the first line was dearly bought by the admission of its wretched correspondent, *Give ample room, and verge enough*. He has, however, no other line as bad.

The third line of the second stanza is commended, I think, beyond its merit. The personification is indistinct. *Thirst* and *hunger* are not alike, and their features, to make the imagery perfect, should have been discriminated. We are told, in the same stanza, how *towers are fed*. But I will no longer look for particular faults; yet let it be observed that the ode might have concluded with an action of better example; but suicide is always to be had, without expense of thought.

II. It does not appear to me, that this Ode is by any means superior to the *Progress of Poesy*, either for noble ef-

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forts of invention, a luxuriance of splendid diction, or a richer vein of poetry. In the grandeur and wildness of its scenery it may perhaps claim some superiority; and the historical circumstances, that are interwoven in it, may render it more interesting and agreeable to the English reader. It has too, in this respect, a greater resemblance to Pindar's mode of composition, who is perpetually diversifying his subject with historical episodes and digressions. But the former Ode is, in my opinion, more correct, and more truly poetical.

STATERUS.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 7.

She shall not crouch, if Wisdom guide the helm. GRAINGER.

BEFORE I entered into the consideration of the manner in which the British empire is to be maintained, I judged it proper to examine whether circumstances allowed us to believe, in contradiction to certain politicians, that it be maintainable at all.

If the power of France have nothing in it capable of insuring the ruin of this monarchy, the difficulties it labours under must be of an internal nature. That it does labour under difficulties I have no disposition to hide; and they consist in the state of its finances and the choice of its foreign politics. Both are of the first magnitude. Its debt threatens it on every side; and on the foreign politics it pursues depend all the hopes I cherish of its safety.

That a public debt, the bulk of which is not too large, gives strength to a government, is a maxim of unquestionable truth; but the debt which loads the British empire is much more than sufficient for any beneficial purpose, and has reached a point at which it necessarily becomes a source of the severest and most alarming evils. While, on the one hand, the British nation enjoys all the blessings to be derived from the most perfect of forms of government, on the other it is afflicted with all the miseries that spring, mediately and immediately, from an overstrained taxation. The funding system requires only be persevered in a little further, to render the yearly interest of money borrowed a sum equal to the yearly expenses, thus doubling the amount of the necessary supplies. Mr. Cobbett, in his *Weekly Register*, has lately asserted, that all the labourers in husbandry in England are paupers; that is, that the earnings of industry are insufficient for the support of a family. He is careful to repeat, that ALL are paupers. This is not strictly true; but, unhappily, it is by much too near the truth.

The mind naturally looks about for the means of removing the root of so much public calamity. I confess that none appears to me practicable, and at the same time in any degree commensurate, except that of the Sinking Fund. Something, no doubt, would accrue from those voluntary contributions of the rich, upon the expedience and magnitude of which many political speculators have dwelt with enthusiasm; but, the utmost that could be hoped for would, in my opinion, go but a little way toward its object. These are not the resources on which, after all, a practical statesman can or ought to rely. The sale of the small property which still remains to the crown has been spoken of, as, at one time, contemplated by that upright minister, whose death is still recent; but even this could afford only a small portion of assistance. It is the Sinking Fund that deserves our sole regard. Rumour has stated it to be among the projects of the new administration, to suspend the application of the proceeds of this fund, or of the annual appropriation, to the reduction of national debt devoting them to the purposes of the current demands. I trust that this is among the least founded of public reports. I should regret to see the wonderful cabinet from which so much is expected shrinking from its task, or meanly courting popularity, by so unworthy an act. I would, infinitely rather, double the million yearly set apart for this great institution, so honorable to the financial talents and the patriotism of Mr. Pitt.

It is not, therefore, by any puerile projects or expectations, still less by any mean, and yet still less by any dishonest enterprises, that I would have a minister of England enable himself to look the national debt in the face. I expect from him other measures, of a nobler and more masculine character. I expect him to adapt his whole scheme of policy to the situation in which he finds the public finances.

I have now cleared away whatever was between me and the premises upon which alone I ventured to raise the superstructure that engages my attention. It is from wise conduct, and from nothing without it, that I hope the preservation of the British empire. It is not necessary that I should look curiously back to the commencement, or progress, of that struggle which has so long continued between France and England, and which, at this day, has left France in possession of an enlarged and more splendid empire, and England in the trammels of an accumulated debt; but, it is not fit that I should shut my eyes on this review. It may be of use to draw some comparisons between the war of

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1793 and that of 1802, for the sake of discovering in what they do not resemble each other, and, thence, in what respect the conduct of the latter ought not to resemble that of the former, even if that former were conducted well. Much might be said in behalf of the reality of that species of success which Mr. Pitt, at the close of the war of 1793, asserted to have been gained by Great Britain. She preserved her constitution; she checked the progress of jacobinical principles. Nay, it may be true, that though the efforts of the coalesced powers undeniably invigorated France; though they extended her frontier, and though they have set Napoleon on the throne, they still preserved the surrounding governments. In each of these were crowds of discontented subjects; but, the effect of the war was to make an appeal to the affections and put in motion the energies of the loyal, and achieve a domestic victory over sedition. In this point of view, it is possible that much was gained; and, though little beneficial result was seen in feats of arms, Britain had, perhaps, a deep interest in stimulating the offensive operations of the continental powers, and did not pay too dearly for the maintenance of those opinions which are in direct hostility with the enthusiasts of equality. France was aggrandised, but Europe was secured. Admitting this principle of action, I shall regard it as of inferior importance to inquire whether the money expended upon it by Mr. Pitt, were the least possible. I know not who is to audit such accompts. What I seek to evince is this, that no such principle can be admitted in the present war. The present is not a war with opinions, but with ambition; and Great Britain has no longer the same kind of interest in the conduct of the continental powers.

In what condition does a British minister find the empire he is to guide? He finds it threatened by a powerful enemy, limited in its capacity of offence, burdened with a heavy debt; but, withal, with vast resources. His situation, then, is one of difficulty, but not of despondence. It is not that he cannot move, but that he must move with prudence. He is encumbered with an immense debt; he cannot pay it; but he may be cautious how he increase it. How can he best employ the public money to the annoyance of France? This is the great question. France, say some, must be overcome in the field; she must be driven behind her ancient boundaries. Great Britain cannot oppose armies to her armies, but there are others who can. Some of these are supine, others are insignificant, and others are weak. Great Britain must sustain these and animate those. They will fight at once for themselves and for her. France will be destroyed or curbed. This, they tell us, is not only the best that can be desired, but the cheapest mode of effecting it. The first expense of raising an English soldier is twenty-five pounds per man, exclusive of his year's pay; whereas Russians can be employed at the rate of twelve pounds per year, and others on proportionably low terms.

I answer, that, however agreeable the theory may be, there are strong objections to the practice, and that the chain of reasoning is not complete. Of the economy of paying the expenses of foreign troops I have serious doubts. It is more economical to pay a large sum for something than half of it for nothing. I hesitate at a bargain in which all that I can be sure of is the parting with my money. I do not charge the subsidised princes with dishonesty; but there are a thousand contingences through which the spirit of the contract may never be fulfilled. Then, as to the task of sustaining weak powers, giving importance to the insignificant, and rousing the supine, it is too Herculean. The supine, the insignificant, and the weak, are bad allies. When I read the following passage in the Plan of Operations proposed by the Court of Vienna, I know not whether most to condemn the temerity, or pity the seduction, by which she was brought to hostilities with France:

"His Majesty [the emperor Francis] will "not be deterred by these great difficulties, "if war should become unavoidable; he "will in that case use his most strenuous "endeavours to surmount every difficulty, "and fulfil his engagements; but, to give "effect to this steady resolution, it is neces- "sary that there should be adequate finan- "cial resources, and that the difficulties that "present themselves under that heald should "be removed; the Imperial Court of St. "Petersburg has been already informed of "the vast and necessary expenditure re- "quired to put the infantry, the cavalry, the "carriages, and artillery, the objects of the "commissaries' department, the magazines "and stores, in short, every thing belong- "ing to the army upon the full war estab- "lishment. The succour of fifteen millions "of florins, which has been asked from "England for this primary service, is not "more than one half of what is actually "wanted. The expense of the last campaign "was from one hundred and ten to one hun- "dred and twenty millions. The subsequent "rise of the prices of commodities would "render the expense of the same objects, "now, considerably greater. But, suppose "it not even now to exceed the former, yet "the subsidy of thirty millions of florins, "which is asked from England, added to "the ordinary peace expenditure of the ar- "my, would leave still an enormous deficit, "which the burdened finances of Austria "could hardly make good. It follows, that, "unless England grant the subsidy which "has been demanded, it must be impossible

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"for the court of Vienna, notwithstanding "its determined inclination, even to make "those preparations for war which are not "to be attempted without an assurance of "being able to follow them up and maintain "them."

I take it for granted, that it was not through ambition, or the mere impulse of a wish to break a lance with Napoleon, or merely to effect a generous diversion for Great Britain, but from motives of self-defence, that Francis entered the lists. But, the Austrian monarchy, it would appear, is without resources for its own defence. I am sorry to find it so; but, I cannot think that Great Britain, with all her wealth, is prudent in thus lavishing her resources upon tottering states. If I supposed her actuated by principles of benevolence, I must love so much self-devotion, but it would be idle to call it policy. States, like fluids, must find their level; and, though human means may sometimes successfully counteract the laws of nature, there is a scale upon which it cannot be ettempted but in madness. Austria must be contented to sustain that rank among nations to which her actual strength gives her pretensions. To support her, by trivial foreign subsidies, in hollow and artificial greatness, is an idle undertaking; and, to force her by these temporary gales of favour into a sea, to the navigation of which she is unequal, is but a cruel one. It has in it none of that benevolence upon the ground of which these aids to the weak may appear defensible and even magnanimous. This is a strong consideration, and one that applies generally to the continental politics of England. She does not save weak states; she ruins them. All that I have said of the mischief of a maritime alliance with France, is true of a continental one with England. *Never to abandon his friends* was one of the admirable maxims of George the First; but, which of her friends is Great Britain able not to abandon? What can she do for the crowns of Sardinia, Naples, Portugal and Sweden? Can she repossess Emanuel of Turin? Can she ward off the blow from Ferdinand? Can she defend Lisbon? Can she secure to Gustavus one hour's sovereignty in Pomerania? Austria joins her, and is she able to save her from the loss, I do not say of Vienna, but of one foot of earth? If Prussia were to join her, what could she do? She could enjoy the benefit or the triumph of her successes; but could she prevent or compensate any, the smallest, of her reverses? But, what is it to be an ally of France? By being an ally of France, Spain has preserved at least the existence of its empire; Holland has defended itself against English invasions: by being allies of France, the electorates of Bavaria and Wirtemberg have been raised into kingdoms; by becoming an ally of France, Austria may gain more than, as an ally of England, she has lost; and even the neutrality of Prussia and Denmark may not be unrewarded.

And, what brought Alexander into the field? Was it not the interests of his empire? If it were not, I am at a loss how to justify him to his people; and, if it were the interests of his empire, why did he take a subsidy of Great Britain? Must England prop the Russian empire too?

In every point of view, the continental efforts of Great Britain are but so many misapplications of her resources, and so many steps toward that ruin of herself which she is sure to bring upon others. Let the powers of the continent fight their own battles; let the supine, if there be any, suffer by their supineness; let the weak submit to the strong; let nature take her course; let Great Britain look on; let her have an eye always attentive, and a hand always ready; but let her remember that he who smites a rock bruises himself. Let other cares, less invidious and more profitable, occupy the greater portion of her thoughts. Let her not, through jealousy of the dog in the stream, drop her meat from her own mouth!

Let Napoleon establish or extend his dominion. Let him rise, and let her rise with him. Though she cannot bend her joints both ways, her arms are not bound. Wisely managed, this antagonism of Great Britain and France ought, upon the principles I have already set forth, to have no other effect than that of advancing their mutual greatness; partly through the awakening their own energies, and partly from its necessary tendency to depress and keep in check all other nations.

It remains for me to trace the great outlines of what I conceive to be the sole policy which Great Britain can wisely pursue. Let her avoid an unequal conflict with a military empire, at this moment, not in the weakness of infancy, but the heat and vigour of youth. Let her be sure that all the powers on the continent are, or will be, the enemies of France. Let her trust to those unpaid-for diversions which their own interests or passions will, sooner or later, lead them to make. Let time, or her own moderation, divest her cause of all features of personal malice, toward a man whose successes, if not whose virtues, must recommend him to the world. Let her force upon him no new crowns, and array him in no brighter splendors. In that way, she has done enough.—In a word, let her do that for which she is qualified, and forbear those attempts the failure of which is as certain as it is baneful. Let her maintain, let her carry to what height she can, her naval empire. Let her be content with this moiety of universal dominion. Let her wage, if it must be, incessant war with the maritime interests of France. Let her treat as an enemy every

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one that promotes those interests; let her teach the French themselves that their only hope of commerce must be placed in the moderate politics of their government, and such as are of a nature to conciliate herself. Let her be secure of the Baltic; let her strengthen herself in the Mediterranean; let her look to her colonies; let her reign, without a rival, in the Indian Seas. Let her turn to her best advantage her power and her influence in the two Peninsulas. Let her make, there, as few enemies, and as many friends as she can. Let her prefer influence to territorial acquisitions. She may do as much in Asia as Napoleon can do in Europe. Above all, let her elevate to the full importance of which it is susceptible her European territory. Let her spread civilisation and agriculture in Ireland. Let her look to her commerce, and to an increase of population, for the lightening of her financial burthens, and let her add, by no new subsidies to foreign powers, to the weight of those evils. An annual six millions and a half, which was to have been her continental expenditure, under the late treaties of alliance, would, in a naval war, and expended under her own eye, afford her considerable scope.

Nor would this war, merely naval, be so inefficient as some may imagine. I have allowed, I have contended, that this species of warfare is, in some respects, beneficial to France. It confines, not only the attention of her government, but the direction of private capital; that is, the national wealth. It prohibits commercial enterprise, but it nurses manufactures and agriculture. It tends to make France a great manufacturing, agricultural, and military state, and, in consequence, to increase its continental power. But, while it does all this, it cripples that empire in the limb with which it could most seriously annoy Great Britain. It precludes all commercial and maritime rivalry. This is its first and direct operation. Its second, is to shut the same doors of national prosperity against all the adherents of France. The third, is that of favouring the advancement of friendly and neutral powers. The natural effect of these things must be to give a preponderance on the side of those who are, at the least, not leagued with her enemy.

Whether these objects are to be best attained by what, satirically, may be called a *war like a peace*, or by a *peace like a war*, is a question I would not pretend to discuss, without a much more intimate knowledge of facts than I can pretend to. I lay down but two principles; the first, that, considering the territorial ascendance of France, it is not safe to allow her the smallest maritime benefit; and the second, that to this object Great Britain should almost confine her attention. It is not that I would have her neglect her continental interests; but there are occasions on which our quietness best serves our ends; on which, if I may so say, we do most by doing nothing.

There are two grounds on which, as it appears to me, this line of action on the part of Great Britain is more especially dictated by sound policy. I have already touched on both; but I think it well, in concluding this inquiry, to place each in a little stronger light. The one consists in the state of her finances; the other, in the peculiar circumstances under which the continent is at this moment placed.

As to the finances of Great Britain, some will deride every idea of apprehension on that score. For my part, I say, that she has reason to view them with solicitude. If she experience from their disorder no calamity more to be dreaded than any assault of the assembled armies of Napoleon, she may yet suffer from them a silent but deadly corrosion, co-operating with, and more nearly destructive, than his unsleeping hatred. If they do not cut her throat, they may yet empty her veins. That the revenue is collected without defalcation, and that loans are to be had at pleasure, are undeniable truths; but this is not all. The burden of taxation wears out the affection of her people, and, besides destroying other sources of population, drives her labourers and artizans from their fields and looms. There wants nothing to ruin Great Britain, but the establishment of manufactures, or, to take a more comprehensive view, the existence of capital, in the United States. The absence of these, in the New World, checks that speedy mischief which must otherwise overtake her. Supply these, and England, Scotland, and Ireland will be stripped of their population, and those who make the loans be left to discharge the principal and interest.

I have already recommended, with a view to finance, a war purely naval. Such a war, in great measure, pays itself. The monopoly of commerce is its support. But, there are other reasons for confining the efforts of Great Britain to the ocean, and which are involved in my second concluding consideration. The actual circumstances of the continent are against her interests. Moral causes oppose her. To the distracted counsels, the jarring interests, the mutual misapprehensions, dissatisfactions, jealousies, and want of unanimity, as well in design as execution, that necessarily attend the operations of an alliance, Napoleon is able to oppose a force, a plan, and an unity of action, from which alone physical powers can derive their greatest possible effect. With only two hundred thousand men, he ought, in the nature of things, to overthrow five hundred thousand of the allies. So much for this point; but, it is not in military strength alone that Napoleon is strong. He has a great name, and he occupies a station calculated to attach to him the affections of mankind. When a

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battle is fought by two or three to one, the most common instinct of our nature leads us to side with the one. Without any reference to its merits, his cause interests us; and that which interests us has forestalled the voice of our affections. But, if this be true in the case of the most ordinary individual, how much more so must it not be in that of Napoleon! We have seen some attempts to sow among the multitude a certain faith in the *star of Bonaparte;* this *star* has been placed over one of his portraits, and I shall not be surprised to see it as regularly employed as the halo of the saints. Now, I will venture to assert, that this lure for the superstition of mankind is not every where ill received. Napoleon has by this time acquired, among some millions, a reputation for wielding more than mortal arms. Let us leave, however, without further notice, the prejudices of the vulgar; let us even pass over what, in all human affairs, must be reckoned for so much, the interests of mercenary adherents; let us inquire whether he have no claim to the attachment of the most enlightened and virtuous Frenchmen. That he should be cursed by republicans and levellers is nothing wonderful; that he should be hated by those whose affections or whose interests are linked with the House of Bourbon is very natural; but the number of those cannot be small, who, without superstitious or blind admiration, reverence him as the restorer of social order, as the exalter and defender of their country. It is not my business to be the panegyrist of Napoleon; I have nothing to do with his renown, with his virtues, or with his vices, except as these add to or subtract from the sums of that power which Britain has to resist. What I assert is, that there are personal considerations which, to lose sight for a moment of his armies, render him formidable, and through which he outweighs, in a decisive degree, his opponents. I infer, that the present is not the moment in which he can be advantageously assailed by Great Britain in the field. If I am asked under what circumstances I believe he might be faced there, I answer, when he shall have for an adversary a man who may divide with him the solicitudes of the world. Who cares for the undistinguished rabble of generals and potentates? But, let us see Francis, Frederic, or Alexander, fighting, like himself, for the existence of his throne; let us see one of these splendid in victory or more splendid in adversity; let us see him, like Frederic the Second, with scarcely territory left on which to draw out his troops; let us see this; and, in that anxious hour, men will make their choice between a Napoleon and an Alexander, and the one will stand as fair a chance as the other. I employ the name of Alexander, because this monarch has acquired a reputation, even at the battle of Austerlitz, that has some hold on our regard, and is some foundation for our hopes. He has not, like Francis (certainly a very estimable prince), published noble manifestoes, and then suffered us to hear nothing of him but his flights, from stage to stage, before the enemy. Even the cause of Austria, however, would become interesting, did we, instead of miserable memoirs, and *projets*, and plans of operations, see the total of her military force in the hands of one man, whether the emperor, or his brother, the archduke Charles, who sustains, in all men's mouths, the character of a prince and a soldier.

To reduce this argument to practice, let the continental warfare be left to the continental powers. To prosecute a naval war is to defend Great Britain and assist her friends. Let us have no more volumes of treaties and supplementary papers. When I read, one day after another, the thirty-seven bulletins of the *Grand Army*, I could not avoid perceiving the advantage of this immediate publication of the history of what, and more than, it had done, and I regretted the silence of the allies; but alas! I was not prepared to see these papers met by the pitiable story of what Great Britain, and Russia, and Austria, had not done! I cannot help thinking that the giving these documents to the light is an act little less ruinous to the enemies of France than the loss of the battle of Austerlitz.

But, state-papers are becoming serious things. I have this moment read the most extraordinary that Europe has heard of, since the pride of the popedom was humbled, or since Elizabeth of England gave to Humphrey Gilbert, by letters-patent, the lands in America, not possessed by any Christian prince: *WE, Napoleon, by the Grace of God, Emperor of the French and King of Italy, &c. &c. for divers weighty and sufficient causes, Us thereunto especially moving, do hereby and henceforth solemnly Depose from the Throne and Sovereign Authority of his Ancestors, Ferdinand, King of the Two Sicilies, and from all which Princely Dignities he is, by virtue of this Instrument, and Our Imperial Will, Mandate and Pleasure, for ever Removed and Deposed accordingly. Given under our Hand and Imperial Signet, &c.*— There is an irregularity in the wording of this paper which excites some doubts in my mind; but it is said to be authentic. Napoleon, then, does not only overthrow kings by his arms, but deposes them by his mandate! And the powers of Europe will suffer this! And they must suffer this! He will *depose* Francis and Frederic and Alexander and Gustavus and Charles and George.

The clouds gather, moment after moment; and, at this crisis, amid all the vociferations of the allies, amid all their extravagant demands, what do they do? I have no objection, if it be more respectful to them, to say, what can they do? With the puerility of projectors, they talked of re-establishing

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Emanuel in Piedmont, and what is it they have done? English and Russian troops had landed in Italy; but, no sooner was the battle of Austerlitz decided against the allies, than was an evacuation deemed necessary. They evacuated Italy; they left the insanity of Naples to abide all consequences; they evacuated Italy, that portion of the continent in which, it appears, they might most reasonably have calculated on success. They evacuated, at the same instant, Italy and the North of Germany!

It was finely argued by Demosthenes, that the condition of Athens was not desperate, because all its measures had been unwise ones. Had they been the best we could adopt, we had now, indeed, said he, no hope; but, as they were the worst, we may reasonably expect better things from our amendment. I apply this to Great Britain, and I rely on the benefit of a similar change. A change, I say, similar to this; for I hope nothing from the mere change of her administration, from that patch-work of parties which now fills her cabinet, and which must soon be rent. I have never been able to make any thing of that cant of the times, the cry for the union of all the talents of the kingdom. I know that men of talents are very little fitted for acting in concert with each other. Give me one head to direct, and the hands of Briareus to execute. My lord Grenville is not the man I take him for, if he can long to play a secondary part to Mr. Fox; and, as to two ministers for one nation, I should admire it as much as I should two masters for one house. Whoever may be the minister of Great Britain, I tell him to preserve, to strengthen, to *enlarge*, that mighty empire, through the medium of its naval power.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[We have already apprized our readers that by the kindness of a friend, solicitous that foreign channels of information should be explored, we regularly receive a well conducted French Journal, published at Paris, entitled "La Decade Philosophique, Litteraire et Politique." From its instructive pages we have taken the following Portrait of WASHINGTON, delineated in colours equally glowing and accurate by a great master. For this brilliant sketch* we are indebted to Fontanes, a literary character of celebrity. We have, to continue the metaphor, walked through a whole gallery of portraits of WASHINGTON, some finished by Masters in the English, the French, and the American schools, but we do not remember to have been more struck with any resemblance than with the following.]

PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON.

To warriors alone does it belong to mark the place that Washington shall occupy among renowned Captains. His successes appeared to have more of solidity than splendour; judgment governed more than enthusiasm in his manner of commanding and of combating.

In the midst of all the disorders of camps, and all the excesses inseparable from civil war, humanity took refuge under his tent, and was never repulsed from it. In triumph, in adversity, he was always tranquil as wisdom, simple as virtue. The tender affections had their habitations in the bottom of his heart, even in those moments when the interest of the cause in which he fought seemed in some measure to sanction the laws of vengeance.

The emotions of a magnanimous soul achieve and maintain revolutions more infallibly than trophies and victories. The esteem inspired by the character of the American General contributed more effectually than his arms to the independence of his country.

As soon as the treaty of peace was signed, he resigned to the Congress all the powers with which he had been invested. Against his bewildered compatriots he would not employ any other arms than those of persuasion. Had he been governed by vulgar and selfish ambition, he might have crushed the imbecility of all the divided factions, and, when no constitution existed to oppose a barrier to audacious enterprise, he would have seized on supreme power, before the laws had regulated its exercise and established its limits. But these laws were provoked by himself with an inflexible pertinacity. When an insuperable barrier had been erected against the usurpation of ambition, he accepted, in compliance with the free voice of his fellow-citizens, the honour of governing them during a period of eight years. When authority was susceptible of arbitrary exercise, he shunned it; he would not consent to assume it, until it was confined within legal bounds. Such a character is worthy of the most illustrious days of

* The original is reposited in a very elegant compilation, published in 1804 in Paris, entitled Leçons de Littérature et de Morale, ou Recueil, en prose et vers, des plus beaux morceaux de notre langue, dans la littérature des derniers siècles; ouvrage classique, adopté par le Gouvernment pour les Lycées et les Ecoles secondaires, et a l'usage de tous les autres établissemens d'instruction, publics et particuliers, de l'un et de l'autre sexe; par Fr. Noel, inspecteur général de l'instruction publique, et Fr. de la Place, Professeur à l'Ecole centrale du Panthéon, tous deux ci-devant professeurs des belles lettres dans l'Université de Paris.

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antiquity. In collecting the traits which compose it, we are almost induced to doubt whether it has appeared in our own age; we almost believe that we have found a lost life of one of those illustrious men whose portraits have been so well delineated by Plutarch.

His administration was, at home, mild and firm; abroad, noble and prudent. He always respected the usages of other nations, as he wished that they should respect the rights of the American people. Thus, in all his negociations, the heroic simplicity of the President of the United States, without vaunting ostentation or cringing servility, treated with the majesty of Kings. In his administration, look not for those projects which the present age denominates grand, and which he would have considered only rash. His conceptions were rather prudent than bold: he did not attract admiration; but he invariably inspired esteem, whether in the field or the senate, in the bustle of business or in solitude.

Washington possessed not those bold and imposing features of character which strike vulgar minds; in his ideas he displayed more of order and perspicuity, than of vigour and elevation. He particularly possessed, in a superior degree, that quality which, although generally considered vulgar, is nevertheless rare, that quality not less useful in the government of States than in the conduct of life, which imparts more of tranquillity than impulse to the soul, and more of honour than glory to those who possess it, or to those who feel its effects: it is to good sense that I allude; good sense, whose ancient rules have been so much scorned by pride, and which it is time to reinstate in all its rights and prerogatives. Audacity destroys, genius creates, good sense preserves and brings to perfection. On genius depends the glory of empire; but good sense alone can insure their repose and duration.

Washington was born to an inheritance which he had nobly increased, like the heroes of ancient Rome, in the midst of agricultural labours. Although an enemy to vain pomp, he wished that republican manners should be environed by some dignities. None of his compatriots cherished a more ardent love of liberty; none deprecated more the mad opinions of some demagogues. His mind, the friend of order, constantly shunned all excess. He dared not to insult the experience of ages; he wished neither to change, nor to destroy every thing at once; in this respect he listened to the doctrines of the legislators of antiquity.

Like them, Washington governed rather by the sentiments and affections, than by mandates and laws; like them, he was simple, although seated on the pinnacle of honour; like them, he was still great in the shades of retirement. He accepted power only to establish public prosperity; he would not consent to resume it, when he saw that America was happy, and had no further need of the devotion of his services. He wished, like other citizens, tranquilly to enjoy that felicity which he had imparted to a great people. But it was in vain that he abandoned the helm: the first name in America was always that of Washington.

FONTANES.

For the Port Folio.

[The following burlesque essay from the pen of GOLDSMITH, not included in his edition of his works, has a striking resemblance to some of the serious plans of Mary Woolstonecraft, in her "Rights of Woman." This ingenious satire, by the Author of The Vicar of Wakefield, for a long time wandered in England, from gazette to gazette, and from magazine to magazine, without its legitimate owner At length, by the care of a literary friend, its genuine parentage was traced, and honour given to whom honour was due. We republish it in the Port Folio, because we delight to dwell upon the beauties of a writer, the disciple of Addison and Sir William Temple.]

I have spent the greater part of my life in making observations on men and things, and in projecting schemes for the advantage of my country; and though my labours met with an ungrateful return, I will still persist in my endeavours for its service, like that venerable, unshaken, and neglected patriot, Mr. Jacob Henriquez, who, though of the Hebrew nation, hath exhibited a shining example of Christian fortitude and perseverance.* And here my concience urges me to confess, that the hint upon which the following proposals are built was taken from an advertisement of the said patriot Henriquez,

* A man well known at this period (1762), as well as during many preceding years, for the numerous schemes he was daily offering to various Ministers for the purpose of raising money by loans, paying off the national incumbrances, &c. &c. none of which, however, were ever known to have received the smallest notice.

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in which he gave the public to understand, that Heaven had indulged him with "seven blessed daughters." Blessed they are, no doubt, on account of their own and their father's virtues; but more blessed may they be, if the scheme I offer should be adopted by the legislature.

The proportion which the number of females born in these kingdoms bears to the male children, is, I think, supposed to be as thirteen to fourteen: but as women are not so subject as the other sex to accidents and intemperance, in numbering adults we shall find the balance on the female side. If, in calculating the numbers of the people, we take in the multitudes that emigrate to the Plantations, whence they never return, those that die at sea and make their exit at Tyburn, together with the consumption of the present war by sea and land in the Atlantic, Mediterranean, in the German and Indian Oceans, in Old France, New France, North America, the Leeward Islands, Germany, Africa, and Asia, we may fairly state the loss of men during the war at one hundred thousand. If this be the case, there must be a superplus of the other sex amounting to the same number, and this superplus will consist of women able to bear arms; as I take it for granted, that all those who are fit to bear children are likewise fit to bear arms. Now, as we have seen the nation governed by old women, I hope to make it appear that it may be defended by young women; and surely this scheme will not be rejected as unnecessary at such a juncture,* when our armies in the four quarters of the globe are in want of recruits; when we find ourselves entangled in a new war with Spain, on the eve of a rupture in Italy, and indeed in a fair way of being obliged to make head against all the great Potentates of Europe.

But, before I unfold my design, it may be necessary to obviate, from experience as well as argument, the objections which may be made to the delicate frame and tender disposition of the female sex, rendering them incapable of the toils, and insuperably averse to the horrors, of war. All the world has heard of the nation of Amazons, who inhabited the banks of the river Thermodoon in Cappadocia; who expelled their men by force of arms, defended themselves by their own prowess, managed the reins of government, prosecuted the operations in war, and held the other sex in the utmost contempt. We are informed by Homer, that Penthesilea, queen of the Amazons, acted as auxiliary to Priam, and fell valiantly fighting in his cause before the walls of Troy. Quintus Curtius tells us, that Thalestris brought one hundred armed Amazons in a present to Alexander the Great. Diodorus Siculus expressly says, there was a nation of female warriors in Africa, who fought against the Lybian Hercules. We read in the voyages of Columbus, that one of the Caribbee Islands was possessed by a tribe of female warriors, who kept all the neighbouring Indians in awe; but we need not go farther than our own age and country to prove, that the spirit and constitution of the fair sex are equal to the dangers and fatigues of war. Every novice who has read the authentic and important History of the Pirates, is well acquainted with the exploits of two heroines, called Mary Read and Anne Bonny. I myself have had the honour to drink with Anne Cassier, alias Mother Wade, who had distinguished herself among the Buccaneers of America, and in her old age kept a punch-house in Port-Royal of Jamaica. I have likewise conversed with Moll Davis, who had served as a dragoon in all queen Anne's wars, and was admitted on the pension of Chelsea. The late war with Spain, and even the present, hath produced instances of females enlisting both in the land and sea service, and behaving with remarkable bravery in the disguise of the other sex. And who has not heard of the celebrated Jenny Cameron, and some other enterprising ladies of North Britain, who attended a certain Adventurer in all his expeditions, and headed their respective clans in a military charac-

* In the year 1762.

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ter? That strength of body is often equal to the courage of mind implanted in the fair sex, will not be denied by those who have seen the waterwomen of Plymouth; the female drudges of Ireland, Wales, and Scotland; the fish-women of Billingsgate; the weeders, podders, and hoppers, who swarm in the fields; and the bunters who swagger in the streets of London; not to mention the indefatigable trulls who follow the camp, and keep up with the line of march, though loaded with bantlings and other baggage.

There is scarcely a street in this metropolis without one or more viragos, who discipline their husbands and domineer over the whole neighbourhood. Many months are not elapsed since I was witness to a pitched battle between two athletic females, who fought with equal skill and fury until one of them gave out, after having sustained seven falls on the hard stones. They were both stripped to the under-petticoat; their breasts were carefully swathed with handkerchiefs, and as no vestiges of features were to be seen in either when I came up, I imagined the combatants were of the other sex, until a by-stander assured me of the contrary, giving me to understand, that the conqueror had lain-in about five weeks of twin-bastards, begot by her second, who was an Irish chairman. When I see the avenues of the Strand beset every night with troops of fierce Amazons, who, with dreadful imprecations, stop and beat and plunder passengers, I cannot help wishing that such martial talents were converted to the benefit of the public; and that those who are so loaded with temporal fire, and so little afraid of eternal fire, should, instead of ruining the souls and bodies of their fellow-citizens, be put in a way of turning their destructive qualities against the enemies of the nation.

Having thus demonstrated that the fair sex are not deficient in strength and resolution, I would humbly propose, that as there is an excess on their side in quantity, to the amount of one hundred thousand, part of that number may be employed in recruiting the army, as well as in raising thirty new Amazonian regiments, to be commanded by females, and serve in regimentals adapted to their sex. The Amazons of old appeared with the left breast bare, an open jacket and trowsers, that descended no farther than the knee; the right breast was destroyed, that it might not impede them in bending the bow, or darting the javelin; but there is no occasion for this cruel excision in the present discipline, as we have seen instances of women who handle the musquet, without finding any inconvenience from that protuberance.

As the sex love gaiety, they may be clothed in vests of pink satin and open drawers of the same, with buskins on their feet and legs, their hair tied behind and floating on their shoulders, and their hats adorned with white feathers: they may be armed with light carbines and long bayonets, without the incumbrance of swords or shoulder-belts. I make no doubt but many young ladies of figure and fashion will undertake to raise companies at their own expense, provided they like their colonels; but I must insist upon it, if this scheme should be embraced, that Mr. Henriquez's seven blessed daughters may be provided with commissions, as the project is in some measure owing to the hints of that venerable patriot. I moreover give it as my opinion, that Mrs. Kitty Fisher* shall have the command of a battalion, and the nomination of her own officers, provided she will warrant them all sound, and be content to wear proper badges of distinction.

A female brigade, properly disciplined and accoutred, would not, I am persuaded, be afraid to charge a numerous body of the enemy, over whom they would have a manifest advantage; for if the barbarous Scythians were ashamed to fight with the Amazons who invaded them, surely the French, who pique themselves on their sensibility and devotion to the fair sex, would not act upon the offensive against a band of female warriors, arrayed in all the charms of youth and beauty.

* A celebrated Courtezan of that time.

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For the Port Folio.

[My love of nature, of simplicity, of ADDISON's heart and GOLDSMITH's style, urge me to transfer to this Miscellany the following extract from a paper, which, if I could emulate, I might then exult that the writers of the Augustan age in England had not been perused in vain.]

I chanced to rise very early one particular morning this summer, and took a walk into the country, to divert myself among the fields and meadows, while the green was new, and the flowers in their bloom. As at this season of the year every lane is a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of nosegays; I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure among several thickets of bushes, that were filled with a great variety of birds, and an agreable confusion of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene in the world to one who had passed a whole winter in noise and smoke. The freshness of the dew that lay upon every thing about me, with the cool breath of the morning, which inspired the birds with so many delightful instincts, created in me the same kind of animal pleasure, and made my heart overflow with such sweet emotions of joy and satisfaction as are not to be described, or accounted for. On this occasion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful simile in Milton.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight.
The smell of grain or tedded grass or kine
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Those who are conversant in the writings of polite authors receive an additional entertainment from the country, as it revives in their memories those charming descriptions, with which such authors do frequently abound.

I was thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile, and applying it to myself, when I observed to the windward of me, a black cloud falling to the earth in long trails of rain, which made me betake myself for shelter to a house which I saw at a little distance from the place where I was walking. As I sat in the porch, I heard the voices of two or three persons, who seemed very earnest in discourse. My curiosity was raised when I heard the names of Alexander the Great, and Artaxerxes; and as their talk seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded there could not be any secret in it; for which reason I thought I might very fairly listen to what they said.

After several parallels between great men, which appeared to me altogether groundless and chimerical, I was surprised to hear one say, that he valued the Black Prince more than the Duke of Vendosme. How the Duke of Vendosme should become a rival of the Black Prince, I could not conceive: and was more startled when I heard a second affirm, with great vehemence, that if the Emperor of Germany was not going off, he should like him better than either of them. He added that though the season was so changeable, the Duke of Marlborough was in blooming beauty. I was wondering to myself whence they had received this odd intelligence, especially when I heard them mention the names of several other great generals, as, the Prince of Hesse and the king of Sweden, who, they said, were both running away. To which they added, what I entirely agreed with them in, that the crown of France was very weak, but that the Marshal Villiers still kept his colours. At last, one of them told the company, if they would go along with him, he would shew them a chimney-sweeper and a painted lady in the same bed, which, he was sure, would very much please them. The shower which had driven them, as well as myself, into the house, was now over, and as they were passing by me into the garden, I asked them to let me be one of their company.

The gentleman of the house told me, if I delighted in *flowers*, it would be worth my while; for that he believed he could shew me such a *blow of Tulips*, as was not to be matched in the whole country.

I accepted the offer, and immediately found that they had been talking in

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terms of gardening; and that the Kings and Generals they had mentioned were only so many tulips, to which the gardeners, according to their usual custom, had given such high titles, and appellations of honour.

I was very much pleased and astonished at the glorious show of these gay vegetables, that arose in great profusion on all the banks about us. Sometimes I considered them with the eye of an ordinary spectator, as so many beautiful objects varnished over with a a natural gloss, and stained with such a variety of colours as are not to be equalled in any artificial dyes or tinctures. Sometimes I consider every leaf as an elaborate piece of tissue, in which the threads and figures were woven together into different configurations, which gave a different colouring to the light, as it glanced on the several parts of the surface. Sometimes I considered the whole bed of tulips, according to the notion of the greatest mathematician and philosopher that ever lived, as a multitude of optic instruments, designed for the separating of light into all those various colours of which it is composed.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

[If you will insert the following letter in the Port Folio, you will oblige a Subscriber, constant reader, and well wisher.]

To Mr. George Baron, one of the principal editors of the "Mathematical Correspondent," New-York;

Sir,

A few months since, I read, in the public prints, your letter addressed to me, recommending to my notice Professor Colson's translation of the "Analytical Institutions" of Donna Maria Gaetana Agnesi. Through the politeness of Messieurs Swords of New-York, I have at length procured from London a copy of that elaborate work, and, on perusal, am convinced of that, on which I did not before indulge even an infinitesimal of scepticism, that it not only merits your recommendation, but the encomiums bestowed on it by its enlightened translator. The circumstance of its being thought worthy of translation by so adequate a judge of its merits as the Lucasian Professor of Mathematics, in the University of Cambridge, who had already presented his country with Sir Isaac Newton's Fluxions, in an English garb, and who, we may presume, was well acquainted with what, on the recondite geometry, had fallen from the pens of Huygens, Leibnitz, Bernoulli, the Marquis de l' Hopital and his own cotemporary analysts, affords a presumption that the Professor held it in high estimation; but his submitting, at an advanced period of life, to the labour of learning the language in which it was written, for the sole purpose of translating it into English, is "confirmation strong," that he deemed it superior to any other work which he had seen on the same subject, and pre-eminently deserving the attention of mathematicians. The testimony of Baron Maseres and the Revd. Vicar of Potter's-Bury, in its favour, is also highly recommendatory; but its chief claim to the notice of the learned world is, its intrinsic value. For, considering the great quantity of matter which it contains, the judicious manner in which it is arranged, and the perspicuity with which it is explained, I do not hesitate to declare, that, in my opinion, it is the most valuable analytical production that has yet appeared in our language. The facility and adroitness with which this literary phenomenon applies the transcendental, as well as the common Algebra, to questions of almost every description; the skill with which she simplifies the most complicated equations; the novelty of her speculation on multinomials, and the acuteness and invention displayed in the management of the various methods of the integral, as well as the infinitesimal calculus, so far exceed what is ordinarily expected from her sex, that I am at a loss to say, whether I am more astonished at her sagacity, or delighted with her ingenuity. It is much to be regretted, that so little is known of her biography. Had the portrait of her literary character been drawn by the warm pencil of

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some Italian cotemporary, it might have infused into the female world a taste for the most rational and innocent of amusements. It might have roused a zeal in "the toys and playthings of man," to emulate her bright example by devoting their time to religion, literature, and science, rather than to fashion, dissipation and frivolity; and perhaps too, it might have induced the vainer part of our own sex to think a little more modestly of themselves, and to entertain a higher respect for the intellects of "Heaven's best gift to man," M. de Brosses, President of the Parliament of Dijon, in his letters on Italy, styles this lady "a walking Polyglott", and declares, that, at a conversation, at which he was present, she discussed literary and scientific subjects in Latin, with a fluency and classical purity that excited his unqualified admiration. M. Montucla, the celebrated improver of Ozanam's "Mathematical and Philosophical recreations," in his "Histoire des Mathematiques," notices this masculine genius, in terms of the highest commendation. "Besides the foregoing authors," says he, "I ought to mention, on this occasion, the *Analytical Institutions*, of a learned Italian lady, of the name of Maria Gaetana Agnesi, which is a work of such merit, that some female mathematician of France would have done well to give us a French translation of it. We cannot behold without the greatest astonishment, a person of a sex that seems so little fitted to tread the thorny path of these abstract sciences, penetrate so deeply as she has done, into all the branches of Algebra, both the common and transcendental. She has since retired to a cloister: and though we do not presume to censure her conduct in this step, which we must suppose to proceed from the purest and sincerest piety, we cannot but lament that she should have thus deprived the learned world of the useful improvements in literature, which her genius and knowledge would have enabled her to communicate to it, not only on subjects of a mathematical nature, but on many others of a different kind, in which she had become eminent." Mention is also made of La Signorina Agnesi, in an essay on the learning, genius and abilities of the fair sex, translated from the Spanish of "El Theatro Critico," which, except a solitary anecdote inserted in a Latin Thesis, written by a female of the University of Gottengen, is all, I believe, that is at present recorded of this learned and extraordinary lady. She had, if we may judge from her institutions, a strong predilection for the abstruse and the solid; but this anecdote would induce us to infer that she could sometimes descend from the grave majesty of science, to contribute, by her pleasantry and wit, to the enjoyment of colloquial converse. "The Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy in the University of Bologna, says the writer of this Thesis, a lady of great eminence, was once asked, in familiar conversation, for a definition of gynecocracy when she answered, that it was a συναυτοκρασια. A reason for her opinion being demanded, she replied, in the language of Virgil, "quia, fœmina varium et mutabile semper."

With sincere thanks for having introduced to my notice a production, from which I have derived so much pleasure and instruction, I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,
And humble servant
Thos. P. Irving.

Newbern, N. Carolina,
April 8th, 1806.

EPISTOLARY.

[The following sensible letter from the pen of Dr. ROBERTSON deserves preservation in the Port Folio. His opinion, respecting the early and constant attachment of the Americans to Independence is perfectly correct, but, in his eagerness to lay the blame of civil war upon the ignorance, imbecility or profligacy of the *King's friends* on this side of the Atlantic, the reverend Politician totally forgets the character of the British ministry at the beginning of an unhappy contest between the mother and the child; men, who, with a few exceptions were the greatest drivellers that ever misguided the affairs of an empire.]

I agree with you in sentiment about the affairs of America. Incapacity, or

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want of information, has led the people employed there to deceive the ministry. Trusting to them they have been trifling for two years when they should have been serious, until they have rendered a very simple piece of business extremely perplexed. They have permitted colonies disjoined by nature and situation to consolidate into a regular systematical confederacy; and when a few regiments stationed in each capital would have rendered it impossible for them to take arms, they have suffered them quietly to levy and train forces, as if they had not known and seen against whom they were prepared. But now we are fairly committed, and I do think it fortunate that the violence of the Americans has brought matters to a crisis too soon for themselves. From the beginning of the contest I have always asserted that Independence was their object. The distinction between *taxation* and *regulation* is mere folly. There is not an argument against our right of taxing, that does not conclude with ten-fold force against our power of regulating their trade. They may profess or disclaim what they please, and hold the language that best suits their purpose; but if they have any meaning, it must be that they should be free states, connected with us by blood, by habit and by religion; but at liberty to buy and sell, and trade where and with whom they please. This they will one day attain, but not just now, if there be any degree of political wisdom or vigour remaining. At the same time, one cannot but regret that prosperous and growing states should be checked in their career. As a lover of mankind, I bewail it; but as a subject of Great Britain, I must wish that their dependence on it should continue. If the wisdom of Government can terminate the contest with honour instantly, that would be the most desirable issue. This, however, I take to be *now* impossible; and I will venture to foretel that if our leaders do not at once exert the power of the British empire in its full force, the struggle will be long, dubious and disgraceful. We are past the hour of lenitives and half exertions. If the contest be protracted, the smallest interruption of the tranquillity that now reigns in Europe, or even the appearance of it, may be fatal.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In a late Miscellany, entitled, The Meteors, in which we have been dazzled with many of the rays of wit, is the ensuing specimen of latinity in Leonine verse. It is thus introduced:

I have sent you a lyrical composition in the Latin tongue, which, as far as my knowledge extends, has never appeared in print; if you think it will be acceptable to your readers, I hope you will give it a place. If the language of this song be not altogether as far removed from prose, as the essence of poetry requires, it should, in a very great measure, be attributed to the rhyme. If any should object to the application of the word "Mi," it will be a sufficient apology for the author to have it known that he has the authority of Tibullus.

Hac ades dum, chara Phillis,
Hanc sub umbram juxta me;
Non videbit Amarillis
Dum tegemur arbore.

Nullam præter te adoro,
Solam amo Phillida;
Miserere mei, oro
O mi formosissima.

Ubi primum hanc spectavi,
Captus pulchritudine,
Deum esse hanc putavi
Missam huc ab æthere.

Vulneravit me Cupido
Dum spectavi faciem,
Ex quo tempore libido,
Crevit hanc in virginem.

Phillis tamen est crudelis,
Phillis non amabit me;
Ego semper sum fidelis
Olim non Penelope.

Uror, ah! uror amoris
Flamma nunc venefica
Labyrintho sum doloris
Propter meam Phillida.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

[*In the following Ode, the Poet describes the delightful appearance of Spring; and exhorts his friend to live jocundly, by representing to him the uncertain tenure of existence, and the common lot of mortality; and he enforces his advice, by demonstrating the mutability of all earthly things, as exemplified in the vicissitudes of the seasons of the year.*

It will be perceived, by comparing this version with the original Ode, that I do not pretend it to be a literal *translation; I have however endeavoured to preserve, in some degree, the Horatian spirit.*

V.]

ODE VII, BOOK IV.

To Posthumus.

Diffugere nives.....HOR.

Winter reluctant yields his icy reign,
All nature smiles in verdant foliage drest,
And lightly bounding on the enamell'd plain,
See Spring appears! bedeck'd with "em'rald vest."

The murm'ring stream, that long imprison'd lay,
Again meanders o'er its pebbled bed:
While on its banks with varied colours gay,
The tender flow'ret rears its infant head.

Now when the Moon's pale beams illume the ground,
And all is hush'd, save Philomela's strain,
The Nymphs and Graces dance in merry round,
And trip with nimble feet the dewy plain.

The changeful seasons of the fleeting year,
And ev'ry hour that marks our measur'd span,
Tell to the thoughtless mind this truth severe,
That Immortality is not for man.

To transient Spring, brief Summer soon succeeds;
And wanton Zephyrs sport in frolic play:
With golden harvests crowns the smiling meads,
While nature pants beneath her fervid ray.

Autumn, his brows enwreath'd with fading leaves,
Next pours his fruits from Plenty's lib'ral horn;
His task perform'd....retires.....and deeply grieves
His kingdom wreck'd.....by Wintry tempests torn.

The monthly orb renews its waning light,
And sheds new lustre on the midnight gloom:
Our glimmering star extinct....and set in night;
Helpless we sink into the silent tomb.

Be wise—indulge in mirth your social soul;
So shall you disappoint the expecting Heir:
E'en now perhaps you reach life's latest goal,
Nor Fate permits to breathe to-morrow's air.

Tho' wit and eloquence to you are given,
Your breath once fled—and Nature's debt discharg'd,
Tho' fair the great account 'twixt you and Heav'n,
Think not the imprison'd soul will be enlarg'd.

The chaste Diana mourn'd a * mortal's doom,
Nor could her power reverse the stern decree:
The gallant Theseus wept o'er Friendship's tomb,
And vainly strove to set Pirithous free.

VALERIUS.

EPIGRAMS.

The Secret Divulg'd.

Sylvius, engag'd one day at dice,
Come hither, John, he loudly cries;
Then whispers close—run to Lucinda;
Make haste, be quick, you know the window;
Tell her I cannot come to day,
For I am much engag'd at play;
But mark—when you return again,
Be sure you say it was a *man*.
Yes, Sir, says John—away he flies
And comes to Silvius in a trice.
Well—what says the gent?—where is he?
Why, Sir, he says he 's wond'rous busy.
What was he doing when you came?
Why truly, Sir, I dare not name—
Tell me— or else—Oh, Sir, I'll do't—
"A putting on—his *petticoat!*"

An Insuperable Difficulty.

For Jack's good life to certify
Nor friends nor strangers can be got,
Those, who dont know him, know not why;
Those, who do know him, know why not.

* Hippolitus.

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S. F. McCleary

THE

PORT FOLIO.

N° XVI.

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BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, May* 3, 1806. [No. 17.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 165.

MR. SAUNTER,

THE word Pedant was, at one time, the epithet of reproach with which men of the world stigmatized those who distinguished themselves by superior attainments in learning. Until Mr. Addison, in one of his Spectators, full of humour and good sense, displayed its true meaning, it was not perceived that there were pedants in every profession in life, all of whom were more impertinent and disgusting than those who formerly suffered by this appellation. The lover of literature, not less than the critic, was indebted to that elegant writer for giving the proper definition to this abused epithet.

I am of opinion that a like misapprehension exists with regard to the title which you have selected for your papers, and that the name of Lounger is by no means restricted to one class in society, but extends to every profession and situation in life. Have we not the lounging Doctor, whose chair stands waiting at his door, while he, stretched at ease by the fire, leaves his patient a prey to anxiety and disease? The lounging Lawyer, who snores till eleven, while his restless client reiterates his morning calls? The lounging Merchant, who laughs and smokes in jollity till roused at the last moment by the dread of that fearful name, a Protest? The lounging Shop-keeper, who seats himself in the shade on a Summer's day, and reads the Gazette, instead of posting his books? The lounging miss, who slatterns away hours and days in the trash of circulating libraries, while solid reading and useful improvement are neglected? as well as the lounging Saunterer, who whiles away life with a sluggish torpor of mind and body, or the literary Lounger, who lays aside his Coke or Cullen, to indulge in the charms of poesy, or to pen a lucubration for your columns?

I willingly give up all, except the last, to the just severity of satire. But, as Mr. Addison observes of the learned pedant, that he is more tolerable than those of any other class, it may be said of the literary Lounger that he redeems the follies of his family, and, like one virtuous Hypermnestra, out of fifty daughters, atones, in some measure, for the gracelessness of all the rest.

Were I called on to justify this eulogium, I would do it by describing his character at full length. I would say that the literary lounger is one who looks with the fond eye of a lover on the productions of genius, whether of ancient or modern growth. He does not indeed toil in the mazes of Metaphysics, because he believes, with many wise men, that all our efforts here are vain and futile, and the science pregnant with sophistry and error. He does not tie himself down to the cautious and narrow track of Mathematics

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because, like Gibbon, he fears to harden his mind, and to destroy those finer feelings of moral evidence which must determine the actions and opinions of our lives. Nor does he labour through gigantic tomes of casuistry, to learn the art of perplexing common sense, and confounding the light of nature. But those who suppose him idle and uninformed err grossly. His mind is stored with the richest fruits of solid and elegant learning. The companions of his privacy are the orators, the historians, the essayists, and the poets, who afford most maxims for the conduct of life, and most topics of conversation. And, when he is not in his study, wandering in the paradise of Milton, or rapt in the fine phrenzy of Shakspeare, his pen embodies the ideas of his own mind, or his tongue delights the social circle by a ceaseless stream of intellect. In a word, he aims at following the shining paths of the Addisons and Johnsons, who, under the veil of indolent or indifferent lookers-on, have been actively employed in delighting and improving mankind.

A mere *Spectator* has refined the morals, softened the manners, and improved the knowledge and language of a whole nation; and has been the source of compositions which have continued to be the admiration of the unlearned, and the model of men of science. A professed *Rambler* has embellished morality, brought the charms of fancy and eloquence to aid the majesty of reason, and taught, in winning words, the path to wisdom and true happiness. And a *Literary Lounger* then only appears to the world in the true features of his character, when he displays his capacity beyond others to employ elegant literature in smoothing the asperities and enlarging the innocent recreations of human life.

Far, therefore, from your name, requiring you, as one of your correspondents alleges, to be stupid and heavy in your compositions, you will approach nearer the perfection of your character, in proportion as you excel in the art of diffusing elegant instruction. And, while the Lounger in manners is, deservedly, as much the object of our abhorrence as a barren waste or a pestilential marsh, your pages will present to us a fertile garden, which affords every thing pleasing to the eye and gratifying to the taste: where we may regale the imagination with the variegated beauties of lawns, groves and flowers, and satisfy the appetite with fruits at the same time delicate and substantial. That you may ever be successful in maintaining this enviable character is the wish of Your friend and admirer, O.

For the Port Folio.

Character of the late Judge Winchester of Maryland.

Finis vitæ ejus nobis luctuosus, amicis tristis, extraneis etiam, ignotisque non sine cura fuit. Vulgus quoque, et hic aliud agens populus, et ventitavêre ad domum, et per fora et circulos locuti sunt. Tac. Vit. Agric.

To the recent and premature death of James Winchester, Esq. late Judge of the United States Court for the district of Maryland, may be applied the language employed by Tacitus, in commemorating the dissolution of Agricola; that it overwhelmed his family with grief, filled his friends with affliction, and even strangers with regret. The tender solicitude which preceded, and the lively sorrow that accompanied this event, among every rank and description of men in his native city, render still more appropriate the passage I have quoted, descriptive of the end of one of the greatest of the Romans, whom he resembled, if not in the nature of his pursuits, at least in the complexion of his virtues, and the pre-eminence of his talents. One of the first objects, and most estimable blessings, of society, is an enlightened and impartial administration of justice. Under a constitution that secures to the judicial department a total exemption from executive control, and with a system of Jurisprudence, perplexed by intricacies, that scarcely any sagacity can unravel, and diffused over a multitude of volumes, that no capacity can digest, a profound lawyer, and an upright judge, the depositary, the oracle, and the guardian of our rights, is a character, the importance and utility of

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whose functions are only equalled by the consummate skill and religious fidelity with which they should be discharged. The loss therefore of one who combined these qualities in an eminent degree, at an age when the plurality of his brethren are barely in their noviciate, whose extraordinary powers would have exalted the dignity of the bench, and whose indefatigable application would have done justice to those powers, must be regarded as a public calamity, and becomes, not merely a subject of domestic regret, but of deep national concern. As a district Judge, the extent of his abilities could not be diffusively known, or the beneficial influence of his labours generally felt. The following sketch of his private and professional character may serve to apprize such as were beyond his sphere of action, of the magnitude of the loss which this country has sustained. Had he not fallen an untimely but patient victim to a lingering disease, the period could not have been far distant, when the public voice would have rendered private testimony altogether superfluous. His personal acquaintance must find every delineation faint, when contrasted with that speaking portrait, which will be long, and often, present to their recollection. Nature has herself reared a temple in the heart of man, that of memory; where admiration and tenderness, with an unerring pencil, continually trace the resemblance, and erect altars to the personification of those whom we have venerated for their genius, or loved for their virtues.

Without the aid of powerful connexions, of extensive personal intercourse, or of fortune, Mr. Winchester had no sooner engaged in the warfare of the bar, than he began to reap the most abundant fruits of victory. Before the age of twenty-five, he became the first hope, and, in some degree, the adopted child, of a populous city; his professional services were courted with an avidity, and his engagements multiplied to an extent, almost without example in the annals of his order; he became, in every cause of magnitude, the chosen antagonist and formidable rival of one for whom, as a lawyer, no praise can be deemed flattery, and no admiration, extravagance. He was soon after prevailed upon, by a large proportion of the most respectable citizens of Baltimore, to serve as the federal candidate for Congress, in opposition to the most popular character of this state; the issue of this struggle, and the merit of his exertions, both in speaking and writing, are too well known to need repetition: had he succeeded, the active duties of a public life might have, perhaps, invigorated a feeble constitution, and prolonged a valuable existence. The uncommon rapidity of these advances to wealth and reputation tends to prove how admirable must have been the qualities to which they were exclusively due, and will serve to justify any unusual strength of expression that may be employed, in portraying the leading features of his mind.

He may be said to have appeared at the bar as Pallas is represented to have sprung from the head of Jupiter; armed at all points. Passing, as he did, without any interval of studious privacy, from the drudgery of an office, to the numerous avocations of an extensive practice, the enlargement of his views, the depth of his professional, and the amplitude of his general learning, the success with which he appeared to have traced the origin, the progress, and the revolutions of jurisprudence, to have seized the spirit, and extracted the essence of law, would scarcely seem credible, had not experience so often shewn how much can be accomplished by great powers, stedfastly and vigorously directed to the attainment of knowledge. Minds of the "true etherial mould" possess a ductility of thought, which enables them to prosecute, with equal ease and profit, studies of the most dissimilar texture; to classify the abundant treasures that a prompt conception accumulates from each, and arrange them, without confusion, in the storehouse of a capacious memory. Where merit can force its way, without being led on by the gentle hand of power, there are no difficulties which genius

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may not overcome; a sanguine and enterprizing temper may bid defiance to the contumely of pride, to the frowns of fortune, and even to the languors of disease: the vigilance of emulous industry, will, in any situation, discover and "mark down for wisdom," for many hours set apart, by the bulk of mankind, for innocent relaxation, or what is termed necessary repose.

Few men were ever more consummately skilled than Mr. Winchester in legal tactics, or more profoundly versed in the evolutions and stratagems of his art: none knew better when to advance openly to attack, or to have recourse to the ambush, the covered road, and the secret defile: no man was more formidable in close contest, and if I may be allowed the expression, in the skirmishing of the bar. He never came to the field, without a well-marshalled band of ideas; without a preconcerted plan, embracing all the possibilities of annoyance, and every precaution for defence: he never permitted a movement to pass unobserved, or a single error to escape him: nor ever lost the ground he had once seized, or the conquests he had once made. He was sensible, that in the hostilities of the forum, the character, the resources, and the play of an adversary should be fully undersood: that not a single glance of the eye, not a motion of the countenance should be lost; not a phrase uttered, without noting its effect. The general benevolence which his reputation for diligence and probity had conciliated, the exalted opinion universally entertained of his talents, and the insinuation of his address, contributed to give him a degree of adventitious influence over a jury, which few advocates of the same age ever enjoyed before. These important advantages were seconded by great accuracy of method, and cogency of argument, united to all the refinements of ingenuity; by the captivations of a good person, of a graceful and appropriate gesture, and of a sonorous voice, not indeed carefully modulated, but susceptible of all the varieties of musical cadence. He well knew how to heighten their effect, by the frequent application of familiar examples, that are heard with pleasure, because they are comprehended with ease; by a seasonable introduction of general observations, and topics of equity, which nature always disposes us to foster with delight, when interest or passion has not barred up the avenues of the heart; by dexterous appeals to feelings, that are the more readily indulged, because the consciousness of possessing them is flattering to self-love, and because, perhaps, the most delicate and grateful of all our perceptions is that of proving even a momentary glow of sensibility. The efficacy of such aids demonstrates how assiduously a lawyer should study the miscellaneous volume of the human heart. He should indeed be a very Proteus, and capable of assuming as great a variety of shapes as there are modes of thinking, grades of intellect, or shades of character. He should attend to the effect of contrast, which nature appears to have rendered essential to beauty in all her works, with the diligence of a common artist, and recollect that, although a speech should be cast in a simple mould, and not form a piece of Mosaic, to constitute, nevertheless, an harmonious whole, there must be a species of *concordia discors*, an admixture of opposite materials, a careful adjustment of parts, similar to the *clara obscura*, the distribution of light and shade, in painting, or to the *piano-forte*, the opposition of sounds, in music.

Mr. Winchester particularly excelled in a luminous exposition of his subject. His narratives were always conspicuous for that peculiar symmetry of arrangement, concinnity of diction, simplicity of definition, and neatness of periphrase, which distinguished those of Blackstone and Mansfield, who merit, with regard to the jurisprudence of England, the eulogium pronounced by Gibbon, on the labours of Servius Sulpicius, in favor of the Roman Code; that he was the first civilian that diffused over the shapeless mass of the law, the light of order and eloquence. There are few qualifications of higher

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importance at the bar, than the talent of narration, and scarcely any, in which the speakers of the present day are more grossly deficient. To state a case in the most forceful manner requires no small dexterity of management, and nicety of execution. The historian of his cause should be both succinct, which is to discard every extraneous idea, and concise, which is to reject every superfluous word, to avoid circumlocution, to select the most appropriate and energetic terms. Policy frequently renders it advisable for him, to affect concealment, where it is most important to have the fullest disclosure; to shade particular facts, but in such a manner, that the veil may be transparent; to let in upon others only a measured portion of light, so that they may be but dimly seen, or viewed obscurely, as we descry an object by the glimmering of the stars.

Sublustrique aliquid dant cernere noctis in umbra.

These artifices are, however, of little avail; if they be not themselves completely invisible. They are only tolerated, as theft was admitted at Lacedæmon: The unskilful, besides the humiliation of miscarriage, must undergo penalties of guilt. Brevity and perspicuity are the two leading traits of an able statement, and they exact the same conditions. When a case is but imperfectly understood, it is often ascribable, less to the obscurity, than to the length of the narration. Whatever does not help to elucidate, or give additional interest, must weaken the general impression. *Quidquid non juvat, obstat.* No circumstances are to be pressed foward, which must, from the context, be already known, or easily divined: none to be unnessarily repeated, or introduced but in their proper place and natural order.

The arrangement of words in a discourse, is tot he ear what colours are to the eye in painting. The reputation of a lawyer must greatly depend upon a fluent and copious elocution. In this respect, Nature left nothing undone for Mr. Winchester; but the materials he received were not wrought upon with a degree of care and labor suitable to their excellence. His style was of that order, to which Cicero allots the third place in his scale of diction; pure, clear and elegant; not deficient, either in strength, or beauty, or novelty of expression; with too much sobriety of ornament, however, and temperance of manner, for one who ought to have aspired to the fame of an orator. His feelings were ardent, and, when roused, they transfused a considerable share of their warmth into his language, and his gesture. But in general, there was not much of the penetrative fire of sentiment, or the enthusiastic glow of imagination: no foaming eddies, no impassioned tones, no magnificient figures, no vivid hues, nothing elaborate in the structure, rapid in the current, or majestic in the march, of his periods. In neglecting the more lofty flights, or striking attitudes of language, he was probably influenced, not by any dread of the persevering toil requisite for their attainment, but by an opinion generally received, and industriously propagated, because it serves as an opiate to indolence, and a consolation to sterility, that they are repugnant to the good sense, and adverse to the spirit, of a modern Court of Justice. If we had not the authority of history, and the example of some of our contempories, to prove, that the utmost perfection, in the mechanism of oratory, is not incompatible with depth of knowledge and solidity of reasoning; were mankind no longer subject to the influence of the imagination, or to the delusions of the heart; if courts and juries were exclusively occupied with statutes and precedents, courses and distances; if a lawyer had no other verdict to stimulate his exertions than that of the sheriff's pannel, no other recompence than his fee, no other theatre for an exhibition of capacity than the forum, our youth would perhaps do well to trample on all the ornaments of Rhetoric; to assimilate their language, as nearly as possible, to the bald idiom of algebra; to cultivate

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monotony as a tribute to pure intelligence. But such is not the case.—The Law, although a mysterious science, is not merely a profitable trade. We worship the Goddess of Fame, and she is not a divinity, to be propitiated by a special plea, however technically accurate; she is not to be addressed in the style of a declaration; she requires wreaths of flowers, culled with tase, and interwoven with skill: votive offerings to be laid on her altars, and the luminous digression of a pregnant and vigorous mind, the warm effusions of a feeling heart, the brilliant gleams of a vivid imagination. The profession of the law is, in this country, a seminary of legislators. They need not be told of what importance are the arts of speech to the satisfactory discharge of their duty, and to their political advancement. In popular governments, eloquence speaks the language of a monarch; every where else, that of a courtier.

I do not demand the *Roman* orator, such as he who best realized the picture describes him, combining almost every quality that can serve to exalt the dignity of the human understanding:—the subtlety of the dialectician, the erudition of the philosopher, the memory of the jurist, the fancy and language of the poet, the voice and gesture of the tragedian. *In oratori, acumen dialecticorum, sententiæ philosophorum, verba propè poetarum, memoria jurisconsultorum, vox tragœdorum, gestus pœne summorum actorum.*—He sunk into the same tomb with Cicero, as, in the departments of the painter, the statuary, and perhaps of the musician, we have seen many noble imitations, but nothing that has, as yet, rivalled the perfection of the original. With our present feelings and habits, it would be folly to recommend, and credulity to expect, the unqualified adoption of those arts, by which the prodigies of ancient eloquence were effectuated. That "*Olympian thunder*," which threw all Greece into a ferment, which dislocated the frame of empires which shook the solid structure of the Macedonian power to its deepest foundations, which made Philip tremble in the midst of his redoubtable phalanx, is to be forged in a higher and brighter region than the dun atmosphere of a lawyer's office. The *children of heroes*, as the orators of Athens were emphatically denominated, must be formed in some other school. But, although the age of heroism be past, we may still aim at the exploits of men. If we cannot enjoy the majesty and pomp of the Dorian harmony, we still retain the piercing and pathetic tones of the Lydian. The violent convulsions and the excruciating agonies, exhibited in the group of Laocoon, infuse terror, and kindle all the enthusiasm of admiration; the mild languor expressed in the attitude, and diffused over the countenance, of the Dying Gladiator, awakens feelings less sublime, but scarcely less powerful—the throbs of tender distress; "the swellings of the softened heart." Neither the vices, nor the crimes, nor the passions, nor the miseries, nor the sensibilities of mankind are yet extinguished. They lay open an ample field to one who would have the diligence to watch, the courage to seize, and the skill to improve, the concurrence of opportunity. The speaker may still indulge, without restraint, the most lively feelings of a compassionate nature, the warmest language of passion, the most exquisite pathos of a high-wrought peroration; but not until, by a species of enchantment, like that of the magic wand of Harlequin, he has chained down the minds of his auditory to one posture; while he has them in the same state of tension, and attuned them in unison with his own; until the electric shock is felt, and communicated; until they have caught his infectious ardor, and glow with all the fervor of the subject. When the eye of benevolence begins to sparkle, the tear of compassion to roll, or the murmur of indignation to be heard, he is released from his shackles, he has no longer any thing to fear: he may then, as it were, throw himself into the crowd; he then no longer appears to give, but to follow, the impulse; no longer to be hurried away by the im-

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petuosity of his own feelings, but by the tumultuous passions of his audience, and by thus incorporating himself with them, by this action and reaction, his victory is secure, his triumph becomes complete.

The increasing infirmities of a debilitated frame compelled Mr. Winchester, before the age of thirty, to relinquish the exercises of the Bar, for the less oppressive, though arduous, duties of the Bench. The prominence of merit served as his recommendation, not the artifices of intrigue, or the prejudices of political communion. He entered upon his station, deeply impressed with its awful importance, fortified by a just reliance on his own powers, and animated by the pleasing consciousness of possessing the esteem and confidence of his former associates. The first qualification we usually demand in a judge, is *legal* capacity. I can scarcely conceive a more noxious, and at the same time a more miserable being, than one ignorant of the law, which he undertakes to expound. If his motive for embracing a charge to which he feels himself incompetent be the cupidity of gain, he begins by prostituting the most august of all functions to the most despicable of all passions. If his ambition prompt him to assume a character which his presumption leads him to suppose he may fulfil, he merits the fate that rewarded the rashnes of Uzza, for stretching forth a feeble and unhallowed hand, to uphold the ark of the Lord. Instead of being a priest of justice, regularly initiated, and deputed, like the Roman Vestal, or the Persian Magus, to watch over the perpetuity of the sacred flame, he is a sacrilegious intruder, that prophanes the temple, and dishonors the ministry. To disentangle the intricacies, to apply the principles, to extend the consequences, to reconcile the contradictions, and to elucidate the spirit of a vast and irregular code, are the daily duties of his office, for which no elevation of genius, or depth of penetration, can singly qualify him; but, on the contrary, the very lights that would enable him to tread with security and satisfaction, in any other path, in this may only serve to lead him astray. Without the torch of *legal science* he must be forever involved in darkness and perplexity. He will be compelled to select, as guides, those whose tract it was his duty to illuminate, but whose interest it is to mislead him; and whom, instead of wielding, as auxiliary troops, in his crusade against sophistry and chicane, he converts into insidious enemies, or merciless tyrants. Conscious of his impotency, his mind must either continually oscillate like a pendulum, or be open to the dominion of every usurper. He can never dare to trust himself beyond the narrow circle of his own experience, lest he should fall at every step, nor ever go right, without having reason to fear that he may be wrong. Should he adopt that intrepidity of decision, which belongs almost exclusively to ignorance, and attempt to cut the Gordian knot, that he is too inexpert to unravel, his temerity is criminal, although crowned with success, and the adjudication, as it passes from his lips, can never fail to impregnate them with all the bitterness of unavailing regret. Who, then, can be surprised at the spectacle which our courts so often exhibit, if the brows of the magistrate, instead of a laurel-wreath, should often appear to be pressed by a crown of thorns; if, instead of the mild joy and modest elation of a legitimate sovereign on his throne, he should display on the bench the shame and confusion of a fraudulent and timid usurper; instead of the cheerful alacrity, but pious solicitude, of an able general in the field of battle, the gloom and hesitation of a galley-slave, dragging, with sullen reluctance, the insupportable weight of his chain; if, instead of carrying up with him to the judgment-seat, the simplicity of truth, the composure of philosophy, the wisdom of the law, and the disinterestedness of justice, the characteristic virtues of the judge should be banished, to give visible activity to the grosser passions of the man; if, making those passions the measure of his interest, and his interest the measure of his duty, he should rest satisfied, in committing his decisions to the

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sallies of caprice, the fluctuations of chance, or the variations of every wind of doctrine; if, perhaps dead to the pains of reflection, and blind to the finger of scorn, he should make the bench a place of careless repose, and seem to consider the hours slumbered away in court, as so much time sacrificed to the enlargement of his income, but stolen from the avocations of pleasure, or the engagements of business; if the dissipation of mind, depicted in this vacancy of his countenance, should destroy the confidence of the litigant, and palsy the exertions of the advocate; if, in fine, his inaction should be a subject of ridicule, and his exertion of contempt.

The range of Mr. Winchester's general enquiries, and notwithstanding his youth, the maturity of his judgment, particularly fitted him to preside in a tribunal which, possessing an equitable jurisdiction, admits of more latitude of discussion than a mere court of common law, and must be guided, in a certain degree, by the conclusions of an enlightened reason, the prolegomena of every code, and the ground-work of the morality of all nations. To the qualities usually incident to his situation, the judge of such a court has to unite those of a legislator: the same prophetic sagacity, excursive views, and patient force of thought. He should understand Law, as it is, or ought to be, a body of general and systematic equity, each department of which has its fundamental principles all terminating, like radii from the same circumference, in one common centre. It is these principles, and their mutual dependence, that he should thoroughly comprehend; it is to this centre that he should be able to trace all his determinations. To extend the benefits of justice to cases of much variety and intricacy of detail, he should have contemplated this august Divinity, in her native proportions, and listened to her dictates, without the intervention of man. His circumspection should increase with his responsibility. In the investigation of a cause, it is his duty to weigh well every circumstance; to scrutinize every motive; to leave no point of view unessayed: to distrust the promptitude of his apprehension, lest he should be dazzled by the first ray of light that beams upon him; the depth of his penetration, lest he should stop short at the surface; the nicety of his discrimination, lest he should be misled into the refinements of subtlety. He should keep a strict watch over his imagination, for fear of a triumph over his reason.—Even his love of justice may prove a source of error.—The heart may sometimes be too precipitate for the judgment. The intemperate ardor of his feelings may hurry him into an act of injustice.—He has to guard, therefore, not merely against the gross seductions of interest, and the malignity of resentment, but against the bias of affections and the prejudices of virtue. The Ancients, in portraying Themis, with a bandage over her eyes, and a balance in her hand, present a fine idea of the true character of a Judge. There is another image, which I would incessantly offer to his contemplation; that of the first Brutus, pronouncing sentence of death on his sons, imbruing his hands in the blood of his own children, as an atonement to the violated justice of his country! or the venerable form of Papinian, presenting to Caracalla, the imperial fratricide, that judicial anathema, which was to serve as a warrant for his immediate execution.

Those who knew Mr. Winchester will recollect how admirably he fulfilled the obligations and surmounted the difficulties of his station. Always scrupulously delicate, rigidly impartial, and indefatigably laborious, the tenor of his judicial deportment was uniformly such as to give credit to probity, and additional weight to the laws. He was remarkable for the success with which he maintained the dignity of the bench, and the privileges of the bar. Respect to both must greatly conduce to their mutual integrity. A Judge does well to arrest that profusion of wanton invective, and those indecent altercations at the bar, which not only wound the delicacy of virtue, but even, if I may be allowed the expression, offend the decorum of vice:

Sceptrum tenens mollitque animas et temperat iras.

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to throw the ægis of his talents over a timid or illiterate witness, in order to preserve some kind of equipoise between the attack and the defence: to correct those ruinous delays, which often make the cost of the pursuit more than the value of the prize; which despoil the vanquished, without benefitting the victor, and only serve to augment the preponderance of the rich, and embitter the miseries of the poor. But, in circumscribing the bar within what he may deem the bounds of moderation, he must be careful not to transcend the limits of his own authority. As long as they do no more than exercise that freedom of enquiry which is an essential attribute of their profession, he owes them the most patient and undiverted attention. In the warmth of his zeal, to "break the grinders of the oppressor, and pluck the prey from his mouth," he is still to recollect, that his province is to act, not as counsel, but as judge; the most absolute necessity can alone justify an interference in the conduct of their cause; much less should that interference arise from the secret bias of partiality, the fretfulness of impatience, or the ostentation of prurient learning.

In the practical skill of Mr. Winchester the counsel found a sure remedy; for inexperience of the minute and technical details of business, the client, for the deficiencies of his counsel, an ample substitute; the rapid and just perception of his judge: no veteran pleader possessed a more thorough acquaintance, with the *homonymiæ* and *antinomiæ*, the cases of repetition and opposition, that swell the magnitude, and destroy the harmony of the law, or distinguished with more promptitude those subtle elements, that determine their precise character, and so easily elude the search of a common vision. Not satisfied with what the labor of his youth had amassed, or trusting merely to the additional stores which experience might yield, he devoted to solitary application, most of the hours unoccupied by the duties of his office. He was convinced, as every lawyer must be, that his education terminates only with his life; that, in the law, as in the quadrature of the circle, and the infinite series of the mathematician, there is a continual approximation to, without ever attaining the object in view; that the most learned judge is, at best, but a student, and that, whatever may be his age, or his capacity, he is still far removed from the entire possession of that stock of knowledge which his profession can furnish, or which even its daily exigencies may require. His private life was as exemplary as his public was beneficial. His humanity, in both, would have eminently fitted him to be of that celebrated tribunal, which proscribed one of its members, for having crushed a bird that sought refuge in his bosom. His deportment was uniformly modest, without reserve, cheerful without levity, and grave without arrogance. Always affable and instructive, his company was sought with eagerness, and never left without regret. His heart must have continually whispered to him, even in the agonies of expiration, that consoling language which the Scripture puts in the mouth of a righteous judge, as an antidote to the anguish of pain and the treachery of hope: "Because the ear heard, there-
"fore it blessed me: the eye also saw,
"therefore it bare testimony for me.
"I was a father to the poor. I put on
"righteousness, and it clothed me, like
"a robe; my justice was also a dia-
"dem."

His memory will be long cherished, and the benefit of his example, I hope, long felt, by the gentlemen of the bar, with whom he lived in the strictest union, and most cordial friendship. When such talents and virtues arise among them, they diffuse a lustre over the profession, which extends even to the lowest of its members: a ray of professional glory illuminates every individual. In proportion to the warmth with which they reverence, and the fidelity with which they imitate, so illustrious an example, will be the degree of public esteem, attached to their character. To preserve it from contempt and degradation, it is incumbent upon them to watch over their indi-

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vidual fame, with all the jealous sensibility of honor; because when a public body is once indifferent about the infamy of its members, that infamy must soon become general. Their virtues are possessed *in solidum;* their vices will be equally so, unless openly and honestly discountenanced. Honor should be the informing soul, the great spring of action, with a class of citizens, whose functions are of the most exalted nature, whose existence is, in some manner, built upon public confidence, and in the discharge of whose duty every thing is confidential. Their relative position demands much reciprocal confidence, for which they have no other guarantee than a punctilious regard to good faith, bottomed, if possible, upon the *solid rock* of virtue, but where it cannot be supposed to exist, upon the operative dread of shame. Self-interest points out to them the necessity of rendering this foundation secure. Their mutual communications should be exempt from every feeling of disquietude, and every suspicion of infidelity; otherwise, they must become a source of dissension and disgust, instead of being "the ark of their covenant," the basis of a delightful intercourse, and the cement of an indissoluble union. Let the moral and intellectual qualifications of the student be *seriously* and vigilantly scrutinized prior to his initiation: let him be taught to believe that he is to belong to an order of men, who, conscious of being set apart from the rest of mankind, as the depositaries of their fortunes, of their best interests, of their most important secrets, and often of their lives and their honor, acknowledge and venerate the sublimity of their vocation; who view their employments as, in some respects, analogous to those of the angels, that officiate around the throne of the Most High; and who, therefore, expect them to be discharged, with almost the same sanctity of character and purity of zeal: who estimate the integrity of their fame more than the augmentation of their wealth, and who are therefore scrupulously nice in their ideas of decorum, and inflexibly rigid in stigmatizing even the most trivial impropriety; an order of men, who regard it as their habitual ministry, who feel emulation without envy, and practice competition without jealousy; to espouse the interests, but regret the intemperance, of the suitor; to deliberate with coolness on what is to be defended with warmth; to preserve mutual concord in the midst of daily contentions; to be always rivals, never enemies; always jealous, never passionate; always circumspect, never distrustful; who never confound violence with zeal, energy with invective, ingenuity with chicane, asperity with force, or calumny with reprehension. By instituting a system of discipline, calculated to infuse these opinions, and to secure them, at least, outward respect, they might, perhaps, succeed in kindling that enthusiasm of honour which may now appear a ridiculous chimera: like the ideal models of Plato, the eternal archetypes of the mind, the bright visions of imagery, might possibly conduce to the attainment of much practical perfection; panegyrics on the dignity of their character would become something more than empty declamation, and the profession of the law might be purged of those impurities which now debase its excellence, and tarnish its lustre.

For the Port Folio.

The Prussian minister at the court of London has transmitted to Doctor Rush, of this city, by order of the King of Prussia, a gold medal, as an acknowledgment of the high sense entertained by the Royal medical college of Berlin, of the Doctor's answers to certain questions proposed to him, and of several of his publications on the cause, method of preventing, and cure, of the yellow fever.

Dr. REES'S CYCLOPÆDIA.

The first half Volume of this valuable Work is just published by Mr. Samuel F. Bradford, and we are happy to perceive that it is, on the whole, much superior to the London edition. The

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plates are admirably engraved, and the typographical part is executed with great care and neatness.

The second half Volume is now in the Press; which will receive additional beauty from the use of a brilliant unchangeable Ink, lately brought to perfection by Mr. Watts. If the first half volume had been printed with good Ink, we might have pronounced it one of the handsomest specimens of typography produced in this country.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Philadelphia, April 7th, 1806.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As the editor of a work which sometimes reviews the drama, you have, perhaps, noticed the advertisement of a new play, called the *Fox Chase*, and written by a resident of Philadelphia. Few dramatic compositions have been hitherto produced in America; yet these few have, for the most part, been issued into notice under very inauspicious circumstances. Partly from the original disappointment of public expectation, and partly from the contagion of fashion, a prejudice (perhaps I use too strong a term) has arisen against the very mention of an American play, the exhibition of which is attended, not with hopes of entertainment, but rather with sentiments of compassion. I can feel little pride in experiencing the good nature of a friend, without possessing the consent of his judgment. Of the good wishes of an American audience an American is ever sure. Clemency is a prominent feature in their character; and if they do not approve, they seldom *collectively* condemn. To earn the approbation of their judgments is a task more difficult: Some wrong impressions seem a serious obstacle to the success of the author, and sink him in their estimation, not from fancied eminence (for to eminence he does not aspire), but from a modest mediocrity, into a being entitled to their commiseration.

You will, no doubt, admit a few of my remarks on another point, when you are told my alarm, after having directed all my efforts toward an imitation of the *Modern Comedy*, to find this species of the drama condemned. In the Port-Folio of Saturday last an article appeared, which has much depressed my hopes, and the more so as it seems strengthened by the pen of so judicious and so pleasing a writer as Goldsmith. With his judgment in general I cannot sufficiently accord, but in the present instance I lament a wide difference of opinion. Allow me, then, to urge against his authority that of writers whose taste is equally respected—and against his arguments occasional ones of my own. Congreve, I doubt not, "never dreamt of a comic muse in mourning," but I doubt whether his dramas are, therefore, the more rational. Johnson, speaking of his Old Bachelor, says: "The dialogue is one constant reciprocation of conceits or flashes of wit, in which nothing flows necessarily from the occasion, or is dictated by nature." And he remarks generally on this play, that "his schemes exhibit not much of humour, imagery, or passion; his persons are a kind of intellectual gladiators; every sentence is to ward or strike; his wit is a meteor playing to and fro with alternate coruscations." This attention to brilliant conceits, and to brilliant conceits only, tends to destroy all discrimination of character, and though it may of itself unfold the author's wit, something more is necessary to convince us of his insight into human nature. And here, perhaps, we may discover the difference between the old and the new comedy:* the former may be considered as the vehicle of studied *bon mot* and formal *repartee*, the latter of occasionally humorous and occasionally serious instruction. The author of the old exerts his genius to make all his characters epigrammatists; the author of the new, to make one part of *his*, representations of the follies of mankind, and one part, of their vices and misfortunes. In truth, the old comedy, for the most part, represents a club of wits assembled together to outvie one another—to its personages may be applied what a writer has remarked on the character of Garth's poem, that "what any one says might with equal propriety be said by another." As to Cibber, I cannot conceive that any one of his comedies (the Non-Juror excepted) could preserve his memory—'twas Pope, who immortalised him in the Dunciad. I have not a Horace at hand, and therefore cannot refer to the particular verses; but if my memory is correct, in some part of his Ars Poetica he sanctions with his voice an admission of the comic and serious into the same piece. But we are told, that "as Tragedy displays the calamities of the great, so Comedy should excite our laughter by ridiculing and exhibiting the follies of the lower part of mankind"—that "the distresses of the mean by no means affect us as strongly as the calamities of the great;" that "while we melt for Belisarius, we scarce give halfpence to the beggar who accosts us in the street. The one has our pity, the other our contempt." Is it then with the great only we can sympathise—persons whose lives and habits are so far remote from common eyes as to fall within observation, only when exhibited on the stage? Can their distresses command our tears, while the misfortunes of persons of the same grades in society with ourselves, whose habits and manners are

* I confine my remarks to English Comedy.

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our own, cannot move our feelings? Shall we feel less at an honest man being turned out of a counting-house, where on his employ the whole subsistence of his family depended, than when an honest minister is turned out of office? Shall we exclude our pity with the illiberal thought, that it is a *tradesman* who claims it? Who will, who can, in reading the tragi-comedy, the Benevolent Hebrew, guard his feelings with such a cold, ungenerous reflection? It is said too, that "humour at present seems to be departing from the stage." The *School for Scandal*, *School of Reform*, *Speed the Plough*, *the Poor Gentleman*, and many, many other modern comedies disprove this assertion. But, beside humour, the new comedy aims to preserve decency and to touch the heart, a consideration, too little regarded by the old. "To deck out the hero with a ribband, or give the heroine a title, then to put an insipid dialogue, without character or humour, into their mouths," are expedients not more common to the modern than to the ancient; though I must allow the former only is liable to "a pathetic act or melancholy conversation." Johnson, however, fully approves occasional scenes of the "melancholy" kind, as will appear in the following quotation from his Rambler, No. 156. "I know not," says he, "whether he who professes to regard no other laws but those of nature will not be inclined to receive tragi-comedy to his protection, whom, however generally condemned, her own laurels have hitherto shaded from the fulminations of criticism. For what is there in the mingled drama which reason can condemn? The connexion of important with trivial incidents, since it is not only common but perpetual in the world, may surely be allowed upon the stage, which pretends only to be the mirror of life. The impropriety of suppressing passions before we have raised them to the intended agitation, and of diverting the expectation for an event which we keep suspended only to raise it, may be speciously urged. But will not experience show this objection to be rather subtle than just? Is it not certain that the tragic and comic affections have been moved alternately with equal force, and that no plays have oftener filled the eye with tears, and the breast with palpitation, than those which are variegated with interludes of mirth?" I cannot conclude the subject more safely than with the above dispassionate reasoning of so eminent a critic. May I be permitted to hope, Sir, that if you condescend to notice my production, in pointing out its faults, you will make allowance for the inexperience of a young writer; and in exposing its evil tendencies, if any, you will attribute them to inadvertence, not design.

I am, Sir,
With much respect,
Your obd't servant,
THE AUTHOR.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In examining the fourth number of your new and highly interesting series, I read a piece containing sentiments which, as far as they extend, are in perfect unison with my own. But every one must perceive that the tendency of the production is to lop away the feeble and comparatively inoffensive germs of an alarming evil, while the noxious trunk remains unassailed. Says the Lounger, "I require of no man more than probity requires." "Let him speak the truth, and keep his word, and I have nothing to say." With the Lounger, in this place, I cannot rest. Virtue is a genus, of which truth is a species; to demand a tribute for the one, while the other is unnoticed, would be an absurdity in ethics. For the preservation of consistency (I suppose), he afterwards observes, that he is "not disposed to give precepts of too circumscribing a nature." And adds, "I think much harm is done to morals by a minute, vexatious, and I may say impertinent interference." My disposition is not marked with monkish austerity, nor with that illiberality of sentiment which disgraces the different sectaries of religion; yet I cannot remain silent and unconcerned, when I see a man who has been guilty of the most criminal indulgences, and whose only merit is, that he has not published them to the world. I can look with an indulgent eye at this slight aberration of youth from the rigid rules of prudence, and the path of rectitude. For I can recognize that we were once all young; that we had our amusements, and our pleasures; "I can remember such things now, and that they were most dear to me." The principle which the Lounger is assiduous to inculcate, is that of secrecy in those young men who have passed moments of rapturous emotion, in tender dalliance with the other sex. To this point he calls upon their honour, and that sacred love of truth, which every individual ought to cherish and cultivate. Although any one who has checquered the once spotless innocence of a female mind, by the trite arts of systematic seduction, would be base, would be villanous indeed, to betray the secret, yet it is problematical whether the cause of chastity is aided, by enforcing the principle of the Lounger.

It is evident that females are deprived of indulging the natural impulse, by that love of character without which this world is to them a lively emblem of future woe.

If it was universally the custom of young men never to reveal their victories in the petty skirmishes of Venus, it is clear that the danger of a female's losing her character, by an imprudence of this serious nature, would be much less than what it now is; and of course that her inducement to abstain from the pleasing contact would be dimi-

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nished in the same proportion. The plain inference is, therefore, that intercourses of this kind would be much more frequent.

But, waving all ideas of the policy of an impression of this kind upon the minds of young men, and even admitting that such an impression would be followed by a favorable effect, still, I say, the Lounger does not begin in the right place. He should have struck at the roots of this Bohan Upas, and then, by its eradication, "each small annexment, petty consequence, would attend the boisterous ruin." The Lounger, by inculcating simply an adherence to our engagements on such occasions, or by making that alone the burden of his dissertation, admits by implication that the mere act of seduction is in itself inoffensive to the laws of morality. In charity for his moral sentiments, we cannot but allow that this is wide of his intention. But if an assassin, in lecturing his compeers, should urge to them the injustice, and dishonour, of rifling the pocket of those unhappy victims, whom they had bereaved of their existence, would they not, judging from the discourse, conclude that assassination was in itself right; or at least an act of indifference? By parity of reasoning, would not the young lecher draw the same inferences, mutatis mutandis?

It is to be wished that endeavours to restrain young men from the practice of seductive arts were at once more frequent and more cogent. We all look up to the Arbitrii Elegantiarum, who wield in a great measure the sceptre of public opinion, and who ought to be the watchful guardians of their country's morals, to pour down the general censure upon this encreasing and alarming vice. We know from experience that a sense of honour is no restraint. Honour in the mouths of most people is Vox et præterea nihil. If honour, where its laws are understood, will sanction and give rein to the most malignant and bloody passions of our nature, as in duelling, it certainly can afford no restraint upon seduction, where the crime is considered as comparatively small, and where the passions are almost equally engaged. Virtue itself can hardly withstand the salt and fiery passions of mankind. Unhappily for the human race, a wide distinction has obtained between honour and virtue; a distinction clothed with miseries of every description. The virtuous man is subservient to the precepts of that God, the "rustling of whose attire causeth lightning and earthquake; while the shadow of his garment blotteth out the sun." The man of honour subjects himself to the capricious dogmas of a part of his fellow creatures. He freely sacrifices his own sentiments, the happiness of his friends and dearest relatives, together with his own life, on the blood-stained altar of public opinion. I cordially concur with every good man in the utmost detestation of the practice of duelling; yet the difference between duelling and seduction, in point of deliberate wickedness, and calamitous consequences, I think, must decrease, upon a contemplation of the subject.

Picture in your imagination a family wealthy, respectable, and happy; whose hopes are concentrated in an only child. At first it was the pledge of their mutual love; then their play-thing in a leisure hour; afterwards it puts off childish airs, and retains nothing but her infant innocence; an innocence that might adorn an angel's mind. At this crisis, what are the feelings of the parents? Their "being's end and aim," their every effort, their every care, like the radii of a circle, tend to her as a central point, to which all their views are directed, and from which all their happiness proceeds. They look forward, with tender solicitude, to the hour which shall unite her in the silken bonds of matrimony, to a person respectable, virtuous, and worthy as herself. The time is fast approaching. A young gentleman from a neighbouring town solicits her attention. His person such as a virgin might dream of, notwithstanding the purity of her mind; his understanding marked with that energy and subtilty, which, if rightly directed, would "stem the torrent of a downward age." By the dignity of his deportment he wins her confidence; he breathes in her ear the liquid music of love. Simple, ardent, and unhackneyed in the ways of affectation, she reciprocates his endearing expressions by the beaming intelligence of her eye. Watching the crisis of her passion, with a vigilance and penetration, that might grace a better cause, he paints in vivid colours the exstacy of connubial caresses. Her mind, formerly unruffled as the "mantling pool," is now the alembick of passion. Cool prudence is dethroned, by the crazy attacks of a heated mind; and her tears and heaving breast are the signals to the villain. Her reliance upon his honour is now the only anchor of her hope. She calls upon him to renew his protestations, and fulfil his vows: surfeited by the delicious luxuries of the banquet, he smiles at her simplicity. The perjured monster quits her with barbarous indifference, and leaves with her a memento of his villany and her fatal imprudence; an imprudence not the offspring of a vicious mind, but of passion, and unlimited confidence in the virtue of others. Her parents lament her untimely fate: with her they indulge in all the luxury of grief; their hopes are blasted; their idol is no more; they anticipate with pleasure their exit from a world of wo; their grey hairs shall sink down in sorrow to the grave.

HORTENSIUS.

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For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In turning over the pages of Mr. Gifford's Juvenal, I found among the notes appended to that chaste production, the following happy translation of a passage of the Bacchides of Plautus; by that elegant scholar and just critic, which struck me, as being appositely appropriate and justly descriptive of that decadence of respect for the instructors of our youth, that so eminently characterizes the present generation: If Mr. Oldschool should be of a similar opinion, I should be much pleased by seeing it inserted in the Port-Folio.

Yours, &c.

T.

Time was, a tutor was obey'd, and fear'd,
'Till youth grew fit for office: now, alas!
Let him but chide a child of seven years old,
And the brat flings the tablets at his head—
You hasten to his father, and complain:
And what redress? aha! old Bumbrusher,
You see my boy here can defend himself,
So touch him at your peril. Thus aveng'd,
You hang your ears in silence, and sneak home,
With your cracked pate beplaistered and bepatch'd,
Like an old paper lantern!—

For the Port Folio.

Original letter of Mrs. Montagu to Mrs. W.B.

From the Censura Literaria.

Chaillot, Sep. 19, 1766.

Dear Madam,

I had the pleasure of receiving your obliging letter from the hands of a very lively polite French lady. Who she is I cannot learn, for, at Paris, every body does not know every body, as at London. Miss G—— and I were going to step into the coach with an intention to pass one night at Paris; but I changed my scheme, and insisted on Madame C—— staying the evening; she had travelled a great deal, and is very amusing. I have called twice at her door, but did not find her at home; she wrote me a very obliging note, to express her regret. I do not know whether I mentioned to you that I was disgusted with the noise and dirtiness of an hotel garni. I had the best apartments in the best hotel at Paris. In my drawing room I had a fine lustre, noble looking-glasses, velvet chairs; and, in my bed-chamber, a rich bed with a superb canopy. Poets and philosophers have told us that cares and solicitudes lurk under rich canopies, but they never told us, that at Paris, les punaises lie concealed there; small evils, it may be said; but I assure you as incompatible with sound sleep as the most formidable terrors or the wildest dreams of ambition. I did not rest well at night, and, in the day, for the few hours I was chez moi, I did not enjoy that kind of comfort one feels at home; so I was determined to have an habitation quite to myself. I got a pretty small house at Chaillot, with the most delightful prospect; it was unfurnished, so I hired furniture. I had not brought house-linen, but I found a Flemish linen-draper; then I composed my establishment of servants; I have, of English, French, Italians, Germans, and Savoyards; they cannot combine against me, for they hardly understand one another, but they all understand me, and we are as quiet and orderly as possible. I was not ten days, from the time I hired my house, before I inhabited it. I made use of it at first as an house to sleep in at night, and to visit from in the day, but I soon found out that it was a house in which one might dine and ask others to dinner. I got an excellent cook, who had lived with the Prince of Wirtemburgh, and have since had duchesses, and fine ladies, and learned academicians, to dine with me; and I live à la mode de Paris, as much as if I was a native. I have usually only a pair of horses; but when I go to visit, or any where at a distance, the man of whom I hire them furnishes me with six and a postilion, so that I have all manner of accommodations.

I placed the boys and Mr. B—— at a French school, half a quarter of a mile from hence, where they have an opportunity of talking French all day, as well as learning it by rule. If they had been here, the boys must have been continually with servants, for my nephew being too old for a plaything, and not yet a man, it would have been impossible to have introduced him into company. A little child is the prettiest of animals, but of all companions, to be sure, a human being, before it is at years of rational discourse, is the worst, except to those who have a parental affection for them; and though I think it no shame to own I have a wonderful delight in my nephew, whom I have, in a manner, brought up, I should be very absurd to expect other people should take more pleasure in my nephew than I do in their nephews; nor do I think the conversation of mixed society very good for children. Things are often thrown out in a careless imperfect manner, so as to be very dangerous to young minds; as indigested food fills the body, indigested opinions do the mind, with crudities and flatulencies, and, perhaps, there is not any place where a young person could be in more danger of being hurt by society than at Paris. Till I had conversed so intimately with the French I did not imagine they were so different from us in their opinions, sentiments, manners, and modes of life, as I find them. In every thing they seem to think perfection and excellence to be that which is at the greatest distance from simplicity. I verily believe that if they had the ambrosia of the gods served at their table, they would perfume it, and they would make a ragout sauce to nectar; we know very well they would put rouge on the

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cheek of Hebe. If an orator here delivers a very highly adorned period, he is clapt; at the academy, where some verses were read, which were a translation of Homer, the more loud the applause; at their tragedies an extravagant verse of the poets and an outrageous action of the actor is clapped. The Corinthian architecture is too plain, and they add ornaments of fancy. The fine Grecian forms of vases and tripods they say are triste, and, therefore they adorn them. It would be very dangerous to inspire young persons with this contempt of simplicity before experience taught choice or discretion. The business of the toilette is here brought to an art and a science. Whatever is supposed to add to the charm of society and conversation is cultivated with energy. That style of writing or conversation is the best that is always the most brilliant. This kind to a stranger who considers every object that presents itself as a sight and as a spectacle, I think would grow painful, if perpetual. I do not mean to say, that there are not some persons and some authors who, in their conversation and writings, have a noble simplicity, but, in general, there is too little of it. This taste of decoration makes every thing pretty, but leaves nothing great. I like my present way of life so well, I should be glad to stay here two months longer, but to avoid the dangers of a winter sea and land journey I shall return, as I intended, the first week in October.

I had a very agreeable French lady to dine with me to-day, and am to dine with her at Versailles on Sunday. As she is a woman of the bed-chamber to the queen, she was obliged (being now in waiting) to ask leave to come to me; the queen, with her leave, said something very gracious concerning the character of your humble servant. The French say so many civil things, from the highest of them to the lowest, I am glad I did not come to Paris when I was young enough to have my head turned.

We are going to sup with a most charming Marquise de Dufants, who being blind, and upwards of four-score, is polite and gay, and I suppose we shall stay till after midnight with her. I hope to contrive to get a peep at you in my journey through Kent.

Miss G—— desires her best compliments. I have sent you a copy of Voltaire's saucy letter on a translation of Shakspeare appearing at Paris; he was very wroth. Mr. Le Tournern, whom he abuses, is a very modest ingenious man. Voltaire is vexed that the French will see how often he has stolen from Shakspeare. I could have sent you some very pretty verses that were made on your humble servant and Miss G——; but I think satire is always more poignant than praise, and the verses on us were high panegyric.

I am, Dear Madam,
Your most affectionate Sister and Friend,
and faithful humble Servant,
E. MONTAGU.

VARIETY.

The following avowedly hasty production, was delivered at the New-Theatre on the night of Mr. Holland's benefit, during the exhibition of his picture of the siege of Derne:

When first this clay the Forming Hand
Touch'd with its own ethereal fire,
For this was given the magic Lyre,
And, with the boon, this high command,

That still, to every virtue true,
Its varied sounds, or sweet or strong,
Should to the Brave and Good give homage due
And swell for these alone the soul-enthralling song.

Nor less the Pencil's wond'rous art,
Enjoin'd to play this nobler part;
Enjoin'd, through every age, to trace
The Worthies of the human race,
On Valour's head to place unfading wreaths,
While all is glory round, and all the canvass breathes.

Captives forlorn,
From wives and children torn,
On a far-distant shore,
Columbia's sons barbarian fetters wore:

To EATON's hand Columbia trusts her cause;
His righteous sword the warrior draws;
Swift on her foes she sees her thunders hurl'd,
(The thunders of a New-born World):
His gallant march the Chief pursues, and saves
His groaning brethren from the gripe of slaves.

Such scenes, to-night, with patriot warmth portray'd,
To grace our stage, the Painter has display'd;
Here, to your eyes the zealous artist shows
How toil'd your heroes, and how fell your foes;
How generous EATON, in his country's might,
For You and Freedom dar'd the mortal fight;
Shows how O'BANNON, brave among the brave,
Taught Moors to dread the White Men of the wave:
Undaunted SPENCE! for thee the colours flow;
For thee, DECATUR, still they warmer glow!

O Freemen! cherish the diviner arts,
Friends of your rights, and tutors of your hearts!
Bright in her charms, let Virtue beam in view;
Lov'd be the substance, lov'd the picture too!
So shall your Youth to honest deeds aspire,
So shall your Country catch the glorious fire;
So shall your Vet'rans, in each grateful breast,
Find the best Sweet'ner of the Soldier's rest;
So shall this Land, to Independence dear,
Nor foreign nor domestic tyrant fear.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

ANACREONTIC.

When May-day with rosy mien,
Day of days the blushful queen,
Dancing 'midst the sportive hours,
Breathing fragrance, crown'd with flow'rs,
Scattered o'er the verdant hills,
And along the rushy rills,
Lucid rills that murmuring swell,
Cowslips, pinks, and asphodel,
In the corner of my grove,
I've an altar rais'd to Love,
Love, the sweet, the darling boy,
King of kisses, god of joy!
Round his altar roses grew,
Blushing roses gemm'd with dew,
Flowery myrtles blossom'd there.
Breathing odours through the air;
In whose branches amorous doves
Chose their mates, and woo'd their loves,
Murmuring oft their tender tale,
Soft as harps that court the gale,
Oft, too oft, at rising day,
While with Thetis Phœbus lay,
Or when first his darting beams,
Streak'd the East with crimson gleams,
I around the altar sung,
Round it flowery garlands hung,
Sung devout a Sapphic lay,
Hung the sweetest flowers of May.

Vain! ah, vain the vows I paid!
Vain the sacrifice I made!
Cruel Love! ungrateful child!
First awhile propitious smil'd,
But a moment soon he chose,
Pregnant with unnumber'd woes,
And within my thoughtless heart
Deeply plung'd a poison'd dart!
Now, desirous but to die,
Stretched in burning pangs I lie;
I am haughty Celia's scorn,
I am hopeless and forlorn,
Celia! of the virgin train
Fairest, ficklest, and most vain!

Thus a shepherd sells his fields,
And a costly vessel builds,
Quits his peaceful cot, and sheep,
And is launch'd upon the deep;
Ah! not long his wanton sails
Swell their breasts to temp'rate gales,
Soon the sky is wrapt in glooms,
And the sire of tempests comes;
On the waves a moment tost,
Down he sinks, forever lost!
Doom'd to see his native shore,
Sheep, and cot, and peace no more!

TO SERENA,

WITH A ROSE-BUD.

For thee, sweet Girl, it was for thee
This flow'ret left its parent tree;
A happy wand'rer it hath stray'd,
With *thee* to linger and to fade,
One blissful moment to be prest,
Then smile, and droop and—perish on thy breast.
Trust me, did Heav'n the pow'r supply,
The truant blossom would not die;
But dwelling on thy bosom fair,
'Twould ever bloom uninjur'd there.
Oh that the flow'ret's fate were thine,
And *thou*, the *little truant*, mine!
'Tis whisp'ring love that points thy way,
And love will shield thee from decay;
From the weak form he'll brush the damps of night,
And rear the infant tendril to the light.
For, though the *flow'r may* droop and die,
Transported from its parent sky,
Immortal verdure waits the charms
Of beauty in a lover's arms.

LODINUS.

Philadelphia, April 5th.

EPIGRAMS.

On the report of the Royal family of France being taken in their flight to Varennes, by the King's stopping to drink a bottle of Burgundy.

Sire, said the anxious Queen, for God's sake think,
What it may cost us, if you stop to drink.
Ma'am, quoth the King, and tost a bumper down,
You know it cannot cost above a *crown*.

Young Corydon, a forward blade,
The offspring of a 'squire,
Address'd a lovely blooming maid
Whose father was a dyer.
"A dyer's daughter!" cries his dad,
What, marry her! O fie!"
Why not, sir, says the honest lad;
You know we all must *dye*.

A frigid rhymer, tho' an ardent lover;
The reason readily thou mays't discover,
That Phillis with thy passion is not pleas'd:
Thy verse puts out the spark thy love had rais'd.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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S. F. McCleary

THE

PORT FOLIO.

N° XVII.

RULES OF OSBORN'S CIRCULATING LIBRARY,

NEW-YORK.

I. SUBSCRIBERS who pay in advance, eight dollars yearly, four and a half, halfyearly, two and a half, quarterly, and one dollar, monthly, are entitled to four books at a time, the use of all the new and most expensive publications, and may change their books once every day.

II. Subscribers who pay in advance, six dollars yearly, three and a half, half yearly, two dollars, quarterly, and 75 cents, monthly, are entitled to two books at a time, the use of all, except the new and most expensive publications, and may change their books twice a week.

III. The Subcribers will receive a previous notice of the time when their subscriptions will expire, after which their books will not be changed again, until a new subscription shall be paid.

IV. Strangers, and occasional readers, to leave a deposit, and pay per week, or for any less time, if their books are changed), for each quarto, 25 cents; octavo, 18 cents; duodecimo, 12 cents.

V. No Subscriber will be allowed, at a time, more than one new set, and those who take more than their subscription entitles them to, will pay for the *extra* number, as occasional readers.

VI. To Subscribers in town, one week will be allowed for 4 duodecimos, and a fortnight for 2 octavos, or one quarto; after which, 25 cents a week will be exacted, until they are returned.

VII. Subscribers are to give in their names and places of abode, and those who subscribe for the use of another person are to have that circumstance noted in the Library book, out of the family in which they reside, are to forfeit their subscription.

VIII. If any book be written in, torn, or otherwise damaged, whilst in the keeping of a Subscriber, the whole set must be paid for.

COUNTRY SUBSCRIBERS, however distant their residence, will be supplied with any number of books desired.—With them, the terms of subscription depending on the number of books wanted, will be fixed at the Library. Suitable boxes, which hold from 10 to 20 books, will be provided for Country Subscribers, at their expense.

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THE following periodical publications, which are constantly received from London as soon as possible after publication, will be circulated *only* among Subscribers, at eight dollars a year.

They will be regularly imported FOR SALE, and forwarded to any part of the United States—for any persons directing the payment in New-York of one year's subscription at the prices affixed, which must be paid in advance.

The Zoological Magazine, (monthly) or elegant Museum of the rarities and curiosities in nature, forming an universal and complete system of natural history, according to the classification of Linnæus, comprehending the whole science of animals, plants, and minerals, divided into different parts, the characters separately described, and the most curious, uncommon, and surprising animals, pictured from real life, in copperplate engravings, highly finished, and most beautifully coloured; the whole formed from a complete and faithful translation of the works of Linnæus, enriched with every new discovery in animals, plants, &c. which has been made since his death by the late voyagers and travellers engaged in exploring the unknown parts of the world. This work is intended as a complete system of natural history: all hitherto published being in detached parts: and will form the only regular and systematic display of the three kindoms of nature, in the English language. London price, 1s. plain, 2s. stg. coloured, a no. Will be imported for American Subscribers at 4 and 8 dols. a year.

Annals of Agriculture, and other useful arts, collected and published (*quarterly*). By Arthur Young, Esq. F. R. S. The various information contained in this work on all subjects connected with agriculture, theoretical or practical, must render it an invaluable assistant to the gentleman farmer. London price, 2s. a number. Supplied to American Subscribers at 3 dols. a year.

The Farmer's Magazine, a periodical work, (published quarterly) exclusively devoted to agriculture and rural affairs. In this work (which in Britain is in very high estimation, and has a widely extended circulation,) is contained an account of every new improvement in husbandry and rural economics in general. London price, 2s. 6d. a number. Supplied to American Subscribers at 3 dols. 50 cts. a year.

The Sporting Magazine, (published monthly) or Monthly Calender of the transactions of the turf, the chace, and every other diversion interesting to the man of pleasure, enterprise, and spirit, including racing, shooting, coursing, hunting, hawking, cooking, fowling, fishing, sailing, cricketing, fencing, angling, duelling, horsemanship, farriery, pugilism, card-playing, draughts, backgammon, archery, pedestrian exercises, chess, billiards, &c. &c. together with such other subjects as appear best entitled to the attention of the sporting gentleman. London price, 1s. 6d. sterling a number. Supplied to American subscribers at 6 dols. a year. The above work is ornamented with engravings executed by the first artists.

Monthly Magazine—This work, which perhaps has a more widely extended circulation than any other of the same kind, contains, besides the original communications of learned and ingenious correspondents, memoirs of eminent persons, proceedings of learned societies, notices of new patents, intelligence on all subjects of literature, foreign and domestic, a brief notice of new publications of books, music, prints, &c. an half yearly retrospect of literature, and the fine arts, monthly state of public affairs, trade, manufactures, &c. report of diseases, marriages, and deaths, &c. &c. and a correct monthly list of all new publications in Great-Britain. London price, 1s. 6d. sterling a number. Will be furnished to American subcribers at 6 dols. a year.

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PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Christian Magazine, or Evangelical Repository, a periodical monthly publication, by a society of ministers, intended as a treasury of gospel doctrine, for counteracting the influence of error, and disseminating religious knowledge among persons of *all* denominations. [The profits arising from this work are appropriated to charitable purposes.] London price, 6d. sterling a number. Will be supplied to American subscribers at 2 dols. 25 cts. per annum.

The British Critic, (monthly.) This Review was begun in '93 with the avowed object of opposing the dangerous principles in religion, politics, and literature, so industriously propagated in England at that period, by the bold and enthusiastic disciples of the new philosophy. It has been continued with the same spirit with which it was begun, and has proved a most powerful check to the progress of those pernicious doctrines which threatened with dissolution, not only the constitution of England, but the whole fabric of social order, and the dearest interests of mankind, throughout the civilized world. London price, 2s. 6d. a number. Will be supplied at 10 dols. a year.

The Repertory of Arts, Manufactures, and Agriculture, (monthly.) [The second series of this very valuable work was begun June 1st, 1802. The old series consists of 16 vols. which also belong to the Library.] This work is intended to promote the knowledge, and improve the practice of the useful arts; containing correct copies of the specifications of patent inventions, as enrolled in Chancery, with engravings of the drawings; practical and interesting papers, selected from the philosophical transactions and scientific journals of all nations: original communications, monthly intelligence relating to the useful arts, and notices of all patents granted for inventions. London price, 2s. 6d. stg. a number. Will be supplied at 10 dols. a year.

The Annual Review, and History of Literature, Arthur Aikin, editor. One volume published annually. London price, one guinea. Will be supplied at 7 dols. a volume. Three volumes of this work only are published, it having been begun in 1802.

A Journal of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, and the Arts, (monthly) with copper-plates, by William Nicholson. London price, 2s. 6d. sterling. And will be supplied at 10 dols. a year.

The Critical Review, or Annals of Literature, extended and improved. [A new series, being the third, was begun January, 1804.] London price, 2s. 6d. stg. Will be supplied at 10 dols. a year.

The Edinburgh Review, or Critical Journal, (quarterly.) London price, 5s. stg. Will be supplied at 7 dols. a year.

Monthly Epitome and Literary Magazine, contains an analysis of new publications, monthly retrospect of English literature, original communications, biography of eminent persons, proceedings of learned societies, literary and philosophical intelligence, foreign literary intelligence, fine arts, domestic incidents, &c. a correct list of new publications, obituary. London price 1s. stg. Will be supplied at 4 dols.

European Magazine, (monthly.) London price, 1s. 6d. Will be supplied at 6 dols. a year.

The Medical and Chirurgical Review, or Compendium of Medical Literature, foreign and domestic, containing a copious account of new publications in medicine and surgery, together with a variety of miscellaneous information, relating to medicine, and the sciences connected therewith. One number published every other month. London price 2s. stg. a number. Will be supplied at 4 dols. a year.

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PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Annals of Philosophy, Natural History, Chemistry, Literature, and the Mechanical and Fine Arts, (published yearly.) Price uncertain, 3 vols are out, the 3d for the year 1802. Vol. 4 is to comprehend the philosophical intelligence of 1803 & 4, after which it is intended to publish one volume every year.

The Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, (quarterly) exhibiting a concise view of the latest and most important discoveries in medicine, surgery, and pharmacy, by a society of gentlemen in London and Edinburgh. [This work was begun Jan. 1805, a second edition of the first numbers has already been printed.] London price, 3s. a number. Will be supplied at 4 dols. a year.

The Philosophical Magazine, (monthly) comprehending the various branches of science, the liberal and fine arts, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, by Alex. Tilloch. London price, 2s. 6d. sterling a number. Will be supplied at 10 dols. a year.

The Lady's Magazine Enlarged, or entertaining Companion for the Fair Sex, (monthly) appropriated solely to their use and amusement, embellished with engravings. London price, 1s. a number. Will be supplied to American subscribers at 4 dols. a year.

The Lady's Monthly Museum, or Polite Repository of Amusement and Instruction, being an assemblage of whatever can tend to please the fancy, interest the mind, or exalt the character, of the female sex. London price, 1s. stg. a number. Will be supplied at 4 dols. a year.

The Asiatic Annual Register, or, A view of the History of Hindostan, and of the politics, commerce, and literature, of Asia (yearly.)

The Naval Chronicle, (monthly.) This interesting work contains memoirs of the most eminent naval heroes, a correct relation of shipwrecks, naval history of the present time, and, in general, information on all subjects connected with the British navy, and nautical affairs in all parts of the world. The protraits, and other embellishments, are very elegantly executed. London price, 2s. 6d. stg. Will be supplied at 10 dols. a year.

The Scots Magazine, and Edinburgh Literary Miscellany (monthly) was begun Jan. 1804. London price, 1s. 6d. Will be supplied at 6 dols. a year.

The Spirit of the Public Journals, (annually) being a selection of the most ingenious essays and Jeux d'Esprits that appear in the newspapers, and other publications, with explanatory notes, and anecdotes of many of the persons alluded to. London price, 6s. stg. Will be supplied at 2 dols.

Public Characters, being memoirs of the most eminent living personages, both male and female, (yearly.) London price, half a guinea. Will be supplied at 3 dols. 50 cts. 7 vols. including that for 1804-5, have already been published.

War-Office List (yearly) of all the officers of the army and royal marines on the full and half pay, with an index, and a succession of colonels, 8vo.

Steel's Army and Navy Lists, price, 37 cts.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 165.

In three things is Wisdom beautified:—the unity of brethren; the love of neighbours; and a man and wife that agree well together."

MR. SAUNTER,

IN the discharge of the social and relative duties of benevolence and friendship, in the exemplification of virtue in its most amiable and engaging form, is Wisdom said to be *beautified*:—an Eastern mode of expression, which means "adorned in the most elegant manner, or shown in the highest style of embellishment."

It would, doubtless, be pleasing and grateful, if we could satisfactorily assent to Lord Shaftesbury's opinion,—that benevolence is the characteristic of man, and that his knowledge, in obedience to the dictates of his nature, would direct the individual to consider himself but as one of the family of mankind, and that each should direct his conduct for the good of the whole. This representation, or hypothesis, however, is too favourable for observation to vindicate, too refined for experience to realize.

But we cannot, with Helvetius, consider man as an animal entirely selfish, and that his every action proceeds from the principle of self-love. Observation and experience will shew that this symptom is as much out of Nature as the other. In fact, it will be found, that man is a complex being, composed of principles partly benevolent and partly selfish; endowed with a perception that his conduct ought to be conformable to his nature, and that, in advancing his own interest, he ought not altogether to neglect that of others: hence the universal disapprobation, and almost universal self-reproach, of those who confine their whole time and thought within their own little sphere.

In no record of human actions shall we find the principle of benevolence more fully exemplified than in the Scriptures, and in no history are the facts reported with such simplicity, such candour, and occasionally with such pathos; the history of Joseph and his brethren alone would afford ground for this belief. There human actions and motives, and there the affections are displayed in such a manner, that fictitious narrative, even when the purpose of the writer has been to affect the feelings, has never equalled. In the conduct of Joseph to his brethren (to which it is only necessary to advert) we find the most affecting manifestation of this principle: the workings and operations of a heart overflowing with brotherly love. Who but must envy the feelings of Joseph! who but must wish to imitate his conduct!

In the speech of Judah, when he thought he was addressing an Egyptian ruler, wherein he endeavoured to de-

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precate his wrath, and move his compassion, we find so much of pathos, so much of the language of the heart, that we may safely challenge all the words of forensic eloquence for the example of any thing superior, or even equal; and when, at the conclusion of his speech, he begs to be taken as a bond-man or slave, in place of his younger brother, who he then supposed would be in that situation, we find ourselves so affected and so astonished, that we cannot say whether we are most moved by the filial and fraternal affection of the man, or the pathetic eloquence of the orator. Well might the Son of Sirach say, that *Wisdom was beautified in the unity of brethren.*

Though the *love of neighbours* may be properly called philanthropy, and though the attachment of individuals to one another may not properly come under that head, yet, as the motive or principle is nearly the same, we may permit the illustration and inference to be coincident.

We shall advert to the history of the friendship of David and Jonathan. Were we asked where friendship and benevolence shone with the purest lustre, we know not that we could answer better than by pointing to the character and conduct of the Son of Saul. We find him with all the warmth of an ingenuous mind, attaching himself to David upon the discovery of the modest demeanour of the latter, after his defeat of the Philistine; testifying this attachment by clothing the young shepherd from his own wardrobe, to befit him to appear at court; watching the rise and progress of his father's jealousy and malice, and venturing to vindicate David from unjust accusations, which had the desired success for the time; entering into measures with him to discover what danger was to be apprehended from his father's resentment; his behaviour, in the event of that discovery, while conscious that his friendship had a tendency to enable David to ascend the throne to which he himself had an equitable right; his covenant with him, and the terms of that covenant, with every subsequent part of his conduct, while at the same time he maintained the character of a dutiful son, all conduce to make us consider him as a star in the diadem of benevolence, and that *Wisdom was beautified* in his example. Well might David lament his death, in strains of undisguised sorrow: "I am "distressed for thee, my brother Jona- "than; very pleasant hast thou been "unto me; thy love to me was (indeed) "wonderful."

We may be permitted to draw a few inferences from the above characteristical sketches. When we consider ourselves qualified for society in a manner suited to our capacity, can we overlook the hand of our Maker, who thus adapts means so much within our own power, to an important end, namely, our own happiness? By constituting the principle of the *moral sense* in our breasts, he hath thereby made a provision both of power and willingness, to reward or punish the observance or neglect of duty. Impelled by this principle we reward the virtuous with approbation and esteem, and punish the wicked with disapprobation and contempt; and so prevalent is this principle, that we have great satisfaction in rewarding, and no less so in punishing.

Self-punishment, or remorse, as consequent of vicious actions, is a confirmation of this proposition: for, however passion or interest may obscure our perception of duty, or prosperity smother the dread of punishment, yet the sense is never altogether extinct; occasions of alarm will awaken, and give it exercise.

The sons of Jacob seemed to have lost sight of the crime of selling their brother, until their misfortune awakened their conscience; and, though they could see no connection between their crime and their calamity, yet their consciousness of the want of innocence led them to conclude that the latter was the reward of the former.

"And they said one to another, we "are verily guilty concerning our bro- "ther, in that we saw the anguish of "his soul when he besought us," &c. And Reuben answered them, saying, "Spake I not unto you, saying, Do not

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"sin against the child, and ye would "not hear? therefore behold also his "blood is required," &c.

But the beauty of virtue is not less apprehended by the sense, than is the deformity of moral turpitude. Connubial harmony is not less a subject of its approbation, than is matrimonial discord of its condemnation. Thus virtue may be considered as another branch of benevolence, and may be illustrated in the same manner.

How grateful and pleasing is it to contemplate the honour and kindness of the wealthy citizen of Bethlehem-Judah, towards the widow of the house of Elimelech, his kinsman. It is not difficult to conceive the grateful surprise of Boaz, when, according to the innocent simplicity of those times, she made herself known to him. We can easily imagine him addressing her after this manner:

"Thou virtuous young proselyte to the religion of my father, and to the customs of my country; thou hast fully shown that thou art highly worthy of the family of thy adoption; and in thus selecting me, thou hast done that family more honour; thou hast shown it more kindness *now* than even *at the beginning:* surely in the integrity and innocency of thy heart hast thou done this. Thy virtuous conduct is well known, and my sense of it shall be made conspicuous in *the city of my people.*

"Yes, thou amiable young widow of the house of Elimelech, thy virtuous reliance on my honour, and thy ingenuous and authorized claim on me as a kinsman, have their reward. It hath pleased the God of my fathers to bless my substance so, that the hand of plenty can minister to the liberal wish of benevolence, and of this thou shalt be the partner to enjoy, and the mistress to dispense. I will be to thee a covering of the eyes, and a shield of defence, and thou shalt be to me as a signet of emerald, set in precious gold." With dispositions such as these, what a prospect was there of matrimonial felicity; of being exemplars of virtue, and of encreasing the family of benevolence; of *doing worthily in Ephratah*, and of *being famous in Bethlehem.*

As friendship constitutes the greater part of our happiness, without which glory and riches would be a burthen, and pleasure soon lose its relish, where may this be so completely realized as in the marriage state? Where can such resemblance and conformity be expected as between two persons who ought to have the same heart and the same soul? What conversation more free than between those who have come under mutual obligation never to part? Surely Wisdom may be *said to be beautified*, when each faithful companion unbosoms his every joy and every sorrow, and entrusts every private thought with an entire confidence; every instance will furnish either side with new occasions to glory in their choice; their desires will be gratified in their mutual satisfaction, and their separate love of show and distinction will be absorbed in domestic felicity.

This happiness (says a late philosopher) will be most effectually realized when the parts adapted to each party are properly executed; when the husband and wife govern and are governed reciprocally, by means satisfactory to both: the man bearing rule over his wife's person and conduct—she over his inclinations: he governing by law—she by persuasion.

"L'empire de la femme," says the philosopher of Geneva, "est une empire de douceurs," &c. The passage in English thus:—"The empire of a woman is an empire of softness, of address, and of complacency; her commands are caresses, her menaces are tears: she ought to reign in the family, like a minister in the state, by making that which is her inclination be enjoined to her as her duty," &c.

Thus have we attempted to illustrate, in some degree, the beauty of benevolence, under the threefold view presented by the son of Sirach; and if small achievements are not mocked by the appropriation of important qualifications, we might conclude in the words of another Apocryphal writer, "If done

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well it is that which we desired; if slenderly and meanly, it is all that we could attain unto."

QUIDAM.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 8.

While tuneful science measures out the Day.
P. WHITEHEAD.

I HAVE been so long absorbed in politics, that I owe it, as well to my readers as to my neglected correspondents, to assure them that

Not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt;

and, to be sure, I am about to present the former with a hopeful specimen of my own poetical pursuits! The best of the matter is, that this will not delay me long in bringing forward a part of the favours of the latter, among whom I shall always be proud and happy to spend the Day.

Know, then, most gentle reader, that, among the *jeu-d'esprits* that occur in the English newspapers, there have been, since the epoch of Ireland's imposture, pretended passages of Shakspeare, applied to public characters; and, happening this morning to read a page in the *Winter's Tale*, instead of putting on my stockings, it struck me that the following real passage might bear no difficult application to a young husband in whose conduct, in behalf of a little countrywoman, we have all much interest:

M. J——e B——————e.

It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' th' earth together,
And mar the seeds within!—Lift up thy looks.—
From my succession wipe me, *brother!* I
Am heir to my affection. Desperate?
So call it; but it fulfils my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved!

Among the canting and sickening quotations from the poets, which so often accompany our newspaper-annunciations of deaths and marriages, I have seen few more offensive, to a taste really good, than that which is to-day employed to decorate a nuptial record. Before I transcribe it, I must observe that, placing myself in the situation of a sensible woman, I know not how I should forgive the coxcomb that had exhibited me to the public in a manner so ridiculous:

Her form is fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves;
The modest virtues mingle in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs.

All which, Sir, as it is said by Hamlet, *though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down.* I might go on to read a very useful lecture, drawn from this acute observation; but I shall spare it, for the present, at the least. I prefer to finish my share of the Day by citing one of the speeches of the character I have just named, and which I propose as an example of Shakspeare's capacity for the tender, the majestic, the true sublime; for beauty, richness, and regularity of diction; and for smoothness of verse:

O all you host of heav'n! O earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? Oh fy!—Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghost, while mem'ry holds a seat
In this distracted globe! Remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there,
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter! Yes, by heaven
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables!—meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
At least, I am sure it may be so in Denmark'

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MR. DIARY,

The constancy with which Mr. Fennell has hitherto devoted himself to the repetition of some little score of pieces, has reduced to a much narrower compass than might otherwise have happened, the circle of my remarks; and, as it does not appear that his readings and recitations, which are now drawing to a close, will be distinguished by any further novelties, I propose, in my present letter, to take leave of the subject. It is not my intention, here, to enter into any detail of those imperfections from the imitation of which the hearers of Mr. Fennell should be as careful to preserve themselves, as they may be anxious to emulate his beauties. I shall confine myself to general principles.

Permit me, however, before I enter upon the topics I have in view, to correct a mistake, into which, in one of my former letters, I have fallen. I have censured Mr. Fennell for a defective delivery of the words, *a throne in hell*. This criticism was the result of a misapprehension of the text. There are no such words. What I mistook them for, is the conclusion of a verse in Satan's Soliloquy:

While they adore me on the *throne of hell*.

I am not ashamed to commit my share of blunders; but it afflicts me to leave unacknowledged what I commit.

In my first letter, I promised to consider more at large that *principle* of oratory upon which it is affected to *imitate* the things *described;* but, on the first thought of pursuing the attack, it appears to me in so indefensible a shape, that I am willing to leave it in peace; and this so much the more as I have observed Mr. Fennell to be not very unwilling to abandon it:

Bella geri placuit nullos habitura triumphos?

I content myself with applying to its adherents the words of Dr. Young:

Be dumb, those grov'ling sons of verse,
Who *sing* not actions, but *rehearse!*

There is another point, however, of equal importance to the lovers of verse, and of which I have hitherto said little. I allude to nothing less than prosody, of the laws of which it is monstrous to see a public reader betray a total ignorance, or a no less ignorant contempt. I have already noticed Mr. Fennell's murder of the verse—

E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries;

but, it may appear incredible to those who have not, like myself, had the misfortune to hear it, that he should add a syllable to the last of the following verses:

——— And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace with a woful ballad,
Made to his mistress' eye-brow.

Here, Mr. Fennell gave us,

Made to his mistress's eye-brow.

Perhaps (for such things happen) some one fiercely stands up, and tells me, that Mr. Fennell is perfectly in the right; for that, if read with the elision, it would appear that the ballad were made to *Mrs. Eyebrow!* I have only to answer to this smart gentleman, that the thing is impossible, if the words be supposed to be read by any one who can read at all.

I know not what is to become of prosody, if, at the same time, our printers, editors, and writers, neglect the elisions in our books, and our speakers on their lips.

Thus, we are all, now, such masters in the art of reading, that every assistance of the press is withheld: instead of—

He scorn'd all caution, all advice disclaim'd,

we have—

He scorned all caution, all advice disclaimed;

and, for—

At once, transplanted by the sorc'rer's wand—
At once, transplanted by the sorcerer's wand.

The elisions of the genitive case are of another class. On whatever occasions it may be proper that the poet should avoid them, it is always incumbent on the reader to observe the measure; but Mr. Fennell would teach us, for—

When on this Janus' other face we gaze,

to read—

When on this Janus's other face we gaze!

The further backward we follow the British poets, the more frequently these elisions occur, but they must be nume-

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rous in every poem, and if they are to be rejected or neglected, there is an end of the harmony of verse. I speak with the more warmth and decision on this subject, because it is not of a nature to have any appeal on our candour, and because it appears to be in some danger of receiving a general misinterpretation. I would be the last to build a censure on occasional lapses of memory or mere inadvertences, but obstinate errors deserve no quarter. I find, in some critiques of an older date, that Mr. Cooper has not always been free from the same caprices. For—

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won,

he gave—

It was at the royal feast for Persia won.

But, it is not only by this unjustifiable filling up of elisions that Mr. Fennell too frequently destroys the beauty of the poems he reads or recites. He neglects the cadence and the rhymes. This, too, is done upon *principle*, and therefore I shall not spare it. I know that there are many who will seriously tell us in how much they prefer sense to sound. I hope this is so with us all. But, it is the boast of poetry to unite sense with sound; and, when this is really done, those who come with their grave doctrine only give us to understand that the reading of verse is an art with which they are unacquainted. They confound the cadences of verse with the pauses of grammar; whereas, in the voice of a good reader of poetry, nothing can be more separate. The end of a line is marked very different from the end or even division of a sentence. But they do confound them; and, hence, they make it a rule to attend to the one, in contempt of the other. Thus, Mr. Fennell, in his favorite ode on Madness, never suffers us to distinguish the rhymes *quite* and *delight* in the verses—

Forgotten quite
All former scenes of dear delight.

Mr. Fennell allows himself no rest, till he reaches the full point:

Forgotten quite all former scenes of dear delight;

but, is *quite* an unimportant word in this sentence? Does it not deserve to be dwelt upon, as much for the sense as for the sound?

Forgotten—quite—
All former scenes of dear delight!

and thus, not to multiply instances, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could discover a few of the rhymes, in his recitation of Coleman's tale.

Persons who defend this method of reading must have totally forgotten the two-fold object of poetry, insisted on above:

To feast the fancy and *enchant the ear*;

they must be insensible to the force of that objection which, justly or unjustly, Dr. Johnson brings against the *Bard*: *The Ode is finished before the ear has learned its measures, and consequently before it can receive pleasure from their consonance and recurrence.* To those who would thus destroy our taste in these matters, by misleading us as to the laws of verse, I submit the following observations, which occur in one of Mr. Mason's notes on the '*Progress of Poesy*:'

'It will not, surely, be improper, at the conclusion of this ode, so peculiarly admirable for the musical flow of its numbers, to mention one circumstance relative to English Lyric Poetry in general, and much to its honour, which has lately been communicated to me by an ingenious friend. It is this:—"That it can fully, at least when in the hands of such a master, support its harmony without the assistance of *music*. For there is reason to believe that in the Greek-Ode, of which we are taught to think so highly, the power of numbers was little perceived without the effectual aid of a musical accompaniment. And we have in proof of this supposition the express testimonies of Cicero and Quintilian. The first, in his *Orator* (a finished performance, and of which he speaks himself in the highest terms, *Ep. Fam.* vi, 18.) makes the following observation: *Sed in versibus res est apertior: quamquam etiam à modis quibusdam, cantu remoto, soluto esse videtur oratio, maximéque id in optimo quoque eorum poëtarum, qui Λυρικοὶ à Græcis nominantur: quos cùm cantu spoliaveris,*

nuda pene remanet oratio."—ORATOR. No. 183. He gives a further instance from the poets of his own country, which I do not here cite as any additional proof of the point in question, but as the clearest illustration of his meaning in the foregoing quotation: *Quorum similia sunt quædam etiam apud nostros: velut illa in Thyeste,*

Quemnam te esse dicam? qui tardâ in senectute:

Et quæ sequuntur: quæ, nisi cùm tibicem accessit, orationi sunt solutæ similima.—Ibid. The second testimony, that of Quintilian, is also full to our present purpose: *Poëtas certè legendos Oratori futuro concesserimus: num igitur hi sine Musicâ? at si quis tam cæcus animi est, ut de aliis dubit et: illos certè, qui carmina ad lyram composuerunt.—Quintilianus, lib.* 1, *cap.* 17.—Here, we see that, whatever might be the case with some other kinds of poetry, in the Ode the want of an accompanying lyre could not be dispensed with.

'Thus then, if we rely on these classical authorities, stood the Greek-Ode, claiming, in the exhibition of a beauty so essential to its perfection, the kind assistance of an inferior art; while the Lyrics of Mr. Gray, with the richness of imagery and glow of expression, breathe also the various modulations of an intrinsic and independent melody.

'For this singular advantage, so little known or considered, we are certainly indebted to RHYME; and, whatever opinion may be formed of its use in other kinds of poetry, we may conclude from hence that it is a necessary support to the harmony of our Ode.'

It is not my intention to amplify or illustrate, as I easily might, these hints on measures and rhymes; but I wish the subject were a little more generally understood: we should not, then, see a literary invitation couched in *musical numbers* like these:

Hither the products of your closet-labours bring,
Enrich our columns, and instruct mankind;

or, at the worst, what verses have been left us, by immortal bards, would not be reduced, by public speakers, into similar doggrel.

There are those who do not admire verse; it is recorded of one gentleman, that he said, poets were the best writers, next to prose; and, probably, there are thousands of gentlemen and ladies of the same opinion. I enter into no question of this kind; but I am at a loss to discover, why it is that such as set their faces against the musical flow of numbers, and against rhyme, read or recite, publicly or privately, the works of the poets? What is to become of poetry I know not, if, as hitherto, so many poets give us nothing but sound, and our readers deprive us of that!

AUDITOR.

MR. DIARY,

I am not sure that the correction of the text of Shakspeare which I am about to offer has not already been proposed; but, as I cannot recollect to have seen it, I have resolved on committing it to your care:

—— all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life 's but a walking shadow.
Macbeth, Act V, sc. 5.

I cannot but believe that Shakspeare wrote,

—— all our yesterdays have *lighted* fools
The way to *dusky* death. Out, out, brief *candle!*
Life 's but a walking shadow.

There is another trifling particular or two, in the works of the same poet, on which I beg leave to offer an opinion. The first refers to an extraordinary criticism of Mr. Wakefield, whose words I must quote more at large than will, at first sight, seem to be necessary:

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword.' *Shakspeare.*

'That is, "the courtier's eye, the soldier's sword, the scholar's tongue."

'This singularity often occurs in Mr. Pope. But the *courtier's eye*, in the line just quoted, ever observant of the motions and will of his sovereign, gives me an opportunity of explaining a passage of Shakspeare, which is most grievously perverted and misunderstood;

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" ——————— and then the lover,
" Sighing like furnace with a woful ballad
" Made to his mistress' eye-brow."

So the passage is pointed in all the editions and quotations that I ever saw; but surely nothing can be more erroneous. For who ever heard of a ballad made TO another? It is nonsensical, and absolutely indefensible.

'A comma should be put at *ballad*, in order to connect *made to his mistress' eye-brow*—with *the lover*, who is the proper subject of the passage. *The lover, made to his mistress' eye-brow*—obedient to her *nod*—subservient to her *wink*—depending upon her *eye:* as submissive as even the world was to the widow:

The world depend upon your *eye*,
And 'when you frown upon it, die.'

Mr. Wakefield's habitual dogmatism shall not deter me from declaring my unqualified dissent from this proposed reading. I can see no reason why a comma should not be placed after *ballad;* but I am satisfied that it is, as it has been always understood, the *ballad*, and not the *lover*, that is

Made to his mistress' eye-brow.

Mr. Wakefield triumphantly asks, *Who ever heard of a ballad made* TO *another?* It is true that, in our modern phraseology, *to* does not agree with *ballad;* but the whole force of Mr. W.'s objection rests on the exclusive application of the term ballad to a species of composition which is now uniformly historical, and in consequence of which application, we say, *a ballad* OF; but the word *ballad*, which has its root in the Greek βαλλα, was formerly of more comprehensive meaning. In our age, we should say a SONNET TO *his mistress' eye-brow*. Mr. Wakefield ought to have recollected that we say a *song* TO, and that *ballad* and *song* were, formerly, at least more synonymous than they are at present. I believe that, in Johnson, there is the verb *to ballad*, to make verses; but, however, this may be, I can produce an example from the old French of Charles d'Orleans:

De balader j'ai beau loisir;
Autre deduits me sont cassez.

Balader, says a glossarist. is *faire des vers*.

After citing any thing so strained and superficial from Mr. Wakefield, I may, with the less danger of wounding the feelings of contemporary critics, examine, in part, a Shaksperian question, which has arisen in this city:

You make me strange
Ev'n to the disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such sights,
And keep the nat'ral ruby of your cheeks
While mine are blanch'd with fear.

Of two favourite actors, one, it seems, reads, *while mine* ARE, and the other, *while mine* IS; and the question turns upon the nominative case of the verb. Are Macbeth's *cheeks* blanched, or is it the *ruby* in his cheeks? I shall not enter into an examination of the learned arguments that have been brought forward on the subject, but confine myself to a simple statement of my opinion. By *ruby*, I understand *redness*, or *colour*. Now, we cannot say of *redness* that it is *blanched:* suppose, then, that we read,

And keep the natural ruby of *your* cheeks,
While *mine* are blanch'd with fear?—

LETO.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. John Watts has in the press, and will shortly publish by subscription, in one volume, large octavo, from the fourth London edition, just published by Cadell and Davies, in quarto, the celebrated Classical Dictionary of Dr. Lempriere. This valuable work, which, to every classical scholar, is a guide as indispensible as the dictionary of Henry Stephens, or Robert Ainsworth, supersedes every other book employed upon a similar subject. Though there are many rival publications, this has obtained the widest currency. It contains a very copious, minute, amusing, and instructive account, of *all* the proper names which occur in the classics; together with several accurate tables, &c.

Mr. Watts is also about to put to press Adam's Roman Antiquities, which will be edited and greatly enlarged for the use of colleges and other seminaries of learning by several gentlemen of distinguished taste and abilities.

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For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Letter from a Gentleman in England to his friend in Philadelphia.

Wakefield, Feb. 3, 1806.

Dear Sir,

My last of August 5th, replied to yours of May 25th. I have so long waited for an answer to this letter as at last to give up all hopes of receiving one. Perhaps your last letter is lost; if so, write in future by the Packet. Trust not to your merchantmen; for, not being free agents, they are unaccountable beings, frequently destined to go contrary to their destination.

I kept my intention as to Wales, and in ten weeks perambulated the Principality, with the addition of Monmouthshire and Cheshire.

I was on the whole well gratified with my tour through the land of your forefathers; yet it did not altogether answer my expectations.

What are Snowden and Cader-Idris to one who has clambered the Alleghany mountains, ridge after ridge? What is the romantic scenery on the straits of Menai, in the vale of Llanberris, of Gwinnant, and of Beddgolest, to the passage of the Hudson through the Highlands, and the united waters of the Shenandoah and the Potowmac breaking through the Blue Ridge? Its cataracts, what are they? I saw none to match even the Pasaic: Yet while surveying the falls of the Mawddock, a German asked me if I had ever seen any thing so grand? "Ask a British tar (replied I) if he has ever seen a mill-pond? I have seen Niagara!"

America is not an Arcadia; and consequently has nothing that will vie with the vales of the Clwyd, of the Dwyryd,* of the Rheidol, of the Towy, of the Nedd, of the Taff, of the Wye, and of the Dee. You want our perpetual verdure, and that light and elegant arrangement of wood in open groves, compact coppices, scattered shrubbery, and single trees. Yet beautiful as are these vales, I had explored very many in England which had yielded equal if not superior delight. It is the rude and sublime scenery surrounding the base of Snowden, which stamps that characteristic feature of Wales, which is the source of attraction to our summer wanderers.

Another beauty of Wales is totally unknown in your country, which, though artificial, has perhaps attracted as many admirers as all her native graces,—I mean her castles and her abbeys. Conwy, Carnarvon, and Beaumaris castles convey at one glance a more exalted idea of the power and majesty of Edward the First than the pens of our historians. To survey the ruins of Tintern abbey* and then cast a look at our modern churches, you cannot suppose them dedicated to the same being, or that the race of Britons is mournfully degenerated either in piety or in power.

You would probably suppose Welch scenery defective without the goat; yet I only saw three goats in Wales. I except a group of *Spunish* goats in Wynnstay Park. The goat is supplanted by the stag. In every sequestered dell you would expect a cottage—the cottagers frugal, cleanly, simple, and happy.—Alas! the stag is an inmate, the floor is of mud, the whitewash on the outside, and the peasant a churl. At the inns you would expect humble fare and moderate charges.—You would find the fare humble, truly! with extortion, greediness, and imposition.

In Carnarvonshire they retain a custom which you in America are leaving off—the custom of bundling! Here, however, it is confined to *sweethearts*. If the visit is made at noon-day, to bed they go for at least an hour or two!

On my return I had traversed 1139 miles, of which 1019 were performed on foot, and the remaing 120 were casual *helps*.

If you will refer to my last letter, you will perceive that my sentiments of Calder and Nelson were justified by the events —One is disgraced by a Court-Martial, and the other, like Wolfe, "died in the lap of victory that moment won."

What an eventful period has passed since I last wrote to you! An army marching in September from the shore of the British Channel is by the first week in December triumphant over the united armies of two of the greatest potentates on the Continent of Europe, and by the very *windage* of that blow scattering the armies of England, of Sweden, and of Naples, and recoiling those of Prussia!

It now officially appears, that Russia and Austria were engaged to bring 495,000 men into the field by the month of October! On the 2d of December Buonaparte conquered Austria, and ordered Russia to go home again! Austria opened the campaign with 315,000 men; yet, in the action that decided her fate, 25,000 Austrians only were present!!!

Nothing more seemed necessary to complete the triumph of Buonaparte; yet, before he had recovered the fatigues of his lunar campaigns, his good Fortune, the Goddess he adores, and with whom he is united in the most indissoluble bonds, announces to him the welcome news of the death of Nelson, of Pitt, and of Earl Cornwallis! What other triumphs are reserved for this man? Risen from a dunghill to a throne—surrounded by tributary Kings—the distributer of crowns—

* See Lord Lyttleton's Description of the Vale of Ffistiniog.

* In Monmouthshire, which when this abbey was built made a part of Wales. It still preserves the Welch character and manners.

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how much higher is he to rise before the justice of Heaven overwhelms him? That he, his family, and his empire is to fall, and that speedily and with awful ruin, I feel assured, and consequently look forwards with confidence. Heaven has so frequently and so signally interposed in the protection and defence of this nation, that I cannot for a moment encourage the idea that we are to be added to the list of the subjugated nations. United with allies, we are driven home by the very whiff of the Corsican's sword:—when dependant upon ourselves and Heaven, look to Seringapatam; to Syria; to Egypt; to the orbicular course of that brilliant star, Nelson, a fiery comet, baleful only to the foes of England! How signally, too, protected from the plots and treasons of English Jacobins, of Irish Rebels, and of mutinous Fleets!

I have but one wish—that we make no peace with France but on equal terms: as these are not likely to be granted, welcome war! welcome national bankruptcy! "*Perish Commerce!*" so we preserve our liberty.

I can submit to the loss of all my property, and to the loss of life, but not to a peace dictated by our foe. To use a Cock-pit expression, "As we have lived, may we, if we are to die, die *game!*"

For the Port Folio.

[Shortly before his decease, EDMUND BURKE communicated to Mr. Pitt an invaluable pamphlet on an important topic of Political Economy. This legacy of Wisdom and Experience the author modestly entitled, "Thoughts on Scarcity." It abounds with instruction, and exhibits many of the characteristic beauties of Burke. As this pamphlet is not to be found in Dodsley's edition, some of our readers will not be ungrateful to us for transcribing the ensuing passage. If we be not greatly deceived, it will be considered, by all the disciples of the Old School, as equally profound and just.]

To provide for men, in their necessities, is not in the power of Government. It would be a vain presumption in statesmen to think they can do it. The people maintain them, and not they the people. It is in the power of Government to prevent much evil; it can do very little positive good. The rich are the pensioners of the poor, and are maintained by their superfluity.

The labouring people are only poor, because they are numerous. Numbers, in their nature, imply poverty. In a fair distribution among a vast multitude, none can have much. That class of dependent pensioners, called the rich, is so extremely small, that if all their throats were cut, and a distribution made of all they consume in a year, it would not give a bit of bread and cheese for one night's supper to those who labour, and who in reality feed both the pensioners and themselves.

But the throats of the rich ought not to be cut, nor their magazines plundered; because, in their persons they are trustees for those who labour, and their hoards are the banking houses of these latter. Whether they mean it or not they do, in effect, execute their trust —some with more, some with less fidelity and judgment. But, on the whole, the duty is performed, and every thing returns, deducting some very trifling commission and discount, to the place from whence it arose. When the poor rise to destroy the rich, they act as wisely for their own purposes as when they burn mills, or throw corn into the river to make bread cheap.

Nothing can be so base and wicked as the political canting language, "The labouring *poor*." Let compassion be shewn in action, the more the better, according to every man's ability, but let there be no lamentation of their condition. It is no relief to their miserable circumstances; it is only an insult to their miserable understandings. It arises from a total want of charity, and a total want of thought. Want of one kind was never relieved by want of any other kind. Patience, labour, sobriety, frugality, and religion, should be recommended to them. All the rest is downright fraud.

The balance between consumption and production makes price. The market settles, and alone can settle, that price. Market is the meeting and conference of the consumer and producer, when they mutually discover each other's wants. Nobody, I believe, has observed with any reflection, what market is, without being astonished at the truth, the correctness, the celerity, the general equity, with which the balance of wants is settled. They who wish the destruction of that balance, and would fain, by arbitrary regulation, decree that defective production should not be compensated by encreased price, directly lay the axe to the root of production itself.

Let us be saved from too much wisdom of our own, and we shall do tolerably well. It is one of the finest problems in legislation, and what has often engaged my thoughts whilst I followed that profession, "What the state ought to take upon itself to direct by the public wisdom, and what it ought to leave, with as little interference as possible, to individual discretion." Nothing, certainly, can be laid down on the subject, that will not admit of exceptions, many permanent, some occasional. But the clearest line of distinction, which I could draw whilst I had my chalk to draw any line, was this. That the state ought to confine itself to what regards the state, or the creatures of the state, namely, the exterior establishment of its religion; its magistracy; its revenue; its military force by sea

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and land; the corporations that owe their existence to its fiat; in a word, to every thing that is truly and properly public; to the public peace, to the public safety, to the public order, to the public prosperity. In its preventive police it ought to be sparing of its efforts, and to employ means rather few, unfrequent, and strong, than many and frequent, and, of course, as they multiply their puny politic race, small and feeble. Statesmen, who know themselves, will, with the dignity which belongs to true wisdom, proceed only in this, the superior orb and first mover of their duty, steadily, vigilantly, severely, courageously; whatever remains will, in a manner, provide for itself But, as they descend from the state to a province, from a province to a parish, and from a parish to a private house, they go on accelerated in their fall. They *cannot* do the lower duty; and, in proportion as they try it, they will certainly fail in the higher. They ought to know the different departments of things; what belongs to laws, and what manners alone can regulate. To these, great politicians may give a leaning, but they cannot give a law.

For the Port Folio.

[A favourite writer has described with so much humour and accuracy, some of the distress of a taciturn and studious recluse, that I cannot resist an impulse to transcribe it for the Port Folio. The settlement, which our whimsical bachelor at length finds in a well-governed and docile family, appears admirably well suited to the peculiar manners and solitary genius of the literary character.]

At my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an *officious landlady* that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived very happily for above a week; when my landlord who was a *jolly good natured man*, took it into his head *that I wanted company*, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber *to keep me from being alone*. This I bore for two or three days, but telling me one day that he *was afraid I was melancholy*, I thought it was *high time for me to be gone*, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night. About a week after, I found my *jolly landlord* who, as I said before, was an *honest hearty man*, had put me into an advertisement of the *Daily Courant* in the following words "Whereas a *melancholy man* left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B. Fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains." As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord the *fishmonger* not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman, who has a great many children, and *complies with my humour* in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together, these five years. My coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire, I point to my chimney; if water, to my bason: upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him *not disturb the Gentleman*. At my first entering into the family, I was *troubled with the civility* of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried *pish*, and *went out again*, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present, I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to the business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress, though I am by, whether the Gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress, who is an excellent housewife, scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house and enter into all companies with the same liberty as a cat or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing I hear or see.

For the Port Folio.

[The ensuing essay, not to be found in Dr. Goldsmith's edition of his works, is interesting both for the matter and the style. The ridicule upon the bombast of Oriental expression will apply to more countries than can be found in the East.]

Mankind have ever been prone to expatiate in the praise of human nature. The dignity of man is a subject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity; they have declaimed with that ostentation, which usually accompanies such as are sure of having a partial audience; they have obtained victories, because there were none to oppose. Yet, from all I have ever read or seen, men appear more apt to err by having too high, than by having too despicable, an opinion of their nature; and by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation, depress their real value in society.

The most ignorant nations have always

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been found to think most highly of themselves. The Deity has ever been thought peculiarly concerned in their glory and preservation; to have fought their battles, and inspired their teachers: their wizards are said to be familiar with heaven; and every hero has a guard of angels as well as men to attend him. When the Portuguese first came among the wretched inhabitants of the coast of Africa, these savage nations readily allowed the strangers more skill in navigation and war; yet still considered them at best but as useful servants, brought to their coast, by their guardian Serpent, to supply them with luxuries they could have lived without.—Though they could grant the Portuguese more riches, they could never allow them to have such a king as their Tottimondelem, who wore a bracelet of shells round his neck, and whose legs were covered with ivory.

In this manner examine a savage in the history of his country and predecessors; you ever find his warriors able to conquer armies, and his sages acquainted with more than possible knowledge: human nature is to him an unknown country: he thinks it capable of great things, because he is ignorant of its boundaries; whatever can be conceived to be done he allows to be possible, and whatever is possible he conjectures must have been done. He never measures the actions and powers of others by what himself is able to perform, nor makes a proper estimate of the greatness of his fellows, by bringing it to the standard of his own capacity. He is satisfied to be one of a country where mighty things have been; and imagines the fancied power of others reflects a lustre on himself. Thus by degrees he loses the idea of his own insignificance in a confused notion of the extraordinary powers of humanity, and is willing to grant extraordinary gifts to every pretender, because unacquainted with their claims.

This is the reason, why demi-gods and heroes have ever been erected in times or countries of ignorance and barbarity: they addressed a people, who had high opinions of human nature, because they were ignorant how far it could extend; they addressed a people, who were willing to allow that men should be gods, because they were yet imperfectly acquainted with God and with man. These impostors knew, that all men are naturally fond of seeing something very great made from the little materials of humanity; that ignorant nations are not more proud of building a tower to reach heaven, or a pyramid to last for ages, than of raising up a demi-god of their own country and creation. The same pride, that erects a colossus or a pyramid, instals a god or an hero: but though the adoring savage can raise his colossus to the clouds, he can exalt the hero not one inch above the standard of humanity; incapable therefore of exalting the idol, he debases himself, and falls prostrate before him.

When man has thus acquired an erroneous idea of the dignity of his species, he and the gods become perfectly intimate: men are but angels, angels are but men, nay but servants: that stand in waiting to execute human commands. The Persians, for instance, thus address their prophet Haly: "I salute thee, glorious Creator, of whom the sun is but the shadow. Master-piece of the lord of human creatures, great star of justice and religion, the sea is not rich and liberal, but by the gifts of thy munificent hands. The angel treasurer of heaven reaps his harvest in the fertile gardens of the purity of thy nature. The *primum mobile* would never dart the ball of the sun through the trunk of heaven, were it not to serve the morning, out of the extreme love she has for thee. The angel Gabriel, messenger of truth, every day kisses the ground sel of thy gate. Were there a place more exalted than the most high throne of God, I would affirm it to be thy place, O master of the faithful! Gabriel, with all his art and knowledge, is but a mere scholar to thee." Thus, my friend, men think proper to treat angels; but if indeed there be such an order of beings, with what a degree of satirical contempt must they listen to the songs of little mortals thus flattering each other! thus to see creatures, wiser indeed than the monkey, and more active than the oyster, claiming to themselves a mastery of heaven! minims, the tenants of an atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of universal nature! surely heaven is kind, that launches no thunder at those guilty heads: but it is kind, and regards their follies with pity, nor will destroy creatures, that it loved into being.

But whatever success this practice of making demi-gods might have been attended with in barbarous nations, I do not know that any man became a god in a country where the inhabitants were refined. Such countries generally have too close an inspection into human weakness, to think it invested with celestial power. They sometimes indeed admit the gods of strangers, or of their ancestors, who had their existence in times of obscurity: their weakness being forgotten, while nothing but their power and their miracles were remembered. The Chinese, for instance, never had a god of their own country; the idols which the vulgar worship at this day, were brought from the barbarous nations around them. The Roman Emperors, who pretended to divinity, were generally taught by a poignard that they were mortal; and Alexander, though he passed among barbarous countries for a real god, could never persuade his polite countrymen into a similitude of thinking. The Lacedæmonians shrewdly complied with his commands by the following sarcastic edict: Ει Αλεξανδρος βούλεται εἶναι Θεος, Θεὸς ἔστω.

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VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.
OLD BALLAD.

ADDISON's favourite song of 'Sally in our Alley,' probably suggested the following.

Come buy my pretty violets blue,
Come buy of little Sally;
The choicest flowers that ever grew
In meadow, glade or valley.
Come buy, &c.

At twilight from my home I go,
And through the wide streets sally,
To fields where creeping violets grow,
And lilies of the valley.

And ere the great ones deign to rise,
They hear the voice of Sally,
That little girl who gaily cries
Sweet lilies of the valley.

The pleasure we often derive from the perusal of a song, is often the offspring of association. We remember to have heard it warbled perhaps by some charmer, and both the feelings of the heart and the powers of remembrance induced us to dwell upon it with delight. I think it probable that the satisfaction I feel in transcribing the following madrigal is derived, in part, from the recollection of the songstress who first gave it a voice to me.

THE ROSARY.

Tho' oft we meet severe distress,
In venturing out to sea,
The perils of the storms seem less
When we to heaven our vows address
And sing the cheering Rosary.

Our kids, that rove the mountains wide,
And bound in harmless glee,
I seek each day at even tide,
And while their course I homeward guide,
I sing the cheering Rosary.

And in the deeper shades of night,
While through the woods I flee,
Where gloom and silence guilt affright,
To make my beating heart sit light,
I sing the cheering Rosary.

Bishop Horseley, in remarking upon that passage in the book of Samuel so often and so triumphantly quoted by the republican faction, as a valid argument against the regal power, asserts the contrary doctrine with admirable correctness.

It is not to be concluded from this expression that the Supreme Being dislikes the monarchical form of government. If this were the place for the discussion, it were easy to shew that the monarchical is the form most approved in Holy Writ; as it was also among the heathen the favourite government of the heroic ages; but the original form of government in Israel was a monarchy in which God himself was the monarch; and the priests, prophets, and judges, were his ministers.—When the Israelites therefore desired a king, they forgot that they had a king already, the Lord of all the earth condescending to be in a peculiar manner their immediate sovereign. Their petition for a king was in contempt of that sovereignty of God; and this was the circumstance by which they incurred God's displeasure in that petition.

Inscription for a monument at old Sarum, Eng.

Reader, if thou canst boast the noble name
Of Englishman, it is enough to know
Thou standest in old Sarum. But if chance
'Twas thy misfortune in some other land,
Inheritor of slavery, to be born,
Read, and be envious!—Dost thou see yon hut,
Its old mud mossy walls with many a patch
Spotted?—know, Foreigner, so wisely well
In England is it order'd, that the laws,
Which bind the people, from themselves should spring;
Know that the dweller in that little hut,
That wretched hovel, to the Senate sends
Two delegates. Think, Foreigner, where such
An individual's right, how happy all!

Those, who have been correctly educated are generally delighted with the absurdities of provincial language and provincial manners. The dialects of the northern counties in England are a pepetual fund of ridicule to the wits. The character and tones of a Yorkshireman in particular are the everlasting themes of the modern stage. These remarks are a sort of prelude to the "Yorkshire Concert," sung by Mr. Emery at Covent Garden.

Ize a Yorkshireman just come to town,
And my coming to town was a gay day,
For fortune here has set me down,
Waiting gentleman to a fine lady.
My lady gives galas and routs,
And her treats of the town are the talk here;
But nothing Ize seen hereabouts,
Equals one that was given in Yorkshire.

Johnny Fig was a green and white grocer,
In business as brisk as an eel, sir,
None than John to the shop could stick closer,
But his wife thought it quite ungenteel, Sir;
The neighbours resolved to cut out,
And astonish the rustic parishioners,
She invited them all to a rout,
And ax'd the village musicianers.

The company met, gay as larks, Sir,
Drawn forth all as fine as blown roses;
The concert commenced with the clerk, Sir,
Who chaunted the Vicar and Moses.
The barber sung Gallery of Wigs, Sir,
The gemmen all said 'twas the dandy,
And the ladies encor'd Johnny Fig, Sir,
Who volunteer'd Drops of Brandy.

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The baker he sung a good batch,
While the lawyer for harmony willing,
With the bailiff he joined in the catch,
And the notes of the butchers were killing.
The wheelwright he put in his spoke,
The schoolmaster flogg'd on with furor,
The coalman he play'd the Black Joke,
And the fishwoman sung a Bravura.

To strike the assembly with wonder,
The miss screams a Quintelle, loud as Boreas,
Sung and wak'd farmer Thrasher's dog, Thunder,
Who, starting up, join'd in the chorus.
While a donkey the melody marking,
Chim'd in, which made a wag say, Sir,
Attend to the Rector of Barking,
's duet with the Vicar of Bray, Sir,

A brine tub half full of beef salted,
Madam Fig had tricked out for a seat, Sir,
Where the taylor to sing was exalted,
But the covering crack'd under his feet, Sir.
Snip was sous'd in the brine, but soon rising,
Bawl'd out, while they laugh'd at his grief, Sir,
Is 't a matter so monstrous surprising,
To see pickled cabbage with beef, Sir?

To a ball after the concert gave way,
And for dancing no soul could be riper,
So struck up the Devil to Pay,
While Johnny Fig well paid the Piper.
But the best thing came after the ball,
For, to finish the whole with perfection,
Madam Fig ax'd the gentlefolks all,
To sup on a cold collection.

CONGREVE, especially since the just criticism of Dr. Johnson, is only consulted for the sake of his Comedies. His poetical pieces are for the most part woful stuff. But condemnation by wholesale is always dangerous. There must be exceptions, and even Congreve, with all his carelessness, is sometimes not less happy in his minor poems, than in The Old Bachelor, or Love for Love. Take for example, his address entitled

DORIS.

Let the polite reader pause at the sixth, ninth and fourteenth stanzas, and ask himself if there be any lack of genius there.

Doris, a nymph of riper age,
Has every grace and art,
A wise observer to engage,
Or wound a heedless heart.

Of native blush, and rosy dye,
Time has her cheek bereft;
Which makes the prudent nymph supply
With paint the injurious theft.

Her sparkling eyes she still retains,
And teeth in good repair;
And her well furnish'd front disdains
To grace with borrow'd hair.

Of size she is nor short nor tall,
And does to fat incline
No more than what the French would call
Aimable Embonpoint.

Farther her person to disclose,
I leave—let it suffice,
She has few faults but what she knows,
And can with skill *dis*guise.

She many lovers has refus'd,
With many more complied;
Which, like her clothes, when little us'd
She always lays aside.

She 's one, who looks with great contempt
On each affected creature,
Whose nicety would him exempt
From appetites of nature.

She thinks they want or health or sense,
Who want an inclination;
And therefore never takes offence
At him, who pleads his passion.

Whom she refuses she treats still,
With so much sweet behaviour,
That her refusal, through her skill,
Looks almost like a favour.

Since she this softness can express
To those whom she rejects,
She must be very fond, you 'll guess,
Of such whom she affects.

But here our Doris far outgoes
All that her sex have done;
She no regard to custom knows,
Which reason bids her shun.

By reason, her own reason 's meant,
Or, if you please, her will:
For, when this last is discontent,
The first is serv'd but ill.

Peculiar therefore is her way;
Whether by nature taught,
I shall not undertake to say,
Or by experience bought.

But who at night obtain'd her grace,
She can next day disown,
And stare upon the strange man's face,
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,
Such artful wonder frame,
The lover or distrusts his eyes,
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this, as lewd and low,
Who are to bounty blind;
For to forget what we bestow,
Bespeaks a noble mind.

Doris our thanks nor asks nor needs:
For all her favours done.
From her love flows, as light proceeds
Spontaneous from the sun.

Or one or other still he fires,
Display their genial force,
And she, like Sol, alone retires,
To shine elsewhere of course.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following simple, but beautiful, epitaph on Cervantes, needs no introduction but its merit.

E. H. S.

Epitafio de Cervantes.

Caminaute, el peregrino
Cervantes aqui se encierra.
Su cuerpo cubre la tierra,
No su nombre que es divino.
Enfin, hizo el camino;
Pero su fama no es muerta,
Ni sus obras, prenda cierta,
De que pudo en la partida
Desde esta à la eterna vida
Ir la caza descubierta.

If you please you may annex the following translation in French.

Epitaphede Cervantes.

Arrête toi, O voyageur,
Saavedra est içi,
Içi Miguel le codeur
Enfin reste enseveli.

Son corps couvre cette colline,
Non sa gloire qui est divine;
Ses jours maintenant sout remplis,
Et sa carriere finie.

Mais sa reputation
Brille encore avec éclat,
Et ses œuvres qui sont et seront
Un prix qui toujours resterra.

Les ruels n'étant point de disgrace
Il peut se decouvrir la face,
Et monter sans crainte au ciel
Chercher la vie éternelle.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

If the following attempt to render in English the beautiful Greek Ode by Mr. T. Moore, prefixed to Longworth's New York edition of his Anacreon, be thought worthy of attention, its admission into the Port Folio will be pleasing to

PHESOI ECNEPS.

ODE.

Imitated from the Greek of Mr. T. Moore.

On a couch, with roses smiling,
Time and age and care beguiling,
Old Anacreon once reclined,
And all his thoughts to joy resigned.
Oft he touched his shell divine,
And quaffing oft the sparkling wine,
Watched the smiles on beauty's cheek
Which to the heart so sweetly speak.
Round him danced a jovial band,
Laughing Cupids, hand in hand,
Gentle Loves, in blushes dressed,
And Graces with half loosened vest.
He, the little magic darts,
Kindling love in tender hearts,
And the fatal Paphian bow,
Source of sweet impassioned woe,
Trembling, smiling hastes to form
And at Paphias shrine to warm;
Whilst the Cytherian King,
Hovering light on lucid wing,
Interweaving daffodillies,
Ivy pale and dewy lilies,
With the Rose of blushing red,
Crowned the hoary poet's head.
From her throne amid the skies,
Mildness beaming in her eyes,
Wisdom gazing on the scene,
Of Goddesses above the Queen,
Thus addressed the Teian sage,
"On Anacreon, in this age,
Why do all this praise bestow,
"Wisest of the life below."
Why consume the flying hours,
In Delight's enchanted bowers,
And thy days to Bacchus give,
Nor from Wisdom learn to live.
Why does Cytherea's kiss.
Balmy source of wildest bliss,
And the rosy blushing tide,
Gaily brightning at thy side,
Give thee sweetly fatal pleasures;
Whilst my never failing treasures,
Rich with wisdom's holy ray,
Harbinger of beaming day,
And with Genius radiant flame,
Never thy attention claim."
"Goddess, said the bard, because
I am called, without thy laws,
Wisest of the wise below,
Who with wisdom's fervor glow,
Look not frowning from the skies,
Anger sparkling in thy eyes,
But let smiles complacence speak,
And blushing dimples tinge thy cheek:
Lovely damsels, sweetly smiling,
Festive music, care beguiling,
Lyric song and rosy wine,
These forever shall be mine.
Old Anacreon loves to toy,
For, since I have played the boy,
Like my lyre, veiled in wreaths,
Love alone my bosom breathes.
Thus forever pleasure tasting,
Thus my days in pleasure wasting:
On me wisdom's meed bestow,
Who is wiser here below?—"

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For the Port Folio.

New Haven, March 21, 1806.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I send you translations of several Spanish Epigrams, which have been published in your paper, at different times, and which may perhaps be not unacceptable to you. If they please you, I shall be satisfied; though I cannot but think them deficient both in the delicate beauty of the Greek Epigram and the pointed wit of the Latin.

E. H. S

LEANDER.

When fearless o'er the deep Leander pressed,
In anxious Hero's arms soon to be blessed,
And felt the unpitying waves around him roll,
And quell the rigour of his dauntless soul,
E'er to the faithful lamp and unseen maid
He bade a last adieu, the youth thus said,
"On my return, around my pale corse roar;
"But spare me till I reach yon wished-for shore."

On an immoderate snuff-taker.

Here lies an old fellow, who took so much snuff,
Whilst alive by Tobacco befriended,
That I safely aver, 'tis more dust than enough,
To bury him now that life 's ended.

Epigram.

Old Ovid affirms, as too clear to be shown,
That the thing most impossible ever yet known,
Is that fire should generate water; but I,
Without asking his leave, the truth of this deny.
Nor will it be hard my assertion to prove,
Since I have seen two who were weeping through love.

On Heraclitus and Democritus.

This laughs at the troubles of Man,
That weeps for them with feeling heart;
This views but life's comical scenes,
That only the tragical part.

On a squinting lover.

If it be true, as poets say,
That love, so fond of amorous play,
To the heart steals thro' the eyes
And takes his victims by surprize,
Since your's is such a squinting pair,
know not how he managed there.

EPIGRAMS.

Says Richard to Joe, "thou art a very sad dog;
And thou canst write verses no more than a log."
Says Joseph to Dick, "prithee, ring rhyme, get hence.
Sure my verses at least are as good as thy sense."
Was e'er such a contest recorded in song?—
The one 's in the right, the other 's not wrong.

Chloe, a jilt, while in her prime,
The vainest ficklest thing alive,
(Behold the strange effects of time)
Marries and doats at forty five.
Thus weathercocks, which for a while
Have turn'd about with every blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

The Chair of Government.

When Beelzebub first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the poor man;
This Moses asserts, and we hence may infer
That woman rules Man, and the *Devil rules her!*

The Miser's Vault.

Thy cellars, friend, may justly vaults be styl'd,
Where casks on casks, on bottles bottles pil'd,
By locks and bolts so closely are confin'd,
Thy liquor 's *dead* and *buried* to mankind.

Because I 'm silent, for a fool,
Beau Clincher doth me take;
I know he 's one by surer rule,
For—I heard Clincher speak.

On seeing a *Narcissus* in the bosom of a beautiful young Lady.

If Chloe's swelling seat of joy,
Had been thy blissful bier,
Then hadst thou died, enamour'd boy,
Not for thyself—but her.

On a notorious liar.

Honest *Harry's* alive! how d'ye know it? says Ned,
O! I 'm perfectly sure—for *Dick said he was dead.*

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, May 17th,* 1806. [No. 19.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 166.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos ecrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

BY transcribing the Fifteenth Ode of the first book of Horace, I flatter myself that I have brought to every one's recollection a very useful comment on the words of Dr. Johnson, that the *Bard* appears, at the first view, to be, as Algarotti and others have remarked, an imitation of the Prophecy of *Nereus*. It has been seen in what degree this imitation is chargeable, and with what candour the critic has availed himself of it, for the purpose of opposing, to the greater force, more thought and more variety which he acknowledges to exist in the *Bard*, this position, so extraordinary for the occasion, that to *copy is less than to invent!* But Dr. Johnson does not stop here. I had almost charged myself with unfair quotation, because, in the opening paragraph of my preceding letter, in repeating the words, *is an imitation*, I omitted those others,—*at the first view*. It might seem that by this qualifying parenthesis he designed to mark the slightness of the imitation; but, no: he goes on to tell us that *to copy is less than to invent*, and even this might refer only to the general idea; but, in the next sentence he does not hesitate to call the *Bard*, a *copy* of the *Prophecy of Nereus!*—*and the* copy *has unhappily been produced at the wrong time!* There is a considerable difference between an imitation and a copy; an imitation the Bard may be allowed to be, but a copy it cannot. Indeed, I was in some degree led into error by Dr. Johnson, when I said that Count Algarotti had observed that the Bard is an imitation of the *Prophecy of Nereus*. Algarotti uses no such words. He merely says, that the *Bard* appears to him to be greatly superior to the *Prophecy of Nereus: La dirò bene all' orecchio, che quel vaticinio mi sembra di gran lunga superiore al vaticinio di Nereo sopra lo excidio di Troia. Dico all' orecchio, perchè non vorrei avere contro di me la plebe dè litterati.*

But, since it is said that the *Bard* is a *copy*, let us examine still more closely its resemblance to the original. Dr. Johnson tells us, *The fiction of Horace was to the Romans credible; but its revival disgusts with apparent and unconquerable falsehood.* What *revival?* I will not stay to inquire whether the fiction of Horace were to the Romans credible; I believe that it was not, but this is nothing to the purpose: in what consists the revival? A *sea-god* prophesies the vengeance of the Greeks on the ravisher of Helen. A *bard* prophesies, or rather sees, in poetic vision, the misfortunes of the race of Edward, and the unextinguishable succession of British poets. In what does the *revival* consist?

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Is the *sea-god* revived? Is any part of the machinery of the Roman poet employed afresh? Do we hear of Pallas or Venus? On the contrary, we find nothing but one of the most natural of fictions; a fiction derived, not from the superstitions of Greece or Rome, but from those of Britain itself. Why does not Johnson step in, with his *incredulus odi*, when the angel, in Milton, discovers to Adam the calamities of times to come? But, the reader will see, in the following words of Algarotti, the whole foundation of what Johnson has here said: *Troppo ella si scandalizzerebbe all' udire che a una fattura di diciotto secoli fa se ne voglia preferire una de' nostri giorni, che non ha avuto il tempo di far la patina che hanno fatto le cose dei Greci e dei Latini.* Æolio carmine nobilis *il signor Gray si può chiamare a ragione* Britanniæ fidicen Lyræ: *ed io mi rallegro sommamente con esso lei, che la patria sua vanti presentemente, e uno de' suoi amici, una poeta, che non la cede a niuno di quegli antichi,*

Che le Muse lattar più ch' altri mai.

It is obvious that, in reading this passage, Dr. Johnson lost his temper; and that what he has written is a direct reply. I believe that I shall not find a more convenient place for inserting Mr. Wakefield's answer:

'I shall only animadvert upon one or two of Dr. Johnson's strictures on the *Bard*.

'Though he does not condemn the abruptness of the exordium, he endeavours to undervalue it, as a mere technical beauty, and creditable only to the inventor. But whatever Dr. Johnson may insinuate, the correspondence of the words and tenour of the composition to the complexion of the subject, always was, and ever will be, a beauty. "When indignation is to be excited," says Macrobius, "the oration ought by all means to have an *abrupt beginning*; because deliberation and tranquillity were then unsuitable. And on this account Juno thus begins in Virgil:

"—— Quid me alta silentia cogis
"Rumpere?" Saturn. IV, 2.

How Milton has observed this propriety!

Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates?

And so every good poet in the world; nor will the mimicry of bad authors discredit truth and nature.

"The initial resemblances, or alliterations (our critic proceeds) *ruin, ruthless, helm* nor *hauberk*, are below the grandeur of a poem, that endeavours at sublimity."

'This is true only when these alliterations are employed for their own sake only; but, if the terms that happen to have this initial resemblance are the best that can be chosen, the objection is inapplicable and absurd.

"The bards are called upon to *weave the warp*, and *weave the woof*, perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by crossing the *woof* with the *warp* that men *weave* the *web* or piece."

'This observation may, or may not, be just; I cannot presume to make any determination upon so nice a point of manual science. An admirer of Mr. Gray's poetry is not often either a *weaver* or the son of a *weaver*; and therefore this mechanical inaccuracy will not be in the way of exciting the smallest disgust. However, we shall not thank the *Lexicographer* for his sagacity; neither will the lover of *sculpture* think himself under much obligation to the discerning *Cobler* who has convicted Roubillac of ignorance in the noble art of *shoe-making*, by the detection of an unworkmanlike blunder in one of the *shoes* of sir Isaac Newton's celebrated statue at Cambridge.

'But Dr. Johnson's prejudices are most notorious, and universally allowed; and his absolute poverty of taste is in no instance more conspicuous than his extravagant encomiums on Dryden's Ode to the Memory of Killegrew: a performance infinitely inferior to any production of Mr. Gray; a model, indeed, of almost every vice of composition; full fraught with sentiments at once puerile, low, and turgid; and debased by meanness of expression. If at any time we feel our eyes dazzled by Dr.

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Johnson's bright and diffusive powers of understanding, we may turn for relief on his criticisms upon Gray, and on his *Prayers* and *Meditations!*'

On recurring to my late letter, it will be perceived that, in the paragraph succeeding that which I have here examined, Dr. Johnson takes more than one new ground of objection. Into these I think it best, for the present, not to follow him; but rather to lay down my pen, satisfied with having, here, put in a claim for the *originality* of the *Bard*.

STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

[We conceive it to be a duty we owe to the public, as well as a benefit and pleasure to ourselves, to pay frequent attention to the lives and writings of the French Literati. The Literature of France includes most of those topics of Polite Learning, to which a Miscellany like the Port Folio should generally be devoted.

In Literary Biography, than which nothing in the range of reading is more delightful, the French excel perhaps all other nations. Assisted by a small band of friends, studious of foreign Literature, the Editor proposes to publish translations of the lives and sometimes brilliant passages from the works of those admirable authors who flourished in the Augustan age of Louis XIV. We have already devoted several pages to the classical Boileau, and what more pleasing companion-piece to his portrait can be exhibited, than the likeness of his friend Racine, who, among other literary tasks, fulfilled with a master's care, has on a memorable passage in the Jewish Classics founded a tragedy, pronounced by the best critics to be one of the most perfect compositions in the dramatic art, and to be arranged with all that is the most correct and sublime in the works of Sophocles and Euripides?]

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF JOHN RACINE.

John Racine was born at La Ferté-Milon, on the 2d of December 1639. His great-grandfather was in 1593 Receiver of the domains and duchy of Valais, and Comptroller of the salt magazines of La Ferté-Milon. His grandfather and father enjoyed only the latter office, the former having been suppressed. Racine's father, in 1638, married Joan Sconin, daughter of Peter Sconin, the king's Agent of Waters and Forests, at Villers-Cotteret. This union was of short duration. Joan Sconin died on the 24th of January, 1641, and her husband the 26th of February, 1643. John Racine, the subject of these memoirs, was, with his sister,[1] the sole heir of their virtues and their name. Peter Sconin was the guardian of their infancy. He was a man tenderly and strongly attached to his family, but did not feel for Racine that warm affection which he bore to his other children. He died in 1670. Mary Desmoulins, his widow, succeeded him as the instructor of the two young Racines; she retired to Port-Royal, where her daughter and her two sisters had embraced the profession of nuns; she died at that place on the 12th of August, 1663.[2]

Racine learned the rudiments of the Latin language at Beauvais A blow which he received on the forehead, from a stone, occasioned his departure from the college of that town in 1655, and he afterwards entered the seminary des Granges, in the vicinity of Port-Royal. This abbey was at that period an excellent school for youth.

Anthony Lemaistre[3] brother of the

[1] The sister of Racine lived to the age of 92 years; she died in 1732 or 1733, at La Ferté-Milon.

[2] The troubles which agitated the abbey of Port-Royal occasioned the dispersion of its inhabitants. Some of them retired to the Charter-House of Bourg-Fontaine, in the vicinity of La Ferté-Milon. The high encomiums which were passed at that place, on the holy life led by the religious of Port-Royal, induced the sisters of Mary Desmoulins and her daughter to become nuns of that abbey; the latter is designated in its records by the name of *Agnes de Sainte Thècle Racine.*

[3] Anthony Lemaistre, a celebrated advocate of the Parliament of Paris, and since counsellor of state, was the son of Isaac Lemaistre, comptroller of accounts, and Catharine Arnaud, sister of the famous doctor of the Sorbonne, of that name. He was born at Paris on the 2d of May, 1600, where he died, at the age of 58 years, on the 4th of November, 1658. He spent the 22 last years of his life at Port-Royal, in study and devotion. He has left some pleadings and works of piety which are but little known.

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celebrated M. de Sacy, and M. Hamon,[4] conceived a singular friendship for him; they undertook to form his heart to virtue, and to impart to his mind the sublime knowledge of religion, of ethics, and of literature. His progress probably exceeded their expectations, but it has since eminently contributed to perpetuate the remembrance of the lessons which they had given him.

Racine was born with those happy dispositions which leave nothing to be desired by those who cultivate them; his mind received every thing they taught him, as the earth receives the vivific rays of the vernal sun. The principles of the Greek language, to which his attention was early bent, had not for him that fatiguing dryness by which the mind is oppressed. He perceived, in the books which were explained to him, elements of a reason so strong and vigorous, that the ground of instruction which they presented to him concealed from his view the difficulties attached to the idiom in which they were written. Plutarch, Plato, St. Bazil, were the first works put into his hands; it was in these precious sources that he prepared himself to soar above the sphere of his fellow-men. He probably at this time translated the Banquet of Plato, which would not now do more honour to its author than it does to the translator.

The Greek language, which, in the works of the orators, the philosophers, and historians of that nation, appeared to Racine so beautiful and so rich, presented him with still more abundant riches in its romances and its poets: these opened to his view a new world. He incessantly read Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Pindar and Theocritus. With the works of these authors in his hand, he frequently penetrated the recesses of the wood of Port-Royal; there, enjoying the pure pleasures which they afforded him, he lost himself amidst the sublime pictures which they draw of the heart and of its passions. He committed them to memory. Lancelot,[5] sacristan of Port-Royal, enabled him to surmount the difficulties attendant on this course of study. This learned man had then gained over Racine that ascendancy which knowledge and erudition give to their possessor over all men. He one day discovered in the hands of his pupil the Greek romance of Theagenes and Chariclea; this work was not calculated, either by the nature of the story, or the manner in which it was treated, to make pernicious impressions; but the attention with which Racine perused it, excited fear in the mind of his preceptor, lest this kind of reading should divert him from more serious study: he snatched it from him, and committed it to the flames.

The thwarting of our propensities renders them but the more ardent in pursuit of the means of gratification. Racine contrived to procure another copy of this work; it experienced the fate of the first. He purchased a third: he secretly committed it to memory, and immediately after went to present it to his humanity professor, telling him *that he was at liberty to commit that also to the flames*. This was a little bravado; but the constancy with which his taste and inclination were thwarted, rendered it excusable at that age.

This ardent desire to read and acquire knowledge was not in Racine com-

[4] John Hamon was a doctor of the faculty of medicine at Paris. He was born at Cherbourg, and was preceptor of M. de Harley, first president of the parliament of Paris; he lived during 30 years at Port-Royal, dividing his time between study and the care of the poor peasantry, whom he visited from motives of charity; he composed a great number of pious works, by which he acquired the reputation of a profound theologian. He died in 1687, at the age of 69 years.

[5] Claudius Lancelot, celebrated for the misfortunes that his attachment to Port-Royal brought upon him, was a pious and learned benedictine. He is the author of a great number of works which are not attributed to others. He possessed a perfect knowledge of the Greek, Latin, Italian, and Spanish languages; he has composed grammars of all these languages, a general and argumentative grammar, some dissertations, and some memoirs which do not merit any consideration, because the author displays in them too much affected partiality.

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fined to a superficial perusal. A mind that feeds only on the blossoms of science, is soon tired of the difficulty which it experiences in their collection, unless it enjoys the pleasure of preserving them. To avoid the fatigue of all fruitless study, Racine was very early habituated to render an account to himself of his lectures, by the extracts which he made from them. The books that he used have been preserved by his family; they are filled with observations; his Plato, his Plutarch, which were inherited by Louis Racine, are, it is said, crowded with marginal notes in his own hand-writing. I have read in his Sophocles, which is at present in the king's library, a great number of notes on the œconomy of that poet's drama; they were indexes, destined at a future period to recal to Racine's mind forgotten ideas, or to give birth to new ones.[6]

In 1658, after a residence of three years at Port-Royal, Racine left that seminary, and went to the college of Harcourt, to study logic. This science was at that period the most dry and disgusting that human ingenuity had given birth to. The art of reasoning, which it was attempted to reduce to a series of fixed and definite principles, had only so far advanced as to bury those principles under an accumulation of barbarous words, rather calculated to shock common sense than to rectify the judgment. Racine, like all his comrades, endeavoured to imbibe the lessons which he received, useless as they were. The disgust which they inspired was allayed by the study of those books, replete with wisdom and reason, which elevate the soul above all human passions.

The natural taste of Racine for poetry had, notwithstanding the obstacles which were opposed to its disclosure, displayed itself at Port-Royal:[7] he there composed some French odes, in which false splendour and trifling conceits were most conspicuous, and some Latin verses, in which rather more of genuine talent was manifested. But all these productions were of so inferior a kind, that Racine would undoubtedly have conceived a disgust for poetry, had he not felt that, at a future day, he should be able to surpass them. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the counsels, the remonstrances to which this passion exposed him; it seemed that every thing had conspired against his destiny.

Hope nourishes talents; but they almost always languish and are discouraged when fortune presents no opportunity of displaying them. How can we long persevere in a career where self-love has nothing to gain? In 1660, Racine was a competitor for fame with the poets who celebrated the nuptials of Louis XIV. He had the good fortune to surpass them. This success, and its concomitant rewards, immutably fixed his taste for poetry.

(*To be continued.*)

[6] Racine, who profited by all his reading, had made notes on the remarks of Vaugelas, on the translation of Quintus Curtius, and on some translations of d'Ablancourt.

[7] It is said that M. Lemaistre concealed from Racine books which might have a tendency to foster his taste for poetry, as carefully as the father of Pascal deprived his son of geometrical treatises.

ROBERT JOSEPH POTHIER.

Robert Joseph Pothier, counsellor in the court of justice at Orleans. his natal spot, and professor of law in the university of that city, was born in January, 1699. He devoted a great share of his time to jurisprudence. A strong bias led him to the study of the civil law; but, finally, he devoted himself to the laws of his own country, and we are indebted to him for a multitude of treatises, which prove that he was eminently skilled in the knowledge of both. His principal works are, The Pandects of Justinian, 1748, in 3 vols. folio; An Essay on the Law of Sales, 1765, in 12mo; An Essay on the Law of Rent, 1763, in 12mo; An Essay on the Law of Bailment, 1764, in 12mo; An Essay on the Social Compact, in 12mo; An Essay on Maritime Law, in 12mo; An Essay on the Marriage Contract, 1768, in 12mo; The Custom of the Duchy of Orleans, 1773, in 4to; A Tract on Possession and Prescription, in 12mo 1772; A Tract on

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Fiefs, Orleans, 1776, 2 vols. in 12mo; besides a variety of posthumous pieces amounting to three quarto volumes.

This author joined to an astonishing memory a wonderful degree of application. His love of jurisprudence induced him to establish in his own house a law-society, which met every week. The chancellor D'Aguesseau spontaneously bestowed on M. Pothier the place of Professor of the French Law, and he instituted prizes to excite the emulation of his pupils. In judiciously methodizing the scattered fragments which remain of Roman jurisprudence, he has incredibly shortened the path of science.

He was endowed with every moral and every Christian virtue. He was charitable, benevolent, and, in short, a blessing to his country, not only from his profound learning, but from the mildness of his manners. He died a bachelor, in 1772, aged 73 years.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth. In four volumes, 8vo. by William Roscoe. Philadelphia: Printed at the Lorenzo Press of E. Bronson, 1806.

The name of Leo the Tenth commands the veneration of every lover of literature and the arts; and the high reputation of his present biographer necessarily increases the interest with which we take up the volumes of his Life and Pontificate. In subjecting this work to a close examination, we trust we shall be found, not only fulfilling, to the best of our judgment, the important purposes of criticism, but pursuing a path replete with solid, elegant, and various information, through which we shall be cheerfully accompanied by our readers.

Our obligations to the illustrious Florentine are more generally acknowledged than accurately understood. Mr. Roscoe, at the outset of his enterprise, promises to vindicate his memory against those who undervalue their extent.

'An opinion has of late been very generally advanced, both in this country and abroad, that notwithstanding the improvement which took place in Italy, in the age of Leo X, a very moderate portion of it is to be attributed to the personal exertions, talents, and patronage of that pontiff; and that, by giving to this period the ostentatious title of THE AGE OF LEO X, we deprive the other eminent patrons of literature, who flourished during the same era, of that praise to which they are justly entitled. I ought not very earnestly to oppose an opinion which, if espoused by my readers, would relieve me from a great part of my responsibility. Yet, that Leo, during his short pontificate of less than nine years, exerted himself with considerable effect in the promotion of literature and the restoration of the fine arts, cannot be doubted; and as his services have never yet been sufficiently appreciated, or collected into one point of view, an attempt to supply what has hitherto been wanting in this respect may be entitled at least to pardon. The effects produced by Leo on the character of the times, will, however, be better estimated, when the transactions of his life shall have been more fully unfolded. I shall afterwards return to this important and essential part of my subject, and endeavour to ascertain the amount of the obligations due from posterity to Leo the Tenth.' *Vol. I*, p. 10.

Of the nature and scope of the work before us, Mr. R expresses himself in the following terms:

'For almost three centuries the curiosity of mankind has been directed toward the age of LEO THE TENTH. The history of that period has not, however, yet been attempted in a manner in any degree equal to the grandeur and variety of the subject. Nor is this difficult to be accounted for. Attractive as such an undertaking may at first appear, it will be found on a nearer inspection to be surrounded by many difficulties. The magnitude of such a task; the trouble of collecting the materials necessary to its proper execution; the long devotion of time and labour which it must unavoidably require; and above all, the apprehensions of not fulfilling the high expectations which have been formed of it, are some of those circumstances which have perhaps prevented the accomplishment of a work which has often been suggested, sometimes closely contemplated, but hitherto cautiously declined.

'The same considerations which have deterred others from engaging in so laborious and hazardous an attempt, would in all probability have produced a similar effect on myself, had I not been led by imperceptible degrees to a situation in which I could scarcely, with either propriety or credit, have declined the task. The history of the life of Lorenzo de' Medici, the father of Leo X, had opened the way to a

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variety of researches, not less connected with the events of the ensuing period, than with those of the times for which they were immediately intended; and even that work was considered by many, perhaps not unjustly, as only the vestibule to a more spacious building, which it would be incumbent on the author at some future period to complete. Since that publication, the friendship and liberality of several distinguished characters, both at home and abroad, have supplied me with many valuable communications and original documents, which, without their countenance and favour, it would not have been in my power to have obtained. To have withheld these materials from the publick, would have defeated the purpose for which they were communicated; and to have shrunk from the task under such circumstances, would have given occasion for a construction almost as unfavourable to myself as the failure of success. These reflections have induced me, amidst the constant engagements of an active life, to persevere in an undertaking, which has occasionally called for exertions beyond what my time, my talents, or my health could always supply; and I now submit to the publick the result of the labour of many years, in the best form in which, under all circumstances, it has been in my power to offer it to their acceptance.

'Although I have entitled the following work THE LIFE AND PONTIFICATE OF LEO X, yet I have not only thought it excusable, but even found it necessary, to enter into the general history of the times; without which it would have been impossible to give so full an idea of the character and conduct of this celebrated pontiff, as it was my wish to communicate. Nor can I regret the opportunity which has thus been afforded me, of examining more fully than has perhaps hitherto been done, a period productive of great and important events, and which exhibits almost every diversity of human character. Respecting the propriety of this union of individual biography with general history, I am well aware, that doubts have been entertained by persons of considerable eminence in literature. That there are certain limits between the province of the historian and that of the biographer may readily be admitted; yet, as these branches of study are equally conversant with the individuals of our own species, it will unavoidably happen, that each of them will at times encroach upon the precincts of the other. In perusing the pages of Livy or of Tacitus, of Hume or of Gibbon, we find no parts which interest us more than the private and personal memorials of those great and illustrious men who have acted a conspicuous part in the publick events of the age; whilst, on the other hand, it would be impossible to form a correct idea of the character of an individual, without considering him in those relations, by which he stands connected with the general transactions of the times in which he lived, and which in truth have not only displayed, but in some measure formed his character. That these mutual concessions may admit of abuse, cannot be doubted; yet, if the great objects of pleasure and utility be obtained, that criticism would perhaps be too rigid, which would narrowly restrict so advantageous an interchange. In tracing the history of a people through any considerable portion of time, the attention is weakened, and the feelings are blunted, by the rapid succession of events and characters, in which we might have been more deeply interested, if our information respecting them had been more minute. The history of mankind may be compared to the surface of the earth, which is composed of wild woods and trackless desarts, interspersed, however, with cultivated spots, and peculiar appearances of nature. The traveller passes heedlessly over the undiversified prospect, and dwells only on such parts as for their beauty, sublimity, or singularity, he deems most worthy of his regard.

'These observations, it is hoped, may serve as an apology for my having entered so much at large into the history of many transactions, which, although they were not influenced in any eminent degree by the personal interference of Leo X, greatly affected the fortunes of his early years. Of this nature is the narrative of the irruption of Charles VIII into Italy; an enterprise which, as Mr. Gibbon asserts, changed the face of Europe, and of which he at one time meditated a distinct and separate history. The siege of Pisa, as long and as eventful as the celebrated siege of Troy, is so closely connected with all the political events and negociations of the time, and in particular, with the fate of the three brothers of the Medici, as unavoidably to obtrude itself upon our frequent notice. In adverting to the pontificate of Alexander VI, it is impossible to avoid being forcibly struck with the energy, or rather the atrocity of character by which that pontiff and his son, Cæsar Borgia, were distinguished; and the singular transactions recorded of them must occasionally give rise to doubts, which the labours of the most industrious and impartial inquirer will scarcely be adequate to remove. With the fortunes of the Medici, the effects of the memorable league of Cambray, which alone has been the subject of several volumes, are still more closely connected; whilst the conquest of Naples, and the expulsion of the royal family of Arragon by the united arms of Louis XII and of Ferdinand of Spain, and the subsequent disagreement and contests of those monarchs, for the dominion of that kingdom, claim our attention, no less on account of their connexion with our principal subject, than by their intrinsick importance.' Vol. I, p. 5.

Mr. R.'s intimate acquaintance with Italian literature has enabled him to intersperse his book with numerous poeti-

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cal citations; and, to such as may regard his practice in this respect as rather injurious than recommendatory, he offers, we think, a satisfactory apology:

'There is one peculiarity in the following work, which it is probable may be considered as a radical defect. I allude to the frequent introduction of quotations and passages from the poets of the times, occasionally interspersed through the narrative, or inserted in the notes. To some it may appear that the seriousness of history is thus impertinently broken in upon, whilst others may suppose, that not only its gravity, but its authenticity is impeached by these citations, and may be inclined to consider this work as one of those productions, in which truth and fiction are blended together, for the purpose of amusing and misleading the reader. To such imputations I plead not guilty. That I have at times introduced quotations from the works of the poets, in proof of historical facts, I confess; nor, when they proceed from contemporary authority, do I perceive that their being in verse invalidates their credit. In this light, I have frequently cited the *Decennale* of Machiavelli, and the *Vergier d'Honneur* of André de la Vigne, which are in fact little more than versified annals of the events of the times; but in general, I have not adduced such extracts as evidences of facts, but for a purpose wholly different. To those who are pleased in tracing the emotions and passions of the human mind in all ages, nothing can be more gratifying than to be informed of the mode of thinking of the public at large, at interesting periods, and in important situations. Whilst war and desolation stalk over a country, or whilst a nation is struggling for its liberties or its existence, the opinions of men of genius, ability and learning, who have been agitated with all the hopes and fears to which such events have given rise, and have frequently acted a personal and important part in them, are the best and most instructive comment. By such means, we seem to become contemporaries with those whose history we peruse, and to acquire an intimate knowledge, not only of the facts themselves, but of the judgment formed upon such facts by those who were most deeply interested in them. Nor is it a slight advantage in a work which professes to treat on the literature of the times, that the public events, and the works of the eminent scholars and writers of that period, thus become a mutual comment, and serve on many occasions to explain and illustrate each other.' Vol. I, p. 34.

We must not withhold the concluding paragraph of his preface:

'I cannot deliver this work to the public without a most painful conviction, that notwithstanding my utmost endeavours, and the most sedulous attention which it has been in my power to bestow upon it, many defects will still be discoverable, not only from the omission of much important information, which may not have occurred to my inquiries, but from an erroneous or imperfect use of such as I may have had the good fortune to obtain. Yet I trust, that when the extent of the work, and the great variety of subjects which it comprehends are considered, the candid and judicious will make due allowance for those inaccuracies against which no vigilance can at all times effectually guard. With this publication, I finally relinquish all intention of prosecuting, with a view to the publick, my researches into the history and literature of Italy. That I have devoted to its completion a considerable portion of time and of labour will sufficiently appear from the perusal of the following pages, and it may therefore be presumed that I cannot be indifferent to its success. But whatever inducements I may have found in the hope of conciliating the indulgence, or the favour of the publick, I must finally be permitted to avow, that motives of a different, and perhaps of a more laudable nature, have occasionally concurred to induce me to persevere in the present undertaking. Among these, is an earnest desire to exhibit to the present times an illustrious period of society; to recall the publick attention to those standards of excellence to which Europe has been indebted for no inconsiderable portion of her subsequent improvement; to unfold the ever active effect of moral causes on the acquirements and the happiness of a people; and to raise a barrier, as far as such efforts can avail, against that torrent of a corrupt and vitiated taste, which if not continually opposed, may once more overwhelm the cultivated nations of Europe in barbarism and degradation. To these great and desirable aims, I could wish to add others, yet more exalted and commendable; to demonstrate the fatal consequences of an ill directed ambition, and to deduce, from the unperverted pages of history, those maxims of true humanity, sound wisdom, and political fidelity, which have been too much neglected in all ages, but which are the only solid foundations of the repose, the dignity, and the happiness of mankind.' Vol. I, p. 38

At the opening of the work, Mr. R, with laudable precision and brevity, puts us in possession of the circumstances belonging to the birth of Leo, and of the contemporary state of Europe, in which, as the subject of his history renders desirable, he more particularly considers the nature of the Papal Government, the Origin of the Temporal Power of the Popes, the peculiar description of that power, and some of its advantages.

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'Giovanni de' Medici afterwards supreme pontiff by the name of LEO THE TENTH, was the second son of Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent, by his wife Clarice, the daughter of Giacopo Orsino. He was born at Florence, on the eleventh day of December, 1475; and most probably received his baptismal name after his paternal great uncle, Giovanni, the second son of Cosmo de' Medici, who died in the year 1461; or from Giovanni Tornabuoni, the brother of Lucretia, mother of Lorenzo de' Medici, who was then living.

'At the time of the birth of Giovanni, the age of portents was not yet past; and it has been recorded with all the gravity of history, that prior to that event, his mother dreamt that she was delivered of an enormous, but docile lion; which was supposed to be a certain prognostick, not only of the future eminence of her son, but also of the name which he was to assume on arriving at the papal dignity. Whether the dream gave rise to the appellation, or the appellation to the dream may admit of doubt; but although nothing appears in his infancy to justify his being compared to a lion, in his early docility he seems at least to have realized the supposed prognosticks of his mother.

'The year in which Giovanni was born is distinguished in the annals of Italy as a year of peace and tranquillity, whilst almost all the rest of Europe was involved in the calamities of internal commotions or of foreign war. It was also solemnized as the year of Jubilee, which was thenceforwards celebrated once in twenty-five years.

'At this period the pontifical chair was filled by Sixtus IV, who had not yet evinced that turbulent disposition which was afterwards so troublesome, not only to the family of the Medici and the city of Florence, but to all the states of Italy. The kingdom of Naples was governed by Ferdinand, the illegitimate son of Alfonso, king of Naples, Arragon, and Sicily; who had bequeathed the first of these kingdoms to his son, but was succeeded in the two latter by his brother John II, the father of another Ferdinand, who now enjoyed them, and by his marriage with Isabella, the daughter of Henry IV, of Castile, united the kingdoms of Arragon and Castile under one dominion. The states of Milan were yet held by Galeazzo Maria, the son of the great Francesco Sforza. Frederick III had long worn the imperial crown. Louis XI was king of France; Edward IV of England; and the celebrated Mattia Corvino had lately been elected by the free voice of his countrymen to the supreme dominion of Hungary.

'The political system of Europe was as yet unformed. The despotic sovereign, governing a half civilized people, had in general only two principal ends in view—the supporting his authority at home by the depression of his powerful nobles, and the extending his dominion abroad by the subjugation of his weaker neighbours. Devoted to these objects, which frequently required all their talents and all their resources, the potentates of Europe had beheld with the utmost indifference the destruction of the eastern empire and the abridgment of the christian territory, by a race of barbarians, who were most probably prevented only by their own dissensions from establishing themselves in Italy, and desolating the kingdoms of the west. It was in vain that Pius II had called upon the European sovereigns to unite in the common cause. The ardour of the crusades was past. A jealousy of each other, or of their own subjects, was an insuperable obstacle to his entreaties; and the good pontiff was at length convinced that his eloquence would be better employed in prevailing on the Turkish emperor to relinquish his creed and embrace christianity, than in stimulating the princes of Europe to resist his arms.

'The establishment and long uninterrupted continuance of the papal government may justly be considered as among the most extraordinary circumstances in the history of mankind. To the sincere catholic this indeed is the great evidence of the truth of the religion which he professes, the perpetual miracle, which proves a constant extension of the divine favour to that church, *against which the gates of hell shall not prevail;* but they who conceive that this phenomenon, like other events of the moral world, is to be accounted for from secondary causes and from the usual course of nature, will perhaps be inclined to attribute it to the ductility and habitual subservience of the human mind, which, when awed by superstition and subdued by hereditary prejudices, can not only assent to the most incredible propositions, but can act in consequence of these convictions with as much energy and perseverance, as if they were the clearest deductions of reason or the most evident dictates of truth. Whilst the other sovereigns of Europe held their dominions by lineal succession, by choice of election, or by what politicians have denominated the right of conquest, the Roman pontiff claimed his power as the immediate vicegerent of God; and experience has shown, that for a long course of ages his title was considered as the most secure of any in Europe. Nor has the papal government, in later times, received any great trouble from the turbulence of its subjects, who, instead of feeling themselves degraded, were perhaps gratified in considering themselves as the peculiar people of a sovereign, whose power was not bounded by the limits of his own dominions, but was as extensive as christianity itself.

'Without entering upon a minute inquiry into the origin of the temporal authority of the Roman pontiffs, it may be sufficient to observe, that even after they had emerged from their pristine state of poverty and humility,

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they remained for many ages in an acknowledged subordination to the Roman emperors, and to their delegates the exarchates of Ravenna, to whom, when the seat of empire was transferred to Constantinople, the government of Italy was entrusted. As the power of the emperors declined, that of the popes increased; and in the contests of the middle ages, during which the Huns, the Vandals, the Imperialists, and the Franks, were successively masters of Italy, a common veneration among these ferocious conquerors for the father of the faithful, and the head of the Christian church, not only secured his safety, but enlarged his authority. From the time of the emperor Constantine, various grants, endowments, and donations of extensive territories, are said to have been conferred by different princes on the bishops of Rome; insomuch that there is scarcely any part of Italy to which they have not at some period asserted a claim. That many of these grants are suppositious, is generally acknowledged; whilst the validity of others, which are admitted to have existed, frequently rests merely on the temporary right of some intruder, whose only title was his sword, and who, in many instances, gave to the pontiff what he could no longer retain for himself. Under the colour however of these donations, the popes possessed themselves of different parts of Italy, and among the rest, of the whole exarchate of Ravenna, extending along a considerable part of the Adriatic coast, to which they gave the name of Romania or Romagna. The subsequent dissensions between the popes and the emperors, the frequent schisms which occurred in the church, the unwarlike nature of the papal government, and above all the impolitic transfer of the residence of the supreme pontiffs from Rome to Avignon, in the fourteenth century, combined to weaken the authority which the popes had in the course of so many ages acquired; and in particular the cities of Romagna, throwing off their dependence on the papal see, either formed for themselves peculiar and independent governments, or became subject to some successful adventurer, who acquired his superiority by force of arms. No longer able to maintain an actual authority, the Roman pontiffs endeavoured to reserve at least a paramount or confirmatory right; and as the sanction of the pope was not a matter of indifference to these subordinate sovereigns, he delegated to them his power on easy conditions, by investing them with the title of vicars of the church. It was thus the family of Este obtained the dominion of Ferrara, which they had extended, in fact, to an independent principality. Thus the cities of Rimini and Cesena were held by the family of Malatesta; Faenza and Imola by the Manfredi; and many other cities of Italy became subject to petty sovereigns, who governed with despotic authority, and by their dissensions frequently rendered that fertile, but unhappy country, the theatre of contest, of rapine, and of blood.

'From this period the temporal authority of the popes was chiefly confined to the district entitled the patrimony of St. Peter, with some detached parts of Umbria, and the *Marca d' Ancona*. The claims of the church were not however suffered to remain dormant, whenever an opportunity of enforcing them occurred, and the recovery of its ancient possessions had long been considered as a duty indispensibly incumbent on the supreme pontiff. But although for this purpose he scrupled not to avail himself of the arms, the alliances, and the treasures of the church, yet, when the enterprise proved successful, it generally happened that the conquered territory only exchanged its former lord, for some near kinsman of the reigning pontiff, who during the life of his benefactor endeavoured to secure and extend his authority by all the means in his power.

'The Roman pontiffs have always possessed an advantage over the other sovereigns of Europe, from the singular union of ecclesiastical and temporal power in the same person, which long experience had taught them to use with the same dexterity, with which the heroes of antiquity availed themselves by turns of the shield and the spear. When schemes of ambition and aggrandizement were to be pursued, the pope, as a temporal prince, could enter into alliances, raise supplies, and furnish his contingent of troops, so as effectually to carry on an offensive war; but no sooner was he endangered by defeat, and alarmed for the safety of his own dominions, than he resorted for safety to his pontifical robes, and loudly called upon all christendom to defend from violation the head of the holy church. That these characters were assumed with great address and advantage will sufficiently appear from the following pages; and although some difficulties might occasionally arise in the exercise of them, yet notwithstanding the complaint of one of the ablest apologists of the Roman Pontiffs, the world has, upon the whole, been sufficiently indulgent to their situation; nor has even the shedding of christian blood been thought an invincible objection to the conferring on a deceased pontiff the honour of adoration, and placing him in the highest order of sainthood conferred by the church.

'It is not however to be denied, that the papal government, although founded on so singular a basis, and exercised with despotic authority, has been attended with some advantages peculiar to itself, and beneficial to its subjects. Whilst the choice of the sovereign, by the decision of a peculiar body of electors, on the one hand preserves the people from those dissensions which frequently arise from the disputed rights of hereditary claimants; on the other hand, it prevents those tumultuous debates which too frequently re-

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sult from the violence of a popular election. By this system the dangers of a minority in the governor are avoided, and the sovereign assumes the command at a time of life, when it may be presumed that passion is subdued by reason, and experience matured into wisdom. The qualifications by which the pope is supposed to have merited the supreme authority are such as would be most likely to direct him in the best mode of exercising it. Humility, chastity, temperance, vigilance, and learning, are among the chief of these requisites; and although some of them have confessedly been too often dispensed with, yet few individuals have ascended the pontifical throne without possessing more than a common share of intellectual endowments. Hence the Roman pontiffs have frequently displayed examples highly worthy of imitation, and have signalized themselves, in an eminent degree, as patrons of science, of letters, and of arts. Cultivating, as ecclesiastics, those studies which were prohibited or discouraged among the laity, they may in general be considered as superior to the age in which they have lived; and among the predecessors of Leo X, the philosopher may contemplate with approbation the eloquence and courage of Leo I, who preserved the city of Rome from the ravages of the barbarian Attila; the beneficence, candour, and pastoral attention of Gregory I, unjustly charged with being the adversary of liberal studies; the various acquirements of Silvester II, so extraordinary in the eyes of his contemporaries as to cause him to be considered as a sorcerer; the industry, acuteness and learning of Innocent III, of Gregory IX, of Innocent IV, and of Pius II, and the munificence and love of literature so strikingly displayed in the character of Nicholas V.' Vol. I. p. 41.

In relating the causes of the destination of Giovanni de' Medici to the church, Mr. R. also assists our conceptions of the political views of the age:

'Notwithstanding the extensive influence acquired by the Roman see, that circumstance had not, for a long course of time, induced the princes of Europe to attempt to vest the pontifical authority in any individual of their own family. Whether this forbearance was occasioned by an idea that the long course of humiliation by which alone this dignity could be obtained, was too degrading to a person of royal birth, or by a contempt for every profession but that of arms, may be a subject of doubt; but from whatever cause it arose, it appears to have been in the fifteenth century completely removed; almost every sovereign in Italy, and perhaps in Europe, striving with the utmost ardour to procure for their nearest relations a seat in the sacred college, as a necessary step to the pontifical chair. What the European princes endeavoured to accomplish in the persons of their own kindred, the popular governments attempted in those of their most illustrious citizens; and the favours bestowed by Paul II, upon his countrymen the Venetians, may reasonably be supposed to have operated upon the sagacious and provident mind of Lorenzo de' Medici, to induce him to attempt the establishment of the chief ecclesiastical dignity in one of his own family. Nor is it improbable that, whilst he was actuated by this motive, he was impelled by another of no less efficacy. By the resentment of the papal see he had lost a much-loved brother; and although he had himself escaped with his life from the dagger of the assassin, yet he had experienced, from the same cause, a series of calamities, from which he was only extricated by one of the most daring expedients recorded in history. To prevent, as far as possible, the recurrence of a circumstance which had nearly destroyed the authority of his family, and to establish his children in such situations as might render them a mutual support and security to each other, in the high departments for which they were intended, were doubtless some of the motives which occasioned the destination of Giovanni de' Medici to the church, and produced those important effects upon the religion, the politics, and the taste of Europe, which are so conspicuous in the pontificate of Leo X.

'That it was the intention of Lorenzo, from the birth of his son, to raise him eventually to the high dignity which he afterwards acquired, cannot be doubted; and the authority which he possessed in the affairs of Italy enabled him to engage in this undertaking with the fairest prospects of success. Soon after he had attained the seventh year of his age, Giovanni de' Medici had received the tonsura, and was declared capable of ecclesiastical preferment. At this early period his father had applied to Louis XI, to confer upon him some church living. In the reply of the French king, which bears date the seventeenth day of February, 1482, he thus expresses himself: —"I understand from your letter of the thirtieth of January, the intentions you have formed respecting your son, which, if I had known them before the death of the cardinal of Rohan, I should have endeavoured to have accomplished; but I have no objection, on the next vacancy of a benefice, to do for him whatever lies in my power." Accordingly, Giovanni was, in the following year, appointed by the king, abbot of Fonte-dolce; and this was speedily followed by the investiture of the rich monastery of Passignano, bestowed upon him by Sixtus IV, who, towards the close of his days, seemed desirous of obliterating from the minds of the Medici the remembrance of his former hostility.' Vol. I, p. 54.

The extraordinary and rapid promotion of the infant churchman, with the restless anxiety of the politic Lorenzo,

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are displayed in a multitude of interesting particulars, through which it is not possible for us to follow our industrious author:

'It appears that Giovanni was at the same time a canon of the cathedral of Florence, of Fiesole, and of Arezzo; rector of Carmignano, of Giogoli, of S. Casciano, of S. Giovanni in Valdarno, of S. Piero at Casale, and of S Marsellino at Cacchiano; prior of Monte Varchi; precentor of S. Antonio at Florence; proposto of Prato; abbot of Monte Cassino, of S. Giovanni of Passignano, of S. Maria of Morimondo, of S. Martino, of Fonte-dolce in France, of S. Lorenzo of Coltibuono, of S. Salvadore at Vajano, of S. Bartolomeo at Anghiari, of S Maria at Monte Piano, of S. Giuliano at Tours, of S. Giusto and S. Clement at Volterra, of S. Stefano of Bologna, of S. Michele in Arezzo, of Chiaravalle at Milan, of the diocese of Pino in Pittavia, and of the Casa Dei at Chiaramonte; and in 1510 he became Archbishop of Amalfi.—"Bone Deus," exclaims Fabroni, "quot in uno juvene cumulata sacerdotia!" *Fabr. Vita Leon. x. in adnot. p.* 245.' Vol. I, p. 59.

Nothing, however, could satisfy Lorenzo, short of beholding his son arrayed in the purple; and this object, by unremitting exertion, he accomplished in 1488, when Giovanni was only thirteen years of age. But, an appointment to the cardinalate obtained, a restriction was imposed that still left the ambitious father with one object to sigh for, and to attain which he put to proof all the resources of his interest and his influence, but in vain. Innocent VIII, in appointing Giovanni a cardinal, had imposed a condition, that he should not assume the insignia of his rank, or be received as a member of the college, for the space of three years; and this condition, in spite of every effort of Lorenzo, His Holiness strictly enforced:

'It must however be acknowledged, that if Lorenzo de' Medici was indefatigable in obtaining for his son the honours and emoluments of ecclesiastical preferment, he displayed an equal degree of assiduity in rendering him worthy of them. The early docility and seriousness of Giovanni, the proficiency which he had made in his studies, and the distinctions with which he had been honoured, entitled him to rank as an associate in those meetings of men of genius and learning which continually took place in the palace of the Medici. Among the professors of the Platonick philosophy the chief place was held by Marcilio Ficino; the authority of Aristotle was supported by his countryman and warm admirer, Joannes Argyropylus; in classical and polite literature Politiano had revived the age of Augustus; whilst Giovanni Pico of Mirandula united in himself the various kinds of knowledge which were allotted to others only in distinct portions. Conversant, as Giovanni de Medici was, with these men, and residing under the eye of his father, to whom every production of literature and of art was submitted as to an infallible judge, it was impossible that the seeds of knowledge and of taste, if indeed they existed, should not be early developed in his mind. Hence it is probable that the business of education was to him, as indeed it ought to be to every young person, the highest amusement and gratification; and that he never experienced those restraints and severities which create a disgust to learning instead of promoting it. Amidst the extensive collections of pictures, sculptures, medals, and other specimens of ancient and modern art, acquired by the wealth and long-continued attention of his ancestors, he first imbibed that relish for productions of this nature, and that discriminating judgment of their merits, which rendered him, in his future life, no less the arbiter of the public taste in works of art, than he was of the public creed in matters of religion.

'The youthful mind of Giovanni de' Medici was not however wholly left to the chance of promiscuous cultivation. Besides the assistance of Politiano, who had the chief direction of his studies, he is said to have received instructions in the Greek language from Demetrius Chalcondyles and Petrus Agineta, both of whom were Greeks by birth. His education was also promoted by Bernardo Michelozzi, who was one of the private secretaries of his father, and eminently skilled both in ancient and modern literature; but his principal director in his riper studies was Bernardo Dovizi, better known by the name of Bernardo da Bibbiena. This elegant scholar and indefatigable statesman was born of a respectable family at Bibbiena, in the year 1470, and was sent at the age of nine years to pursue his studies in Florence. His family connexions introduced him into the house of the Medici, and such was the assiduity with which he availed himself of the opportunities of instruction there afforded him, that, at the age of seventeen, he had attained a great facility of Latin composition, and was soon afterwards selected by Lorenzo as one of his private secretaries. When the honours of the church were bestowed on Giovanni de' Medici, the principal care of his pecuniary concerns was intrusted to Bernardo; in the execution of which employment he rendered his patron such important services, and conducted himself with so much vigilance and integrity, that some have not hesitated to ascribe to him, in a considerable degree, the future eminence of his pupil. Notwithstanding the serious occupations in which Bernardo was en-

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gaged, in his temper and manners he was affable, and even facetious, as appears by the representation given of him by Castiglione, in his *Libro del Cortegiano*, in which he is introduced as one of the interlocutors. Nor did he neglect his literary studies, of which he gave a sufficient proof in his celebrated comedy, *La Calandra*, which although not, as some have asserted, the earliest comedy which modern times have produced, deservedly obtained great reputation for its author, and merits, even at this day, no small share of approbation. The high rank which Bernardo obtained in the church, and the distinguished part which he acted in the political transactions of the times, will frequently present him to our notice. Of his character and talents different opinions have indeed been entertained; but his title to eminent merit must be admitted, whilst he claims it under the sanction of Ariosto.

'But whilst it may be presumed that the subsequent honours and success of Giovanni de' Medici are to be attributed in a great degree to his early education, and to the advantages which he possessed under his paternal roof, it must be allowed, that those defects in his ecclesiastical character, which were afterwards so apparent, were probably derived from the same source. The associates of Lorenzo de' Medici were much better acquainted with the writings of the poets and the doctrines of the ancient philosophers, than with the dogmas of the christian faith. Of the followers of Plato, Lorenzo was at this time considered as the chief. He had himself arranged and methodised a system of theology which inculcates opinions very different from those of the Romish church, and in a forcible manner points out the object of supreme adoration as one and indivisible. Hence, it is not unlikely that the young cardinal was induced to regard with less reverence those doctrinal points of the established creed, the belief of which is considered as indispensible to the clerical character; and hence he might have acquired such ideas of the supreme being, and of the duties of his intelligent creatures, as, in counteracting the spirit of bigotry, rendered him liable to the imputation of indifference in matters of religion. A rigid economy in his household was certainly not one of the first qualifications of Lorenzo, and the example of the father might perhaps counteract his precepts in the estimation of his son; whose liberality in future life, too often carried to profusion, reduced him to the necessity of adopting those measures for the supplying his exigencies, which gave rise to consequences of the utmost importance to the christian world. From the splendid exhibitions which were frequently displayed in the city of Florence, he probably derived that relish for similar entertainments which he is supposed to have carried, during his pontificate, to an indecorous, if not to a culpable excess; whilst the freedom and indecency of the songs with which the spectacles of Florence were accompanied, of many of which Lorenzo was himself the author, could scarcely have failed to banish at intervals that gravity of carriage which the young cardinal was directed to support, and to sow those seeds of dissipation which afterwards met with a more suitable climate in the fervid atmosphere of Rome.' Vol. I, p. 72.

The ceremonial of Giovanni's assumption of his dignity is described by Mr. R. in the following paragraph, which he has unfortunately concluded with an observation alike beneath his history and his pen:

'The long expected day at length arrived, which was to confirm to Giovanni de' Medici his high dignity, and to admit him among the princes of the christian church. The ceremonial of the investiture was intrusted to Matteo Bosso, superior of the monastery at Fiesole, whose probity and learning had recommended him to the favour of Lorenzo de' Medici, and who has thus recorded the particulars of the investiture, which took place on the ninth day of March, 1492. "On the evening of the preceding day, Giovanni ascended the hill of Fiesole to the monastery, simply clad, and with few companions. In the morning, being Sunday, Giovanni Pico of Mirandula and Jacopo Salviati, who had married Lucretia, one of the daughters of Lorenzo, arrived at the monastery with a notary, and accompanied the young cardinal to the celebration of mass, where he took the holy sacrament with great devotion and humility. The superior then bestowed his benediction on the sacred vestments, and, receiving the bull or brief of the pope, declared that the time therein limited for the reception of the cardinal was expired; expressing at the same time his most fervent vows for the honour of the church, and the welfare of the cardinal, his father, and his country. He then invested him with the *pallium*, or mantle, to which he added the *biretum*, or cap usually worn by cardinals, and the *galerus*, or hat, the distinctive emblem of their dignity, accompanying each with appropriate exhortations, that he would use them to the glory of God and his own salvation; after which the friars of the monastery chaunted at the altar the hymn, *Veni Creator*." The cardinal having thus received a portion of the apostolic powers, immediately tried their efficacy, by bestowing an indulgence on all those who had attended at the ceremony, and on all who should on the anniversary of that day visit the altar at Fiesole. The company then retired to a repast; after which Piero de' Medici, the elder brother of the cardinal, arrived from the city, accompanied by a party of select friends, and mounted on a horse of extraordinary size and spirit, caparisoned with gold. In the mean

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time an immense multitude, as well on horseback as on foot, had proceeded from the gate of S. Gallo towards Fiesole; but having received directions to stop at the bridge on the Mugnone, they were there met by the cardinal, who was conducted by the prelates and chief magistrates of the city towards the palace of the Medici. On his arrival at the church of the *Annunciata*, he descended from his mule, and paid his devotions at the altar. In passing the church of the *Reparata*, he performed the same ceremony, and proceeded from thence to his paternal roof. The crowds of spectators, the acclamations, illuminations, and fireworks, are all introduced by the good abbot into his faithful picture; and the rejoicings on this event may be supposed to be similar to those which celebrate, with equal delight, a royal marriage, a blood-stained victory, or a long-wished-for peace.' Vol. I, p. 83.

(*To be continued.*)

MISCELLANY.

Concise account of the national character and manners of the Spaniards and Portuguese.

[From Aikin's Geographical Delineations.]

The human race in Spain is derived from various origins, Celtic, Gothic, Roman, African, &c. and is more mingled than in most European countries. Hence the national character appears in very different colours in its different provinces. Those on the northern side, which are hilly and of a moderate temperature, are inhabited by an industrious, martial, enterprizing people, jealous of their rights and privileges. The central and southern districts feel the influence of a hot climate, and probably of a different origin, and are distinguished by stately gravity, and pride, in the superior and middle ranks, and by remarkable indolence in all. The Spanish gravity, however, does not partake of phlegm, or insensibility: on the contrary, the Spaniards have warm passions, and a lofty sense of personal dignity; and though content to be poor, rather than engage in active exertions, they spurn at contumely. In general they are sober, faithful, and honest, superstitious and prejudiced in a high degree, revengeful and severe, but principled and well intentioned.

The inhabitants of Portugal sensibly exhibit the effects of a warm climate in their dark hue, and in those points of national character, which are usually found to accompany the solar influence. These are, warm passions, a strong propensity to revenge, superstition, indolence, joined with abstemiousness, and the habit of submitting contentedly to a very scanty share of the comforts and conveniences of life. There was a period, however, when this small kingdom was the seat of more enterprise than existed in any other nation in Europe. In the earlier part of the fifteenth century, when the warlike spirit of Portugal was in full exercise from the frequent necessity of defending its independence, some successful expeditions into Africa gave an impulse to maritime adventure, which, favoured by a series of enlightened sovereigns, produced the grand discovery of the passage to India round the Cape of Good Hope, and laid open the rich countries of that part of the globe to the arms and commerce of the Portuguese. For a long time nothing seemed capable of resisting their efforts; and by a course of the most splendid actions they rendered their name dreaded throughout the east, and spread their settlements over all its coasts. At the same time they partook of the spoils of the new world by the discovery of Brazil, which they subdued and colonized. At length, success produced its usual effect in rendering them tyrannical and effeminate; and the steadier energy of the new Dutch republic stripped them of the greater part of their acquisitions. An arbitrary government and superstitious religion contributed to debase the national character, and Portugal gradually sunk to that place in the scale of nations, which alone her extent and population entitled her to preserve. Always in danger of being swallowed up by the nation of which nature seems to have designed her an integral part, she has hitherto been rescued only by the power and influence of her great commercial ally, England; and her precarious independence hangs upon the fate of the moment.

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VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Almost every reader will, on the perusal of the following humorous lines, recall to recollection the famous ballad of Molly Mog, which by some editors has been attributed to Swift, and by others to Gay. The imitation we now publish is the production of Humphrey Repton, esq. a polite scholar, who has been distinguished by the friendship of BURKE, sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, and Mr. WINDHAM, and by various works of taste and ingenuity.

ON A CLOG,

Found in the carriage which had taken home Miss Marsh and two other ladies.

Dean Swift wrote a whimsical ballad,
Inspired by his fair Molly Mog;
And here is a what do you call it,
Inspired by the sight of—a clog.

For rhymes I 'm afraid I must borrow,
Sometimes from the Dean's catalogue;
And sometimes I fear, to my sorrow,
My verses will move with a—clog.

There needs neither hangman nor whipper,
Nor monks to command men to flog;
Since mankind would with joy kiss a slipper,
On the foot that belongs to this—clog.

The glass shoe of fair Cinderella,
Who sat under mash tub incog;
Though a king search'd his realm for its fellow,
Was not to compare with this—clog.

A theme so enchanting and lofty,
Is a match for the powers of Gog,
Who Gog was, I 'll tell you—but softly;
This line must be finished with—clog.

Gog a giant was, who had a brother,
Well known by the name of Magog;
But where can we find out another
To match with my favorite—clog.

There 's *Mary*, all elegance, grace,
For whom all men's hearts are agog;
When I look at the mole on her face,
Oh! how should I look at her—clog.

Should she frown when I gaze, I say hang her,
And down drop my eyes like a log;
But her bosom declares 'tis not anger:
So they stop, and ne'er look at her—clog.

In *Marg'rets'* more mischief and danger
Than sailors e'er knew in a fog;
She forces the heart of each stranger
To follow her steps like a—clog.

But when the poor captive draws nearer,
And thinks he 's the happiest dog,
Half smiling, I fancy I hear her
Say, Lord, this *he-brute 's* such a—clog.

My muse like a Will o' th' whisp here,
Will lead to a *Marsh*, not a bog;
And there in my ear seems to whisper,
'Tis she that has lost the odd—clog.

When she dances, all eyes are upon her,
She bounds full as light as a frog,
With a leg—which I ne'er saw—*'pon honour*,
And a foot—that will just fit the clog.

Mr. Repton is an eminent landscape painter, and possesses a peculiar taste for horticultural beauty. The following verses, allusive to his art, are inscribed in the Album at Costesy, the seat of sir William Jerningham.

To see how nature may be deck'd by art,
And, with a painter's eye, explore each part;
How trees on flinty brows are taught to grow,
How, through the level mead, the stream to flow;
How roads, with pleasing curve, may learn to bend,
How hills may slope, and how the lawn extend;
I came,—and with presumptuous pencil trac'd
Beauties which Claude, or Poussin might have grac'd.
While yet I gaz'd on scenes I dared to sketch,
Fancy beyond my pencil's art would stretch,
And paint in vivid colours to the eye
An emblematic similarity.
Thus, in the sheltering *Groves*, a type we see
Of their kind master's hospitality;
The *hermitage*, and every shelter'd *seat*
Are emblems of protection and retreat;
The *river*, stretching far and wide its stream,
A type of flowing charity should seem.
Yon tower, though plain, yet proudly plac'd on high,
Emblem of birth with affability;
While all the waving lines so form'd to please,
Are types of beauty, elegance, and ease.
Here not alone my pencil dares its task,
But from my pen this Album seems to ask
What I now pay in artless verse, and rude,
A tribute of recording gratitude.

Translation of the Inscription on a Medal of Louis XIV.

See, in profile, great Louis here design'd!
Both eyes portray'd would strike the gazer blind.

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A common affectation in daily speech is a pedantic use of the participle *gotten*. This Teutonic word, which grates most horribly upon every classical ear, is used by those who are over solicitous of grammatical purity. *Gotten* and *got* are both unnecessary. *He has* for example, is quite sufficient, and appears sufficiently distinct without the aid of these awkward auxiliaries. To those, however, who prefer a lively joke to a philological disquisition, we recommend the ensuing song, in which *Got* appears in all his glory.

My mother got married, my father got me,
I grew up, and got loving of Moggy;
My daddy got angry, and sent me to sea,
And poor I, for vexation, got groggy.
The voyage got finished, and I, like a flat,
All the money I got, daily carried
To Moggy. What then? I got nothing by that,
For she, like a slut, had got married.

I had once got her promise to wed, so the law
For my money soon got an employer.
I got plenty of promises, Latin, and jaw,
And who ever got more from a lawyer?
Of the sport I got sick, so threw up the game,
For my cash by the sharks had got eaten;
Got into the Nile, and with Nelson got fame,
While the French got most damnably beaten.

So now I 've got honour, and glory, and gold,
To some true-hearted girl I'll be steering,
I 've got one in my eye, and you need not be told,
This here purse will soon get me a hearing.
Then with shot in my locker, a wife and a cot,
Tobacco, grog, flip, and no purser,
I 'll sit down contented with what I have got,
And may each honest tar do no *worser*.

EPITAPH.

Died at Birmingham, Mr. R. Sleath, who kept the turnpike-gate at Worcester, when his majesty paid a visit to bishop Hurd, and would not suffer the retinue to pass without paying. He was afterwards called "the man who stopped the king." The following impromptu has been occasioned by his demise.

On Wednesday last, old Robert Sleath
Pass'd through the *turnpike-gate* of death;
To him would death no *toll* abate,
Who *stopp'd the king at Worc'ster gate.*

EPIGRAMS.

Dear Chloe, well I know the swain,
Who gladly would embrace thy chain,
And who, alas! can blame him?
Affect not, Chloe, a surprise:
Look but a moment on *these* eyes,
Thou 'lt ask me not to *name* him.

See! how around the sturdy oak,
The loving ivy twines!
Consider how, when once forsook,
The feeble widow pines:
'Tis nature gives us this command,
Weak things must by the stronger stand.

But, Cynthia, you reverse this law
By keeping me your slave:
While thus your sex the men would awe
Your nature to out-brave,
Say, Cynthia, is not this to find
The oak about the ivy twin'd?

From Buchanan.

Says George to William, neighbour, have a care,
Touch not that tree, 'tis sacred to despair.
Two wives I had, but ah! that joy is past!
Who breath'd upon those fatal boughs their last.
The best in all the row, without dispute,
Says Will,—would mine but bear such precious fruit!
When next you prune your orchard, save for me
(I have a spouse) one cion of that tree.

The Consolation.

My mistress I 've lost, it is true,
But one comfort attends the disaster,
That had she my mistress remain'd,
I could not have call'd myself master.

Dick's wife was sick, and pass'd the doctors' skill,
Who differ'd how to cure th' invet'rate ill.
Purging the one prescrib'd: No, quoth the other,
That will do neither good nor harm, dear brother;
Bleeding's the only thing—'twas quick replied,
That 's *certain death.*—But, since we differ wide,
'Tis fit the husband chuse by whom t' abide.
I'se no great skill, cries Richard, by the rood,
But I'se think *bleeding's* like to do most good.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, May 24, 1806.* [No. 20.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 167.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

THERE is something not a little curious in the next remark of Johnson:—*To select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, has little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable, may always find the marvellous.* On this occasion, as on some others, Dr. Johnson, in his ardour to depreciate the merits of Gray, presumes to lay his hand upon the whole body of legitimate criticism, and violate the first principles of the ART OF POETRY. Overlooking the malignant colouring of the description, let me ask whether, to select a singular event, and swell it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions, be not the very essence of epic poetry? and, by the way, let me remark that the *Bard*, if I may use the expression, is an Epic Ode. Let us apply this general principle of Dr. Johnson to Homer, to Virgil, to Tasso, to Milton, to Shakspeare, to every name that is the boast of polite letters! Each is chargeable, in the doctor's phraseology, with having selected a singular event, and swelled it to a giant's bulk, by fabulous appendages of spectres and predictions; they have each, therefore, done no more than that which is of *little difficulty; for he that forsakes the probable may always find the marvellous!*

So much for the facility of what epic and dramatic poets (names almost idolized) have done! Now for the utility of their works.—*And it has little use; we are affected only as we believe, we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined.* To reply to the *positions* delivered in this affected language, let me observe, once more, that Dr. Johnson stops short of nothing less than a general attack on poetry itself. He confounds, as in a former instance, metaphysical truth with historical truth. He asserts, that, *We are affected only as we believe:* now, it is notorious that, to be affected is one thing, and to believe, another; it is notorious, that we are all affected by poetical fictions in the *historical truth* of which we never thought of believing. We find this to be the case, whether those fictions relate to natural or supernatural actions:

—untir'd
The virgin follows, with enchanted step,
The mazes of some wild and wond'rous tale,
From morn till eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dress that stole
The wishes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd.

Are the tragedies of *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* the less pregnant with moral instruction, because we do not believe in

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the existence of spectres? Is the *Paradise Lost* destitute of truth, because it contains the most monstrous of all fictions, the *war* in *heaven?* Granted, that *we are improved only as we find something to be imitated or declined;* but, does the falsehood of poetic machinery preclude moral truth? It is the direct province of the Muse to combine them!

The Benignant Sire,
To deck the honour'd paths of Just and Good,
Has added fair imagination's rays.

Pierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy *Fiction* drest.

In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

After wading, thus far, through Dr. Johnson's general notions of poetry, I come to a criticism that, true or untrue, is really to the purpose:—*I do not see that the* Bard *promotes any truth, moral or political.* Here then, after considering, first the originality, and next the machinery of the Ode, we are now challenged to the examination of its moral tendency. Does it promote any truth, moral or political? I answer that, if it do not, and at the same time do not promote any falsehood, it must be a very singular production. With the latter it is not charged; and, in order to assist our inquires into the former, I think it will be advisable, in this place, to consider the design upon which it was composed.

'This Ode, says a note of the author, is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.'

'I promised the reader, in the *memoirs*, says Mr. Mason (see a note between the 20th and 21st letter, *Sect.* 4.) to give him, in this place, the original argument of this capital Ode, as its author had set it down on one of the pages of his Commonplace-Book. It is as follows: "The army of Edward I, as they march through a deep valley, are suddenly stopped by the appearance of a venerable figure, seated on the summit of an inaccessible rock, who, with a voice more than human, reproaches the king with all the misery and desolation which he had brought on his country; foretells the misfortunes and desolations of the Norman race, and, with prophetic spirit, declares, that all his cruelty shall never extinguish the ardour of poetic genius in this island; and that men shall never be wanting to celebrate true virtue and genius in immortal strains, to expose vile and infamous pleasure, and boldly censure tyranny and oppression. His song ended, he precipitates himself from the mountain, and is swallowed up by the river that rolls at its foot." Fine as the conclusion of this Ode is at present, I think it would have been still finer, if he could have executed it according to this plan; but, unhappily for his purpose, instances of English Poets were wanting. Spenser had that enchanting flow of verse which was peculiarly calculated to *celebrate Virtue and Valour;* but he chose to celebrate them, not literally, but in allegory. Shakspeare, who had talents for every thing, was undoubtedly capable of exposing vice and infamous pleasure, and the drama was a proper vehicle for his satire; but we do not ever find that he professedly made this his object; nay, we know that, in one inimitable character, he has so contrived as to make vices of the worst kind, such as cowardice, drunkenness, dishonesty, and lewdness, not only laughable, but almost amiable; for, with all these sins on his head, who can help liking Falstaff? Milton, of all our great poets, was the only one *who boldly censured tyranny and oppression;* but he chose to deliver his censures, not in poetry, but in prose. Dryden was a mere court-parasite to the most infamous of all courts. Pope, with all his laudable detestation of bribery and corruption, was a Tory; and Addison, though a Whig and a fine writer, was unluckily not enough of a poet for his purpose. On these considerations, Mr. Gray was necessitated to change his plan, toward the conclusion: hence we perceive that, in the last epode, he praises Spenser only *for his allegory*, Shakspeare *for his powers of moving the passions*, and

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Milton *for his epic excellence.* I remember the Ode lay unfinished by him for a year or two on this very account; and I hardly believe that it would ever have had his last hand, but for the circumstance of his hearing Parry play on the Welch harp, at a concert, at Cambridge (see letter xxv, sect. iv.), which he often declared inspired him with the conclusion.'

We are now in possession of Gray's original plan. The whole is not executed; but, let us see whether the poem, as it stands, promotes no truth, political or moral. I give Dr. Johnson credit for the use of the word *promote* on this occasion; an ordinary writer might have said, *teach;* but *promotion* is a different thing from *teaching*, and a thing much more frequent in the course of poetic instruction. There are abundance of poems, of which it could hardly be said that they *teach* truths, but which nevertheless decidedly *promote* them, and are therefore highly to be valued. The Bard, then, I do not hesitate to assert, does promote truths, both moral and political. What is the fact? It is represented, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of Wales, ordered all the Bards that fell into his hand to be put to death. Supposing this to be historically true, what must we imagine to have been his motive for this act of rigour? The Bards were more or less connected with the government of the country, during its independence; they were the teachers of the people; they were the depositaries of patriotic songs; they were able, by the influence of patriotic tunes, to lead the passions of the multitude. In what light, then, must they have appeared to the conqueror? As abettors and stirrers-up of treasons. In what, to the conquered? As filled with

> Th' unconquerable mind, and Freedom's holy flame,

as the faithful assertors of the national liberties. Edward, in his policy, puts these men to death; to them, and to their friends, he appears a tyrant and a murderer; and, what says the Bard?

> Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
> Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
> To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
> And warms the nations with redoubled ray!

Does it promote no truth, moral or political, to show the wicked the weakness of their efforts? Will it stay no man's hand? perhaps not; but, will it comfort no man's heart? Does the final and unalterable triumph of virtue warm no man's love of it? Does the ultimate defeat of wickedness encourage no man's contempt, embitter no man's hatred? Is there nothing in it that lifts the brow of the good, that confounds and casts to earth the eyes of the wicked? Is there nothing in which the heart exults, in which Virtue almost becomes visible in her glory, in such a cry as this, from the oppressed to the oppressor?—

> Enough for me, with joy I see
> The diff'rent doom our fates assign;
> Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
> To triumph, and to die, are mine!

But, it is not only the defeat of his project that the Bard prophecies to Edward. It is vengeance, also; it is his own misfortunes; it is the calamities of his race. I could hardly have expected from Dr. Johnson, that a poem, in which a wicked action (for as such we are to take it) is punished according to the popular notion of *judgments*, would have been said to promote no truth, moral or political. Here, I should not have imagined that Dr. Johnson would dispute the machinery; but, putting that out of the question, the moral and political truth promoted is, that neither public not private wrong are to be committed with impunity. If both the fact and the inference are truths, then a great moral truth is promoted by the exhibition of a signal example; if the fact be false, then, at the least, the powers of fiction are employed in supporting, upon abstract ground, the same valuable truth. So that, the *Bard*, at the lowest, is to be ranked among those moral poems in which the Muse defends the weak against the strong; in which she menaces the oppressor with

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sufferings, against which, in the plenitude of his might, he can avail himself of no defence; in which she holds out to the oppressed, in the one hand a shield to protect, and in the other a sword to avenge them. Dr. Johnson was apparently led to slight the moral tendency of the Bard, by a perusal of the warm encomium of Algarotti: *Con qual forza, con qual ardore nol fa egli acceso della sacra fiamma del estro e della libertà?*

STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING was a son of sir John Suckling, Comptroller of the Household to Charles I, and was born at Witham in the county of Middlesex, in the year 1613, with the remarkable circumstance of his mother going till the eleventh month with him.

"His life," says Langbaine, "was not less remarkable than his birth; for he had so pregnant a genius that he spoke Latin at five years old, and writ it at nine years of age." If this circumstance is true, it would seem that he had learned Latin from his nurse, nor ever heard any other language; for it is not to be supposed that he could speak Latin at five, in consequence of study.

From this early foundation he proceeded in the course of his studies, and acquired a general knowledge of polite literature; but applied himself more particularly to music and poetry.

In the acquisition of polite and general knowledge his proficiency exceeded his application; for, though the sprightliness and vivacity of his temper would not suffer him to be long intent upon any particular study, he was made ample amends for it by the strength of his genius and quickness of his apprehension.

When he had completed his studies, and taken a survey of the most remarkable things at home, he travelled, to digest and enlarge his knowledge from a view of the government and manners of other countries.

In his travels, he made a campaign under Gustavus-Adolphus, where he was present at three battles, five sieges, and several skirmishes.

He returned to England a most accomplished gentleman, and devoted himself to the court, where he became conspicuous for his gaiety, wit and gallantry, and was allowed to have the peculiar happiness of making every thing he did become him.

Already a finished courtier and a man of fashion, he was now a prodigy of poetry; the intimate friend and companion of Jonson, Carew, Davenant, and other wits; and, like them, had the honour of writing plays for the diversion of the court, in the exhibition of which he went to great expense. "Sir John Sutlin's (Suckling's) play cost *three or four hundred pounds* setting out; eight or ten suits of new clothes he gave the players; an unheard-of prodigality." *Stafford's Letters*, vol. ii, p. 150. The play on which he expended this large sum was *Aglaura*.

At the breaking out of the civil war, his loyalty was more conspicuous than his valour. He raised a troop of horse for the king's service, entirely at his own charge, and so richly and completely mounted, that it cost him 12,000l. But this troop, and their leader, distinguished themselves only by their finery, for they did nothing for the king's service. He laid his miscarriage very much to heart; but the prematurity of his death prevented him from repairing it. He died of a fever, the 7th of May, 1641, in the 28th year of his age.

The advantages of birth, person, education, parts, and fortune, with which he set out in life, had raised the expectations of his contemporaries to a prodigious height; and, perhaps, his dying so young was better for his fame than if he had lived longer.

While he valued himself upon nothing more than the character of a courtier, and a fine gentleman, it is no wonder that he neglected the higher excellences of genius, and cultivated poetry merely as an amusement.

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He did enough, however, in the short space he lived, to procure him the esteem of his own age, and to entitle him to the gratitude of posterity.

He wrote four dramatic pieces. The *Goblins*, a comedy, acted at the private house in Blackfriars, 1636. In this play he has followed the footsteps of Shakspeare, of whom he was a professed admirer. His Reginella is an imitation of Miranda in the tempest; and his Goblins, though counterfeits, being only thieves in disguise, seemed to be copied from Ariel, in the same play. *Aglaura*, acted at court, and at the private house in Blackfriars, 1637, with much applause; it has the last act so altered, that it may be either represented as a tragedy, or tragi-comedy. The *Discontented Colonel*. The first sketch of *Brennoralt*, a tragedy, exhibited in 1639. The *Sad One*, a tragedy, unfinished.

His plays were printed together in 1646. There are several editions of *Poems*, *Letters*, and *Plays*, under the title of *Fragmenta Aurea*; or, *a Collection of all the Incomparable Pieces of Sir John Suckling*, 8vo; the last in 2 vols. 12mo, 1774, by T. Davies. His poems, commonly seen in detached portions, are now inserted in Dr. Anderson's collection of classical English poetry.

The Session of the Poets, his most celebrated performance, was written in 1637, about the time of Jonson's death, as appears from *Stafford's Letters*, vol. ii. p. 114. It contains a species of satire, humour, and raillery, that has been imitated by many succeeding poets, and applied to a variety of occasions. *The Ballad on a Wedding* has much humour and vivacity. His other pieces, which are chiefly amatory, contain marks of genius, and true poetry, with much levity and extravagance. The poem *Against Fruition*, in particular, has some weighty and vigorous lines; but there is a warmth in some of his descriptions, which is rather to be admired than approved of. *The Supplement of some verses of Shakspeare* is not inferior to the imperfect copy in *Tarquin and Lucrece*. The *Songs* are gay and sprightly, and more polished than his other pieces; the general defect of which is want of smoothness and harmony, in which he does not much excel Jonson, and is greatly inferior to Carew, Davenant, and other poets of that age.

His character is given by Dryden, who calls him "a sprightly wit, and a courtly writer."

Winstanley says, "he was the delight of the Court, and the darling of the Muses, and one so filled with Phœbean fire as, for excellency of his wit, was worthy to be crowned with a wreath of stars."

Lloyd, with less exaggeration, and more truth, says "his poems are clear, sprightly and natural; his discourses, full and convincing; his plays, well humoured and taking; his letters, fragrant and sparkling."

He observes further, that his thoughts were not so loose as his expressions, nor his life so vain as his thoughts; and, at the same time, makes allowance for his youth and sanguine complexion, which a little more time and experience would have corrected.

The justness of the observation is exemplified by his *Discourse on Religion*, to Lord Dorset, and his *Thoughts on the State of the Nation*, 1640, in which he has shown that he could think as coolly, and reason as justly, as men of more years and less fire.

Lloyd concludes his account of him with the following character, in which he alludes to his Thoughts on Public Affairs, and to some serious reflections which he delivered to his friends, during his last illness:

> Ne hæ zelantis animæ sacriores
> Scintillulæ ipsum, unde deciderant, spirantes
> Cœlum et Author magnus ipsa, quam
> Aliis dedit, careret memoria, interesse
> Posteris putavimus brevem honoratissimi
> Viri *Johannis Sucklingii* vitam historia
> Esse perennandam.

Utpote qui nobilissima *Sucklingiorum* familia oriundus, cui tantum reddidit, quantum accepit, honorem, *Nat. Cal. April* 1613. *Withamæ* in *agro Middles.* renatus ibid. *Maii 7mo.* et denatus 1641,

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haud jam trigesimus, et scripta dignissima fecit, et factu dignissima scripsit, calamo pariter et gladio celebris, pacis artium gnarus et belli.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[We have just received a new and valuable work from the pen of Dr. Aikin, entitled "Geographical Delineations, or a Compendious view of the natural and political state of all parts of the Globe," These elegant volumes have no resemblance to the usual meagreness and dryness of geographical systems; but in the author's own words, afford, in a moderate compass, and under an agreeable form, such a view of every thing most important, relative to the natural and political state of the world, which we inhabit, as may dwell upon the mind in vivid colours, and durably impress it with just and instructive notions. As a very agreeable specimen of this ingenious and instructive work we select the Doctor's character of the Anglo-Americans, in which, with great liberality and candour we may perceive many of our national features delineated.]

The European population of the United States has proceeded chiefly from England, of which country they were all subject colonies till the revolution. The English origin is the most pure and unmixed in the people of New England, comprehending the three north eastern states, and next to them in those of Virginia and the Carolinas. New York and New Jersey were originally Dutch colonies, and Pennsylvania have a large admixture of Swedes and Germans. In later times, great numbers have emigrated from Scotland, Ireland, and also from the continent of Europe, who have gone principally to the back parts of the middle and southern States. These diversities of origin, together with the differences of climate, cannot but have produced a variety in the dispositions and manners of the inhabitants of the several states: yet enough of general similarity remains, whereon to found an idea of national character.

The Anglo-Americans (by which name they are generally designated in Europe) resemble their progenitors in a sedateness of temper, allied to coldness and phlegm, but which renders them persevering in their exertions and stedfast in their purposes. They are considered by strangers as reserved and unsocial, and have undergone the imputation of craft and unfairness in their dealings, with an immoderate thirst for gain. But it would not be easy to point out any commercial people whose ardour for gain could be termed moderate; and mercantile honour and generosity are usually only the results of acquired opulence. The great mass of the American people at present are employed either in the toilsome and anxious culture of new lands, or in speculations in trade with small capitals. They are therefore keen and eager after profit, and apt to be little scrupulous as to means; but these faults, it may be presumed, will be amended when they arrive at the condition of established capitalists. It has been imagined that the advantages offered to agriculture, by the easy terms on which unsettled land was to be procured, would give a general preference to the rural life, and that the manners usually supposed attendant on that mode of life would be predominant. But the commercial character seems radical in the Americans, and the love of bargaining is almost universal. Agriculture is pursued on a trading principle; and nothing is more common than, when a new seller has, by a residence for some years in the wilderness, cleared a spot, and brought it into a tolerable state of cultivation, that he disposes of it on profitable terms, and recommences his toils in the solitary forest.

To compare the Americans, with respect to their taste for literature and the arts, with the nations of Europe, abounding in men of wealth and leisure, and possessed of excellent models of every kind, would be unjust; but it may be affirmed that the numerous institutions for liberal education argue no want of attention to this point; and in many of the states the knowledge and the love of letters, to a certain degree, are very widely diffused. To mechanical inventions and the useful sciences they seem to have a peculiar aptitude. In domestic and public virtue they need not shun competition with any people. Upon the whole, there is a solidity in their national character which may justify the hope that, as it carried them with success through their hard struggle, and through subsequent difficulties, so it will enable them to preserve the singular civil advantages they possess, and make them worthy of the title of a free people.

In the comparison of the different states, those of New England, originally settled by an austere and gloomy sect, but sober, industrious, and considerate, are still reckoned the most orderly, public spirited and enlightened, but among the least agreeable in their manners. They have a remarkable spirit of enterprise, and compose the greatest part of the emigrants to the new territories in the west and south. At the opposite point of the scale are the Georgians, Carolinians and Virginians, partaking of the indolence, dissipation, and warm passions of the West Indian character, but hospitable and generous. The use of negro-slaves as la-

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bourers and domestics has exerted that unfavourable influence upon their morals, which can never, under any regulations, be entirely obviated. The intermediate states have mingled shades of character, in which may be traced the operation of the peculiar climates under which they live.

For the Port Folio.

A very singular Account of a Sleep-Walker.

FROM THE JOURNAL ENCYCLOPEDIQUE.

John Baptiste Negretti, of Vicenze, a domestic of the marquis Louis Sale, was a man of a brown complexion, of a very dry, hot constitution, by nature choleric, and by custom a drunkard. From the age of eleven he became subject to sleep-walking; but he was never seized with these fits, except in the month of March; and, at the furthest, they left him by the middle of April.

Messrs. Reghelini and Pagatti took a particular pleasure in observing him, while in this condition; and it is to the latter of these gentlemen, whose probity is beyond the reach of slander, that we are now indebted for the following circumstantial detail.

In the month of March, 1745, toward the evening, Negretti, having sat down upon a chair in an antichamber, fell asleep, and passed a quarter of an hour like any other man in the same situation: he then stretched himself for some time, and afterwards remained motionless, as if he wanted to pay attention to something. At length he arose, walked across the apartment, took a tobacco-box out of his pocket, and seemed desirous to have some tobacco; but, finding he had hardly any left, he assumed a look of disappointment, and advancing to the chair, which a certain person was wont to occupy, he called him by his name, and asked him for some tobacco: the other accordingly presented him his box open, and Negretti, having taken his quid, put himself in an attitude of listening; when imagining he heard himself called, he ran with a wax taper to a place where there usually stood a burning candle. Thinking he had lighted his taper, he crossed the hall with it, and went gently down stairs, stopping and turning about from time to time, as if he had been conducting along a visitor: on reaching the outward door, he placed himself on one side of it, saluted the company he imagined he was ushering out, and bowed as each of them seemed to pass him: this ceremony over, he returned up stairs very quick, extinguished his taper, and went to put it back in the place where he had found it. This scene he repeated three times the same evening. Having left the antichamber, he went into the dining-room, searched in his pocket for the key of the beaufet, and called by name for the servant whose duty it was to deliver that key to him every night before he went to bed. On receiving it he opened the beaufet, took a silver waiter or salver out of it (on which he put four glass decanters), and went to the kitchen, in order, no doubt, to fill them with water. He came back with them empty, however; and, when he had reached the middle of the stair-case, he put what he had in his hands upon a kind of post or pillar, ascended the remaining steps, and knocked at a door: as it was not opened to him, he returned down stairs, went in search of the valet-de-chambre, asked him some questions, turned upon his heel, and, running precipitately up the stair-case, accidentally touched the salver with his elbow, and broke the decanters. He again knocked at the door; but to no purpose; and on his return down stairs, he took the salver with him; which, having carried it into the dining-room, he placed upon a little table. Thence he went to the kitchen, took a pitcher, carried it to the pump (where he filled it with water), and then returned to the kitchen again. He afterwards went to the salver, and, missing the decanters, was displeased; said they certainly ought to be there, as he had placed them himself, and inquired of the other servants if they had taken them away. After a long search, he opened the beaufet again, took out two other decanters, rinsed them, poured water into them, put them on the salver; he then carried the whole into the antichamber, to the very door of the dining-room where the valet-de-chambre was wont to receive them from his hands. They accordingly took the salver and decanters from him, and a little while after returned them. On this, he went to the kitchen, wiped some plates with a cloth, held them to the fire as if he had wanted to dry them, and in like manner cleaned the other plates. These preparations completed, he returned to the beaufet, put the cloth and napkins into a small basket, and went, loaded with all these things, directly to a table, where there used to be a lighted candle. Having, by the light of this candle, seemed to search for a fork and knife, he carried back the basket, and shut the beaufet; and having afterward carried into the antichamber every thing he had taken out of the beaufet, and placed it upon a chair, he took a round table, at which the marchioness, his lady, used to eat, and covered it with great neatness. Beside it was another table, of the same form: this he sometimes touched by mistake; but always returned to that he wanted to cover. Now, that his business was finished, he walked about, blowed his nose, and took out his tobacco-box again; but withdrew his fingers from it, without offering to take any tobacco; as if he recollected, at the distance of at least two hours, that there was none in it;

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yet, though he could not procure a quid, he found a few grains to throw upon his hand. Here concluded the first scene. The people about him threw some water upon his face, and he awoke.

The next day, while Negretti was yet awake, the marquis received company in his chamber; a circumstance which rarely happened. As the visitors increased, so increased the demand for chairs. Negretti, having in the interim fallen asleep, rose up, after a short nap, and, after blowing his nose, paid his respects to his tobacco-box, and hurried away in search of chairs. What is the most remarkable, is, that, while he held one chair with both hands, he came to the door, which was shut; when, instead of knocking at it, he let go one hand from the chair, opened the door, took up the chair as before, and carried it to the very place it ought to have been in. This done, he went to the beaufet, searched for the key of it, and seemed to be vexed that he could not find it: he took a candle, and examined every corner of the apartment, and every step of the stair-case, walking about with great quickness, and groping with his hands, in the hopes of finding the lost key. The valet-de-chambre slid it into his pocket; and Negretti, soon after putting his hand there by accident, found the key. Enraged at his folly, he then opened the beaufet; when, after taking out a napkin, a plate, and two rolls, he shut it again, and went to the kitchen: there he dressed a sallad, producing from a closet every thing necessary for that purpose; and, when he had done, he sat himself down, in order to eat it. This dish they presently took from him, and, in place of it, gave him one of cabbage, highly seasoned. He continued to eat, and to cabbage they substituted a cake, which he swallowed in the same manner, without appearing to know any difference; a circumstance which proves that he had not relished the sallad by the organs of the taste, but that the soul alone enjoyed this sensation, without the intervention of the body. While he ate, he now and then listened, thinking he was called; and once he persuaded himself that he actually was so. Accordingly he went down in great haste to the hall; and, finding he was not wanted, he stepped into the antichamber, and he asked the servants if he had not been wanted. Rather peevish at being disturbed, he returned to his supper in the kitchen; which after having finished, he said, in a half-whisper, that he should be glad to go to the next public house, in order to have a draught, if he had any money, and he examined his pockets, to no purpose: at length he rose from his seat, saying, he would go, however; that he would pay next day, and they would not scruple to trust him. With great alacrity he ran to the public house, which was at the distance of two gun-shots from the house; he knocked at the door, without trying whether it was open, as if he had known that, at so late an hour, it necessarily must be shut; and, on gaining admission, he called for half a pint of wine; instead of which, the landlord gave him the same quantity of water: this he drank up, insensible of the difference, and at his departure said he would pay for it on the morrow. With all haste he returned homeward, and, on entering the antichamber, asked the servants if his master had not wanted him. He then appeared in high spirits, and said he had been out to drink, and was the better for it. On this, they opened his eyes with their fingers, and he awoke.

The third scene. One Friday evening, he recollected, in his sleep, that the family-tutor had said to him, if he was seized with his somnambulancy that night, and would bring him a bason of soup, he would give him some drink-money. On this he rose, while fast asleep, and said aloud, that he would plan a trick for the tutor. He accordingly went down to the kitchen, and repairing thence to the tutor's chamber, as directed, he reminded him of his promise. The tutor gave him a small piece of money; on which Negretti, taking the valet-de-chambre by the arm, carried him along with him to the public house, and as he drank, related to him, in a very circumstantial manner, how he had duped the tutor, whose money he imagined he had received while awake. He laughed heartily, drank repeatedly to the tutor's health, and returned, all life and spirits, to the house.

Once, while Negretti was in this state of somnambulancy, a person took it in his head to hit him on the leg with a stick: imagining it to be a dog, he grumbled; and, as the person continued to strike him, he went in search of a switch, and pursued the supposed dog, brandishing it about him with all his might: at length he fell into a rage, and, in despair of finding him, poured forth a load of abuse upon the cur: he produced a morsel of bread from his pocket, called the dog by his name, and kept a switch concealed: they threw a muff to him, which he took for the dog, and upon it he discharged his fury.

M. Pagatti, in the course of his repeated observations upon Negretti, remarked, that every night he did something new: he likewise observed, that while his fit lasted, he enjoyed neither the sense of seeing, nor of hearing, nor of smelling, nor of tasting. We have seen that he would eat victuals of different sorts, without perceiving the change: he heard no noise, however great: he perceived no candle, though it was held near enough to scorch his eye-lids: he felt not a feather, though they violently tickled his nose with it: as for the touch, he sometimes had it tolerably acute, and sometimes exceedingly blunt.

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For the Port Folio.

[In a recent number of Carpenter's Monthly Register, that gentleman has devoted a chapter to "American Literature," and has reviewed, at some length, the last poem from the pen of Mr. Fessenden. As this criticism is, with a few exceptions, consonant to the opinion we have repeatedly expressed of the genius of *our* Butler, an opinion fully supported by the whole body of British Critics, who could be under the influence of no party, personal, or private motives to bias their praise, it gives us pleasure to have another opportunity of calling public attention to literary merit.]

IT may be necessary occasionally to remind the reader that the editor of this work has pledged himself to strict candour, not only in the conduct of the historical part, but in his critical reviews of publications of a political tendency; and "to observe the same impartiality, and render the same literary justice to the political writer, whether he maintain the opinions of a BURKE or a PAINE, a MONTESQUIEU or a MACHIAVEL." * In discussing the merits of such works, he has disadvantages to encounter, but he is determined to meet them. On one side suspicion will lead some to say that when he praises the writings of the partisans of their principles, he has not praised them sufficiently, or where he has found cause to dispraise, that he has censured too much; while every thing he says in favour of the opposite writers will be construed into prejudice and partiality. On the other side it is not impossible that he will be impeached by some of trimming up his criticism to please the majority. Were he to prostrate his judgment at the feet of such considerations, and to suffer himself to be suspected and surmised in silence, this work would have very little claim to the public support. He therefore purposes to proceed forward, regardless of any whispers that might warp him from his duty, and (profiting by the beautiful allegory of ULYSSES in the epic poem) to stuff his ears with wax, and tie himself to the mast, while he passes by the Pelorian island of political disquisition. With party or its subdivisions, such a work as this cannot properly have any thing to do; and if in reviewing books of general political principle, he should do what he thinks justice to an author, he claims to be acquitted from any motive connected with party. In England, where party zeal rages scarcely so violently, even within its comparatively narrow compass, and certainly not by many degrees so extensively as in this country, the reviews present a lamentable proof of the taint which that unpropitious spirit has given to those who have obtained a kind of prescriptive right to cater for the public taste and judgment. While some of them are downright partisans; others pursue right, but seem to be occasionally diverged from the straight road by incidental obliquities resulting from zeal in defence of a particular tenet, and are suspected of partiality, because that tenet belongs to a party: while, after all, it is likely that the censure or the praise bestowed upon those same reviews may result from minds no less, or perhaps more than them tainted with prejudice. Such is the difficulty of the critic, and so little is the hope that he has a right to entertain of escaping censure.

Aware of the caution that ought to be observed in making up his judgment on the opinion of others, however estimable they may be in the editor's mind, he purposes to abstain wholly from announcing any American publication, till he has had an opportunity of revising it himself. He apprehends that from time to time many valuable tracts are published in the Northern states, which do not reach Charleston, till they are either grown old in esteem, or have so far faded as to forbid recommendation. Since the publication of the last number, one has been sent to him from Boston; which, as he considers it to be deserving of public notice, he takes the earliest opportunity of offering it to his readers, particularly to those in this state, many of whom residing so far from the place of its publication, may be unacquainted with its merits, or even its existence. It is entitled,

* See the prospectus.

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DEMOCRACY UNVEILED,

or, Tyranny Stript of its Garb of Patriotism.

By Doctor Caustic, L. L. D.

&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. &c.

This is a series of poems in the Hudibrastic vein, intended to expose the mischiefs arising from the abuses of democracy; for though the author gives it the title of *Democracy Unveiled*, he knows too well the great and essential mixture of democracy in the British, and the still stronger portion which pervades the federal constitution, to mean an indiscriminate attack upon that great fundamental principle, in all free governments (by which words we mean good government) to reject or censure it in all its modifications. Having suggested this, which we conceive to be a fair conclusion, the next observation that occurs to us is that the introduction of party names and party concerns forbids our entertaining it as a political production, and leaves scarcely more than the merits of the work, as a poetical composition, for us to descant upon.

In that point of view it has claims to praise, which we think political adversaries themselves will be ready to acknowledge. No man living has been more richly entertained by the *Lousiad* of Peter Pindar than the illustrious personage who is the subject of its ridicule; and we have no doubt that there are some of those to whom our author has applied his *Caustic*, who will have not only regard enough for genius, and admiration of wit, but sufficient magnanimity also to relish those his cantos. The right of the satirist is indefeasible. To be perfectly within the limits of its laws and privileges, it must be true and it must be general: satire, merely personal,* dwindles into lampoon; and is censurable because it is defamatory. The leading objects of doctor Caustic's satire bring his cantos in verse, within the former; how far the introduction of personalities may have brought him within the censure of the latter, or how far they were necessary to the elucidation of his main design, we leave to the readers of them to settle in their own minds.

With the single exception of the author of M'Fingal, no one, since the days of Butler, has succeeded in that species of verse, since called Hudibrastic, so well as the author of these poems. His images are by no means so ludicrous, his combinations so whimsical, or so felicitously incongruous as those of his great original: but his inferiority in that respect is in some sort balanced by the vehemence of his satire, in which he seems to have called in the spirits of Persius and Churchill to his aid. It were to be wished that those well-meaning writers, who labour to decry the spirit of evil which has for some years past risen from abused democracy, would keep in sight the distinctions which exist between the doctrines and practices, classed under that general term. Confounding what is good of it, with that which is bad, by mixing them under one head, diminishes, if it does not destroy, the effect, which might otherwise be produced in exposing the latter to view and to consequent detestation. Jacobinism, to be sure, makes democracy its ladder; but when it has mounted to its height, becomes distinct from, though still assuming to belong to it, in order to cover itself from abhorrence and execration. Every man of sense and virtue must unequivocally curse jacobinism, but no man can, at the same time admire the old British constitution, or respect the American, and be willing to crush democracy. Indeed, this does not seem at all to be the design of the verses before us, which go to the abuses of democracy merely; our objection in reality, therefore, in this instance, lies not to the book, but to the name of it. We think it, in some respects, a misnomer.

This work, like Hudibras, is divided into cantos, the first of which is called

* Here we think the critic not perfectly correct. Mr. Pope's opinion, in contradiction of this, is perhaps too trite for quotation. But the Author of the Pursuits of Literature, whose judgment we may not venture to impeach, has told us with "his voice potential," that satire never *can have effect without a personal application*. It *must* come home to the bosoms and often to the offences of *particular* men. [*Note by the Editor.*

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the *Tocsin*. In this the author unfolds his purpose pretty boldly.

"A mortal foe to fools and rogues,
Your mortal democrats and demagogues,
Who've sworn they will not leave us a brick,
Of freedom's blood-cemented fabric.

"I'll search in democratic annals,
Elicit truth from dirty channels,
Describe low knaves in high condition,
Though speaking truth be deem'd sedition.

"I would not, willingly, omit
One scoundrel, high enough to hit,
But should I chance to make omission,
I'll put him in my next edition.

"But still with caution will refrain
From giving honest people pain;
And only private vice unmask,
Where public good requires the task.

"I would not wantonly annoy—
Would no man's happiness destroy;
None lives, I say, with honest pride, who
Despises slander more than I do."

After revealing the kind of persons, some of them by name, for whom he is preparing the scourge, he concludes the canto with a further explanation of his intention, in the following lines:

"But my design, and hope, and trust is,
To bring your leading knaves to justice;
Exposed on satire's gibbets high,
To frighten others of the fry.

"Thus, when our prudent farmers find
Your democrats of feather'd kind,
Crows, black-birds, and rapacious jays,
Dispos'd to plunder fields of maize,

"If haply they destroy a few
Of such a lawless, plundering crew,
They hang them in conspicuous place,
To terrify the pilfering race."

The second canto bears the title of *Illuminism*, in which he treats the proselytes of WEISHAUPT, the Deists, and Atheists, with very little ceremony, as the origin of the evils of the French revolution.

"We now the origin will trace
Of that dire pest to human race,
That freedom with which France was curst,
Till Bonaparte the bubble burst."

On this subject it was impossible for him to be too severe. The wickedness of the thing gives every man a right to inflict the lash; and Doctor CAUSTIC has used his privilege with a vengeance. He traces it from ROUSSEAU.

"'Twas thence concluded, by Rousseau,
That *all refinement* did but go
To alter nature's simple plan,
And *scoundrelize* the creature man.

"From such rude data, theoriz'd,
That *man were best uncivilizd'*;
Like those philosophers, who prate
Of innocence in savage state.

"E'en took it in his crazy noddle
A *savage* was *perfection's* model;
And nature, without cultivation,
The *ne plus ultra* of creation."

Thence he follows the evil through the sophists; thence passes to the secret illuminati; and, lastly, to the practical jacobins and their plans, embracing, with Atheism, all the ruinous insurrectionary doctrines of that sect.

"And now the boding storm began
To threaten *civil, social* man;
While phials of illumination
Are pour'd on each surrounding nation.

Kings, nobles, priests, *besotted elves*,
Strangely combin'd against themselves."

The stand made by Great-Britain, against the progress of those doctrines, is then adverted to, and a compliment is paid Mr. PITT, whose services are here, as well as in many other works, greatly magnified.* After which, the poet concludes the canto, with the falling of the curtain at the end of the horrible jacobinical drama, the catastrophe of which he glances at in the following lines:

"But, well the reader knows, I fancy,
How *freedom alamode de François*
Was *forc'd* to chose for her protector
The Corsic despot to perfect her.

"Surrender'd all her harlot charms
To murd'rer Bonaparté's arms;
And now, is doubtless, safe enough in
The clutches of that raggamuffin."

The third canto, is headed with *Mobocracy*, and is so replete with that kind

* The general determination to consider Mr. Pitt as the efficient conservator of Europe upon this occasion is scarcely less fanatical than the obstinacy of some religious sectaries in their tenets. Burke's assertions and predictions of regicide peace (his testamentary work) are now matter of history. And that series will shew, that if Mr. Pitt, or rather the queen's cabinet (of which he was the mouth piece) did some good, they also did much evil.....had they acted as they ought to have done, Europe would have been at safe peace eight years ago.

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of humour, which belongs to Hudibrastic writing, that we apprehend it will produce merriment, even among those who are most adverse to the opinions it contains; and most abhorrent of personalities. Many of that sort of whimsical forced rhymes, which produce such laughable effects in BUTLER's renowned work are found in this canto, and produce pleasant sensations.

"When democrats, from public papers,
Learn'd how the French were cutting capers,
They lost the little wits they had,
And were, poor things, completely mad.
"No dancing bear, whipp'd round a *stake*, *or*
Wild, whirligigging, shaking, Quaker,
E'er equall'd mad gesticulation
Of democratic gratulation.
"But time would fail to set forth *now how*
Full many a democratic *pow wow*," &c.

In this canto, the poet states the progress of French jacobin principles in America, with the circumstances which rendered the public feelings prompt for the reception of such delusive schemes, as the revolutionists of France held out, and after glancing at a leading character, as one who greatly contributed to the circulation and encouragement of those principles, and at the means employed for that purpose; he concludes the third canto, with a promise, which he performs in the fourth, and in which the reader will find a genuine specimen of the Hudibrastic.

"But as I had, from natal hour,
Respect for great men, *while in Power*,
I mean right merrily to chant o-
Ver his praise, in my next canto."

The doctor commences his fourth canto, which he entitles *the Jeffersoniad*, with the following ludicrous lines, in which the genius of BUTLER, as indeed throughout the greater part of the volume, is very conspicuous.

"With awe scarce short of adoration,
Before the glory of our nation,
With scrape submissive, cap in hand,
I, doctor CAUSTIC, trembling stand.
And offer with that veneration,
Due to his highness's high station,
My services to daub and gloss over,
A philanthropical philosopher."

The incidents which furnish the doctor with the materials for his satire on this canto, are not at all new. They have repeatedly been the subjects of the public prints opposed to the present administration; whatever the merit or demerit of them may be, therefore, the doctor has nothing to do with them as originals; but he is entitled to consideration of a much superior kind, that of presenting them in a pleasing form; that of making agreeable things in themselves painful, and of converting objects, which in other forms were hurtful to feeling, and disgusting to refined taste, into palatable, intellectual food. Whatever he touches, receives such a tincture of the humourous, from the whimsical attitude in which he places it, that it is impossible to resist the impression it makes upon the fancy of those even who dislike the subject. Instead of a dull repetition of the attacks upon the high personage alluded to, he ironically defends him upon them, or rather varnishes them over.

"Touch'd by my pencil, every fault
Shall fade away like mount of salt,
Which late 'tis said, in weather rainy,
Was melted in Louisiana.
"Posterity shall puff the statesman,
Who I will prove is our *first rate's man*,
Nor Gaffer Time shall dare to tarnish
The character I mean to varnish."

Of the subject matter of this canto, there are some parts which nothing but the unparallelled licentiousness to which the practice of political scurrility, beginning we know not where, has long habituated the public journals, on both sides, and in that way rendered familiar to the public ear, could have made, in their original form, even tolerable; but, considering that they have already been bandied about, and, that allusion to them now is not creating new calumny, we apprehend that there are but few persons who may not draw amusement from them, as they are presented by doctor CAUSTIC. Even of those, who most reprobated the matter in the naked state, in which it originally stood in the columns of political controversy, there are few who will not say of this canto, what doctor JOHNSON, in his pre-

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face to SHAKSPEARE, says of the character of Falstaff....." *His licentiousness is not so offensive but it may be borne for his mirth.*"

In the fifth canto, entitled, *the Gibbet of Satire*, doctor CAUSTIC descends to the inferior agents of the party which he lashes. It is, in our opinion, much less pleasing than those preceding. In the notes to this canto, is included an excellent song, called, *Fanaticism*, which deserves, not only notice for its ingenuity, but praise for its being a satire upon that pernicious class of impostors, FIELD PREACHERS.

In the sixth, and last canto, styled, *Monition*, the doctor gives, to the people, some advice, in which he displays much good sense, in doggrel rhymes. Upon the whole, this is a work, which, though in some points exceptionable, must be considered as making a very conspicuous link in the chain of progressive American literature, and as standing high in that class, which, it is hoped, will hereafter confer upon this part of the world a just title to rank with the nations of the old world, in works of wit and humour. We cannot dismiss the subject without subjoining a few verses of advice, which are well worthy the consideration of the people, and which, if duly followed, would greatly profit the community.

"Sirs, (my opinion to be blunt in)
The first step must be, "scoundrel hunting!"
The minions of a wicked faction,
Hiss! hoot quite off the stage of action!

Next, every man throughout the nation
Must be contented in his station,
Nor think to cut a figure greater
Than was design'd for him by nature.

No tinker bold with *brazen* pate,
Should set himself to *patch* the state,
No cobbler leave, at faction's call,
His *last*, and thereby lose his *all*.

No brawny blacksmith, brave and stout,
Our constitution *hammer* out,
For if he's wise, he'll not desire
Too many *irons* in the fire;—

And though a master of his trade,
With politics on *anvil* laid,
He may take many a *heat*, and yet he
Can't *weld* a bye-law or a treaty.

No tailor, than his *goose* more silly,
Should cut the state a garment, till he
Is sure he has the *measure* right,
Lest it *fit* awkward, *loose*, or *tight*,
No farmer had he Ceres' skill,
The commonwealth should think to *till*,
For many *soils* in human nature,
Would mock his art as *cultivator*."

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming;
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

[The following ingenious and scholastic toasts were given at a party of Virginian graduates.]

1. THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.—May every quarter open to our scattered steps the paths of wisdom, wealth, and glory.

2. THE SEVEN SCIENCES.—May they never cease to illuminate our land, while the *seven stars* continue to rise and set.

3. I. GRAMMAR.—Success to *concord* and good *government*. An *active* man always in the *imperative*.

4. II. LOGIC.—Wealthy *premises* to the industrious.

5. III. RHETORIC.—In these times, 'twere well to try the *sublime* of the cannon. Above all, the *ironical matter* should not be omitted, for that never fails touching the feelings of the insolent.

6. IV. ARITHMETIC.—Avoid internal *divisions*. They are the *root* of evils without *number*, and eventually *reduce* a *nation* to the most *vulgar fractions*. On the contrary line in the *alligations* of *fellowship* and *unity*, and every day will *add sum-proof* of your having *calculated* wisely.

7. V. GEOMETRY.—May our *rulers* alway *survey* well the ground on which they stand: May the people never be *encompassed* by the *pilots* of *chain-carriers*, and may a *chord-of sixty* be the *protractor* of the traitor's neck.

8. VI. May no *revolution eclipse the sun* of Liberty; but may its disk be without spot, and its beams encircle both hemispheres at once.

9. VII. MUSIC.—May the whole *tenor* of our lives move *counter* to what is *base*.

10. GEOGRAPHY.—Let our laws be *bounded* by the *equator* of justice, and let no *latitude* be given to him who *crosses the line*.

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11. CHEMISTRY.—The *refinement* of Athens—the *mettle* of Sparta, and the *Regulus* of Rome.

12. MECHANIC.—*Perpetual motion* to the *wheels* of the Federal constitution. May execration never leave the politician who is a *lever* of its principles.

13. THE LANGUAGES.—May the *living* be not too much given to the *grave*, and may the *dead* never be forgotten.

ANECDOTE OF ADDISON.

Mr. Temple Stanyan (says Dr. Birch) on some exigency borrowed a sum of money from Addison, with whom he lived in terms of intimacy and friendship, conversing on all subjects with equal freedom; but from this time, he agreed implicitly to every thing, Addison advanced, and never, as formerly, disputed his positions. This change of behaviour did not long escape the notice of so acute an observer, to whom it was by no means agreeable. It happened one day that a subject was started, on which they had before controverted one another's notions; but now Mr. Stanyan entirely acquiesced in Mr. Addison's opinion, without offering one word in defence of his own. Addison was displeased, and vented his displeasure by saying with some emotion, "Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money."

CHARCOAL TOOTH POWDER.

By late London papers we observe that powdered charcoal has become the fashionable dentrifice in the higher circles. It is better adapted to the cleaning of teeth than any other substance with which we are acquainted. It corrects the fætor which arises from decayed teeth, at the same time that it whitens them as far as this is possible. We earnestly recommend it to our readers. The celebrated Dr. Darwin directs it to be prepared in the following manner: a lump of charcoal should be put a second time into the fire till it is red hot, as soon as it becomes cool the external ashes should be blown off, and it should be immediately reduced to fine powder in a mortar, sifted and kept close stopped in a phial. It should be used every morning, upon a brush, which is not too hard, with warm water. After every meal, the mouth should be carefully rinced, to dislodge any animal matter, from between the teeth, which by becoming putrid would destroy the enamel, produce pain, and ultimately destroy the teeth.

INSTANCES OF EARLY PROFICIENCY.

Avicenna, born at Borhara, at ten years understood human sciences and the Alkoran, and went through all the Encyclopædia before 18, in which time he slept not one whole night, and minded nothing but reading.—HOTTINGAR.

Torquato Tasso spoke plain at six months old; at three years went to school; at seven he understood Latin and Greek, and made verses; before twelve he finished his course of rhetoric, poetry, logic, and ethics; at seventeen received his degrees in philosophy, laws, and divinity, and printed his 'Rinaldo.'

Grotius,, at eight years old, made verses, and performed his public exercises in philosophy; before fifteen he put forth his Commentary upon Martianus Capella; at sixteen he pleaded causes, and at seventeen he put forth his Commentary upon Aratus.

Calvin printed his Institutions before he was twenty-five.

Tostatus learned all the liberal sciences without being taught, and writ, in the forty years he lived, as much as most in that time can read; and yet, at the same time, he was counsellor to the king, referendary major of Spain, and professor of philosophy, divinity, and law, in Salamanca.

Monsieur *Pascal*, observing the sound of an earthen dish at table, inquired the reason, and presently after wrote a Treatise concerning Sounds, at about eleven years of age; at twelve he read and comprehended Euclid's Elements with great facility, without any master; at sixteen, he composed a Treatise on Conics; at nineteen, he invented that instrument in arithmetic, now in print.

Queen *Elizabeth* wrote a good hand before she was four years old, and understood Italian, for there are letters extant, written by her in that language to Queen Jane, when she was with-child, in which she subscribed Daughter, &c.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Elegy on a Dog, by QUERCINUS, gives us much reason to fear that the poor animal died mad, and had bitten the writer.

Are the Days of our friend DIARY at an end? Or is he less *impatient* than formerly of the Night? We shall hail his returning dawn with satisfaction.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

VERSES TO A FRIEND.

Clad with the moss of gathering years,
The stone of fame shall moulder down,
Long dried from soft affection's tears,
Its place unheeded or unknown.

Ah! who would strive for fame that flies
Like forms of mist before the gale?
Renown but breathes before it dies:
A meteor's path, an idiot's tale!

Beneath retirement's sheltering wing,
From mad conflicting crouds remote,
Beside some grove-encircled spring,
Let wisdom build thine humble cot.

There clasp your fair one to your breast;
Your eyes impearl'd with transport's tear,
By turns caressing and caress'd,
Your infant prattlers sporting near.

Content thy humble board shall dress,
And *Poverty* shall guard thy door:—
Of *wealth and fame*, if you have less
Than monarchs, you of *bliss* have more.

TO HARRIET.

With a Bracelet which dropped from her arm.

Happy Bracelet! I must thee yield,
And send thee back to Harriet's arm;
Oh! be thou there a magic shield,
To guard her from impending harm.

Oh! could I take thy envied place,
And touch like thee her lovely face,
Like thee to press that roseate lip
Where Bees would linger long to sip.

Or could I make thy twisted hair
Fetters to bind the scornful Fair—
Then would I try Persuasion's art,
To win the happy Harriet's heart.

ADDRESS,

Spoken by MRS. JONES, on her Benefit night, *at the Theatre, New-York.*

Inspir'd by hope, not quite unmix'd with fear,
Before my much lov'd patrons I appear,
A supplicant, for leave to show my heart,
And act—what long I've felt—*a grateful part.*
And did you know with what delight I trace
The progress of your favours in this place,—
From that first night my female terrors fled
To the rich bounties which now crown my head;
Then would you own your little Stranger's mind
Is not less *thankful*, than you're always *kind!*
Five circling moons have scarcely gone their round
Since I first stept upon *this scenic ground.*
With throbbing pulse, and half-drawn breast, I came
An anxious, trembling candidate for fame.
Your sense, your taste, your science, I had heard,
Would weigh me strictly—judge then what I fear'd,
And judge too of the raptures in my breast,
To find your goodness equal all the rest.
Here, if by force of words could be convey'd
The deep impression which your kindness made,
Art's choicest terms should paint the glowing swell
My bosom feels—tho' language fails to tell.
Nor did I, as my *guardians* will allow,
Think heart-felt thanks are all the debt I owe,
Since gay, or sad, or well, *or ill at ease,*
My constant study has been—*still to please.*
For your enliv'ning *plaudits* are the pole,
To which still points the magnet of my soul.
When Sickness came—*Detraction in his train—*
And Truth and Candour were invok'd in vain,
Then did I turn my drooping thoughts to *you,*
And found my hopes revive—my health renew.
The thoughts of *you* can brace me, tho' unstrung,
Re-light my eyes, and re-inspire my tongue.
Rear'd by your care—nurs'd by your fost'ring hands,
Frost—mildew—blight escap'd—the flower expands;
The tender germe, which lay conceal'd ere while,
Shoots—blossoms—blooms—and ripens in your smile.
And long—ah! long may your protecting aid
The chief sweet solace of my life be made;
Long—very long, may memory combine,
On your part FAVOUR—GRATITUDE *on mine.*

EPIGRAM.

Rich Gripe does all his thoughts and cunning bend
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend,
Poor Shifter does his whole contrivance set
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get:
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune blend 'em, if you can,
And of two wretches make one happy man.

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Epitaph on that gallant soldier, Sir Thomas Vere.

When Vere sought death, armed with his sword and shield,
Death was afraid to meet him in the field;
But when his weapons he had laid aside
Death, like a coward, struck him, and he died.

On an Infant.

The railing world turn'd poet, made a play,
I came to see, disliked, and went away.

A Periwig-maker's Sign of Absalom in the Oak.

If Absalom hadn't worn his own hair,
He'd ne'er been found a hanging there.

On Mrs. Oldfield, the celebrated actress.

This we must own, in justice to her shade,
The first bad exit Oldfield ever made.

In Winchester Church Yard.

Our bodies are like shoes, which off we cast,
Physic their Cobler is, and Death their Last.

When we've nothing to dread from the law's sternest frowns,
How we laugh at the barrister's wigs, bags, and gowns!
But no sooner we want them to sue or defend,
Than their laughter begins, and our mirth's at an end.

Jerry dying intestate, his relatives claim'd,
Whilst his widow most vilely his mem'ry defam'd—
What, cried she, must I suffer, because the old knave
Without leaving a will is laid snug in his grave?
That's no wonder, says one, for it's very well known
Since he married, poor man, he'd no *will* of his own.

To a Lady, who lamented she could not sing.

Oh give to Lydia, ye blest Pow'rs! I cried,
A voice, the only gift ye have denied—
A voice, says Venus, with a laughing air;
A voice! strange object of a lover's prayer!
Say—shall your chosen fair resemble most
Yon Philomel, whose voice is all her boast?
Or, curtain'd round with leaves, yon mournful dove,
That hoarsely murmurs to the conscious grove?
Still more unlike, said I, be Lydia's note
The pleasing tone of Philomela's throat,
So to the hoarseness of the murmuring dove
She join ('tis all I ask) the *Turtle's love*.

NINE LIVES.

To all the *Tabby* kind alone
Fate has a partial kindness shown;
Their thread to thrice three lengths is run;
Their life on thrice three spindles spun.
Is Puss thrown headlong to the street
From a house top she finds her feet,
Should butchers and their curs annoy her,
Nor butchers nor their curs destroy her,
Should she lose *three* or e'en *four* lives,
By more *than* half she still survives.

On seeing the words *Domus Ultima* inscribed on the vault belonging to the Dukes of Richmond in the Cathedral of Chichester.

Did he, who thus inscribed this wall
Not read, and not believe St. Paul,
Who says there is, where'er it stands,
"Another house, not made with hands?"
Or shall we gather from these words
That house is not a *house of Lords*.

On W. Bacon, Esq. who was killed by lightning.

By touch etherial in a moment slain
He felt the power of death, but not the pain;
Swift as the lightning glanc'd his spirit flew,
And bade this rough tempestuous world adieu,
Short was his passage to that peaceful shore
Where storms are quell'd, and thunders heard no more.

On a Lady refusing to shew her Hand.

No argument could Celia move,
With strong reluctance still she strove
Her lovely hand to hide;
The case is plain; she was afraid,
That plac'd in view, it might be said,
That by her hand they dy'd.

On a dumb, but very ingenious Boy.

Happy boy, no more complain,
Nor think thy loss of speech a pain:
Nature has us'd thee like good liquor
And *cork'd* thee but to make thee *quicker*

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, May 31st*, 1806. [No. 21.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 168.

Aimez donc la raison: que tous vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

THE tendency of my Hundred and Fifty-fifth paper has been censured by a writer who subscribes himself Hortensius, on the ground that the principle I am there assiduous to inculcate is that of secrecy in those young men who, to quote, however reluctantly, the language of this moralist, 'have passed moments of rapturous emotion, in tender dalliance with the other sex.' I am not the first who has been represented as the teacher of doctrines that never were within his view; and it was not, therefore, with much impatience that I saw the publication of this misconception of my sentiments. I was even pleased with the advertisement it conveyed to me, that, by some unfortunate ambiguity of phrase, I had exposed myself to the danger of misleading those whom I had been willing to set right; and I resolved on doing so much justice to myself and my reader, as to attempt a more intelligible exposition of my real ideas. On recurring, however, to the paper in question, I find it impossible for me to admit, without an affectation of candour, that the construction of Hortensius is at all warranted by my words; and I have only to beg the favour, of those who shall think an explanation desirable, that they will refer to what I have already written.

MR. SAUNTER,

HOWEVER indefensible most of Dr. Johnson's criticisms on the *Bard* may be, they constitute in this respect a fairer analysis than that of the *Progress of Poesy*, that they include a review of the poem as a whole, and are not, like the latter, confined to verbal and particular objections. Of the critique on the *Bard*, so much as refers to it as a whole has already been considered, with the exception of a technical remark, that *the stanzas are too long, especially the epodes*, and on which, I confess, I am not prepared to give an opinion. What follows, belongs to the thoughts and composition of particular stanzas or verses; and, though it was not my first intention, to confront, as in my examination of the *Progress of Poesy*, each stanza with the accusing observations of Johnson, and the eulogiums and apologies of Wakefield and Mason. I proceed, therefore, to transcribe the first:

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless king!
'Confusion on thy banners wait!
'Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state!
'Helm nor hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail,
'To save thy soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!'

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Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As, down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side,
He wound, with toilsome march, his long array:
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast, in speechless trance;
'To arms!' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

The objections of Dr. Johnson are already before you; the opinions of Mr. Wakefield and the critic quoted by Mr. Mason, as to the abruptness of its commencement, I shall proceed to insert:

'The tumultuary haste of this exordium,' says the first, 'and the unknown tendency of the enraged prophet's denunciation, rouse the attention, and lead it to expect great things: nor will the sequel disappoint it. Here is no transient flash of poetical enthusiasm, that vanishes in smoke; but an unremitting blaze of splendour.'

'On this noble exordium,' says Mr. Mason, 'the anonymous critic, before mentioned, thus eloquently expresses his admiration: "This abrupt execration plunges the reader into that fearful perplexity which is designed to predominate throughout the whole. The irresistible violence of the prophet's passions bears *him* away, *who*, as he is unprepared by a formal ushering in of the speaker, is unfortified against the impressions of his poetical phrenzy, and overpowered by them, as sudden thunders strike the deepest." All readers of taste, I believe, have felt this effect from the passage; they will be well pleased, however, to see their own feelings so well expressed as they are in this note.'

Of the verse beginning, *To save*, &c. Mr. Wakefield observes, 'This line certainly has not an equal vigour with the rest of the stanza; and the first epithet at least is trite and feeble.'—*Wild dismay*, says Mr. W. is 'a bold and poetical expression, conveyed in a just and consistent metaphor, descriptive of the physical effects of sound, which disperses and propagates itself in every direction from the sounding body as its centre.'

In the succeeding stanza, the author of the *sounds* is introduced, and his voice heard again, not in the rage of execration, but the settled tone of indignant grief:

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes, the Poet stood,
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, in the troubled air)
And, with a Master's hand and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre:
'Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
'Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, O king! their hundred arms they wave;
'Revenge, on thee, in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoël's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.'

Dr. Johnson has allowed the Bard to be well described. Mr. Gray tells us, 'The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel: there are two of these paintings, both believed to be originals, one at Florence, the other in the Duke of Orleans's collection, at Paris.'—To this Mr. Mason adds,—'Mr. Gray never saw the large cartoon, done by the same divine hand, in the possession of the Duke of Montagu, at his seat at Boughton in Northamptonshire, else I am persuaded he would have mentioned it in this note. The two finished pieces abroad (which, I believe, are closet pieces) can hardly have so much spirit in them as this wonderful drawing; it gave me the sublimest idea I ever received from painting. Moses breaking the Tables of the Law, by Parmegiano, was a figure which Mr. Gray used to say came still nearer to his meaning than the picture of Raphael.'

'The turbulent impetuosity of the preceding stanza,' says Mr. Wakefield, 'and the sedate majesty of this, form a most pleasing and animated contrast. The portraiture of the Bard is venerable indeed: every word presents us with a picture. In short, the whole

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composition is on fire, glowing with strength, and sparkling with beauty.

"——— haughty brow."

'So Homer, επ' οφρυσι καλλικομωντις—επ' οφρυος, and επ' οφρυσιν—αιγιαλοιο—Moselus and Apollonius Rhodius: and St. Luke—της οφρυος του ορους—iv, 29, of his Gospel.—"Ecce! *supercilio* clivosi tramitis:" Virg.—Homer says, with greater boldness, Ιλις οφρυοεσσα: but Mr Gray's correspondent term—*frowns*—is a happy continuation of the figure.'

Though Mr. Gray might owe the image to the painter, Mr. Wakefield finds a part of the language in his favourite poet:

Who forthwith, from the glittering staff, unfurl'd
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone, *like a meteor streaming to the wind.*

"——— the *troubled* air."

'A most happy epithet!—as if the very elements participated the rage and perturbation of the prophet!'

And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

'This' continues Mr. W. 'is poetical language in perfection; and breathes the sublime spirit of Hebrew poetry, which delights in this grand rhetorical substitution.'

I shall extend this letter no further than to include the epode, and the observations it has excited:

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed.
'Mountains! ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.
'On dreary Avon's shore they lie,
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
'Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
'The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye died amid your dying country's cries!—
'No more I weep! they do not sleep!
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land!
'With me, in dreadful harmony, they join,
'And weave, with bloody hands, the tissue of thy line.

Mr. Gray is here accused of repeating *a tale that, when it was first heard, was heard with scorn.* We might suppose that Dr. Johnson had never heard nor seen an instance of that figure of rhetoric called the hyperbole. Is it so extraordinary, to say, in the language of poetry, that the tongue of Cadwallo hushed the stormy main, and that the magic song of Modred made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head?—Dr. Johnson, whose faith, however, was not very scrupulous, really cannot believe that the tongue of Cadwallo hushed the sea, or that the mountain bowed to the song of Modred! I suspect that it was never intended to be believed by any body; but, surely these are modes of speech, in which all mankind have indulged. That the indulgence has been, and still is, attended with much inconvenience, I do not need to be convinced; that we owe to it many a lying legend and many a mischievous system, I have no manner of doubt; but it is the language of poetry; it is the language of man; it is the language characteristic of a bard; and Mr. Gray did but draw the picture with dramatical fidelity, when he adopted it on this occasion. Shakspeare was perhaps the source whence he derived the first part of this terrible tale:

Utt'ring such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song.

On the transition in this epode, from the melancholy march of the earlier verses to the rapturous vivacity of the concluding, Mr. Mason supplies me with the remark that follows: 'Here,' says the anonymous critic, 'a vision of triumphant revenge is judiciously made to ensue, after the pathetic lamentation which precedes it. Breaks—double rhymes—an appropriated cadence—and an exalted ferocity of language, forcibly picture to us the uncontrolable tumultuous workings of the prophet's stimulated bosom.'

STATERUS.

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For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF RACINE.

(*Continued from page* 293.)

An attempt was at that time made to induce him to embrace the profession of an advocate; this noble profession would have led him into a course of study, by which his passion for poetry would have been insensibly extinguished: he rejected it. One of those places was offered to him which, *without leading to fortune*, afford to him who fills them an easy competence, well fitted to compensate him for the tedium which accompanies them: he refused it. He seemed no further to yield to the views of fortune and advancement which were presented to him, than they might accord with his predominant taste.

At this period, M. Vittart, intendant of the duke of Chevreuse, solicited Racine to superintend the reparation of the castle which bears this name; he wished to engage this young poet in the administration of the estates of this house, because he considered this kind of occupation in a point of view calculated to inspire him with a predilection for it. Racine, in complaisance to his friend, accepted this commission, but he was soon disgusted with the unpleasant details to which it forced his attention. Cares of this kind suit not men of genius.

But the necessity of adopting a profession suitable to his fortune became every day more urgent. One of Racine's uncles, called father Sconin, was prior of St. Maximin d'Usès, and prebendary of the cathedral; he was a man held in high estimation in the order of Saint-Geneviève, of which he had been general, but of a disposition too mutable long to persevere in the pursuit of plans which he had been induced to adopt. It was proposed to him to invest his nephew with a part of his benefices. To this he consented. In 1661, Racine went to meet him in Languedoc; he assumed the ecclesiastical habit, he studied theology; but he ere long discovered that his uncle scarcely thought of performing his promise.

Racine was soon disgusted with a profession which presented to him no other prospect than the doubtful expectation of enjoying, at a remote period, the advantages which had induced him to embrace it. To these motives were added the *ennui* which his residence at Usès occasioned, where he was apprehensive of forgetting his language, after all the efforts he had made to acquire a perfect knowledge of it. This was the cause of his aversion to mingling in those societies where he would have been well received, and so strong was this aversion, that his commerce was confined exclusively to his books. It is however pretended *that he was enamoured in that town of a young person who appeared amiable in his eyes; but this passion was soon extinguished by the discovery of a mole on her face.*

Racine studied at the same time, St. Thomas, Virgil, Ariosto, and all the poets who had constituted the delight of his early studies. He however merely fluttered from object to object, because he had not yet thought of making an essay of his talents in that species of composition which was one day to immortalize him. He sought a dramatic subject; he was long undecided. He requested M. Levasseur to propose one. This young abbé either treated his request with neglect, or proposed a subject which was not approved by Racine.

He fixed on the story of *Theagenes and Charicla*. This piece was almost finished when he determined to leave Usès and return to Paris. Notwithstanding the mediocrity of his fortune, he promised himself there a more happy lot than that which the irresolution of father Sconin presented to him in long perspective. However, scarcely had he arrived at the capital, when he discovered in himself the germe of a talent more subsidiary to his advancement than all the good wishes of his relatives.

Molière enjoyed, in that great city, the consideration which merit almost always acquires there, when united with

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gentle and correct manners. Racine visited him, on the pretext of consulting him with respect to an Ode, *La Renommée aux Muses*, which he had lately composed. Molière applauded our young poet. This act of civility encouraged him to show Molière his tragedy of Theagenes and Chariclea. This celebrated dramatist was not one of those men who discover in others nothing but faults to censure. He was formed to admire talents, because no one ever more eminently possessed them; he foresaw the honour which Racine would one day confer on the French stage, and he persuaded him to devote his talents to the drama. Molière did not confine himself to giving advice: succour of this kind was not the most requisite. He knew that Racine was not in affluence; he aided him with his purse, by lending him one hundred louis d'or. He thought himself more than amply rewarded for this service by contributing to the advancement of a young man who evinced the most happy genius. This sentiment is so rare that it is worthy of remark.

Theagenes and Chariclea was not a proper subject for the theatre. Molière advised Racine to renounce it, and to give a preference to the Thebaid, which is more susceptible of situations truly tragic; he also induced him to publish his Ode of *La Renommée aux Muses*. This piece was well received by the public, and with still greater favour by the court.

Encouraged by this applause and by the praises which Molière one day received from the king, Racine formed the plan of his tragedy of *Les Freres Ennemis*. In less than five weeks it was finished. This precipitancy was not injurious to its success. This success inspired him with so much confidence in his powers, that he almost immediately conceived the plan of his tragedy of Alexander.

This second piece was composed and played in the course of one year; it appeared to be of a species so novel, that Saint-Evremont said that *he was not alarmed at the advanced age of Corneille, and was no longer apprehensive of seeing tragedy expire with him.* The pleasure which this flattering eulogy imparted to Racine was marred by the criticisms which were circulated against him, and by another incident which did not merit his attention.

Violent prejudices were entertained at Port-Royal against the attachment which he cherished for poetry, because this passion was regarded as a propensity which had no useful object. Reproaches, counsel, letters, nothing was spared to extinguish it: but the attempt was unsuccessful.

Desmarets de Saint-Sorlin wrote against Port-Royal. It was at that time the centre of erudition, of science, and of a pure and unerring taste which has stood the test of time. M. Nicole repelled this attack. It rarely happens that men of letters, when engaged in controversy, confine themselves to the natural bounds which it prescribes to them: they overleap the limits of discretion, because they know not how to govern their resentment, and know still less how to manifest it in such a manner as to avoid compromising themselves. Desmarets was perhaps blameable; I will not examine his motives. This however is certain, that his adversary, from the virulence of his censure, did not deserve to obtain the victory. Birth, education, conduct, morals, fortune, talents, natural defects, all were lashed without mercy.

The letters, however, of Desmarets and of M. Nicole, were hitherto only a combat between man and man, in which the animosity of each party manifested as much ardour in the attack as in the defence. M. Nicole apparently feared that he should want ground. From reproach directed against poets, he proceeded to the abuses of poetry; his anathemas were fulminated not only against poetry, but against all those who love and who cultivate it: they were *public poisoners, not of bodies, but of souls.* This condemnation was too general not to be subject to some restriction.

Racine, about this time, received from Port-Royal a letter which one of his aunts addressed to him. This amiable

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recluse combatted, without knowing why she did so, the taste which Racine cherished for poetry, and the resolution which he had formed to devote his genius to dramatic compositions. The language of this letter differed so little from that employed by M. Nicole, that Racine was convinced that this author had him in view when he composed his *Visionaries*. Whether his intention were to correct the false opinions which the author of this work attempted to disseminate with respect to poetry, or merely to repel an attack which, as it regarded him, became personal, Racine undertook the defence of poets; with such superiority of force did he present himself on the field of battle, that M. Nicole did not dare to struggle with him. Pleasantry was the only weapon which Racine wielded: never was it employed with more dexterity.

While Racine was losing the friendship of his former masters,[8] by criticising their persons and their productions, the abbé Levasseur was employed in his favour in conciliating the esteem and attachment of a man who was much more essential to him than all the anchorites of Port-Royal. This singular man was Boileau-Despréaux, whose celebrity is founded on the obligations which poetry and the French language will eternally owe to him. The abbé Levasseur submitted to his inspection the Ode of *La Renommee aux Muses;* Boileau could not abstain from remarking some faults. Racine found his remarks so just, that he manifested the most ardent desire to know their author. Thus was formed the most extraordinary union that ever connected two poets. Time, that destroyer of the most constant friendship, respected this; Racine and Despréaux had an equal interest in its preservation, for the rivals and enemies of the one were generally those of the other. This attachment, although necessary for their common defence, ought still to be regarded as a model worthy of being proposed to all men of letters.

The advantage which Racine derived from the advice of Despréaux, was soon perceived. Andromache was performed in 1667; above all other tragedies which had been represented on the French stage, it merited brilliant success, because it opened to tragic poets a career in which none of them had dared to adventure. It was also in this piece that Racine began to restrain that seducing facility which is scarcely ever compatible with a severe taste.

Corneille had for a long time enjoyed all the honours of the French stage; he did not witness without alarm the eulogies which were bestowed on his young competitor. This fear was a new triumph for Racine: but he knew not how to enjoy it, for his sensibility was less affected by the glory with which he was invested, than by the different criticisms of which his tragedy was the object.

I know not why the anxious solicitude which all men of letters feel for their productions always exceeds the real merit which they are acknowledged to possess. Is it that nature has intended to balance the glory which they attach to their labours, by the vexation of being constantly exposed to the lash of criticism? or has she only wished to indemnify those from whom she has withheld her gifts, by the pleasure which they enjoy in censuring those on whom she has bestowed them? whatever her intentions may have been, Racine's pride was grievously wounded by the criticisms which his poems excited. It is admitted that the pain which he suffered from the most feeble shaft of satire frequently exceeded the pleasure he derived from his most brilliant successes. The ill success of one of his tragedies impelled Æschylus to voluntary exile; other great men have carried their resentment of similar affronts to still greater lengths: few of them have possessed the art of elevating themselves above their censors.

[8] His passion for poetry, and perhaps the pleasure of ingeniously diverting the quarrels of Port-Royal misled Racine on this occasion. However ardent his attachment to poetry, Racine ought not to have lost sight of the gratitude which he owed to his first instructors.

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For the Port Folio.

EPISTOLARY.

Original Letter from Mr. Addison.

[THE following letter, which, on the respectable authority of Dr. Drake, is asserted to be the genuine production of ADDISON, written by him on receiving certain hints, impossible to misunderstand, from a married lady, the wife of his friend, will bear ample testimony to the purity of his conduct, and to his powers of resisting one of the strongest temptations to which our nature is subject.]

MADAM,

IT would be ridiculous in me, after the base intimation you were pleased to favour me with, to affect any longer an ignorance of your sentiments, however opposite an approbation of them must be to the dictates of reason and justice. This expression I am sensible may appear inconsistent in the mouth of a *polite* man, but I hope it is no disgrace to a *sincere* one. In matters of importance, *delicacy* ought to give way to *truth*, and *ceremony* must be sacrificed to *candour*. An honest freedom is the privilege of ingenuity; and the mind which is above the practice of deceit can never stoop to be guilty of flattery upon such a point.

Give me leave, madam, to remark, that the connexion subsisting between your husband and myself is of a nature too strong for me to think of injuring him in a point where the happiness of his life is so materially concerned. You cannot be insensible of his goodness or my obligations; and suffer me to observe, that, were I capable of such an action, how much soever my behaviour might be rewarded by your *passion*, I must be despised by your *reason;* and though I might be esteemed as a lover, I should be hated as a man. Highly sensible of the power of your beauty, I am determined to avoid an interview where my peace and honour may be for ever lost. You have passions, you say, madam; give me leave to answer, you have understanding also; you have a heart susceptible of the tenderest impressions, but a soul, if you would choose to awaken it, beyond an unwarrantable indulgence of them; and let me intreat you, for your own sake, to resist any giddy impulse, or ill-placed inclination, which shall induce you to entertain a thought prejudicial to your own honour and repugnant to your virtue.

I too, madam, am far from being insensible. I too have passions; and would my situation, a few years ago, have allowed me a possibility of succeeding, I should legally have solicited that happiness, which you are now ready to bestow.

I had the honour of supping at Mr. D's, where I first saw you; and I shall make no scruple in declaring that I never saw a person so irresistibly beautiful, nor a manner so excessively engaging; but the superiority of your circumstances prevented any declaration on my side, although I burnt with a flame as strong as ever fired the human breast. I laboured to conceal it. Time and absence at length abated a hopeless passion, and your marriage with my patron effectually cured it. Do not, madam, endeavour to rekindle that flame; do not destroy a *tranquillity* I have just begun to taste, and blast your own honour which has been hitherto unsullied. My best esteem is yours; but should I promise more, consider the fatal necessity I should be under of removing myself from an intercourse so dangerous. In any other commands, dispose of, madam,

Your humble servant,
JOSEPH ADDISON.

For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.

(Continued from page 302.)

The second chapter is devoted to a delineation of the state of literature in Rome and other parts of Italy, at the epoch of the reception of Giovanni de' Medici into the Sacred College. Here, Mr. R. enumerates a long list of illustrious scholars, amid whose labours in the revival of learning must not be for-

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gotten those of Aldo Manuzio, the indefatigable printer of Venice.

From the list of the Neapolitan Academy, we are induced to select with peculiar regard the name of Pontano, as that of a man who possessed a mind of a capacious grasp, and who is represented as, in some measure, the precursor of Bacon, that philosopher of whom it is too little to say, that we rank him among the brightest ornaments and best benefactors of mankind:

'Few scholars, who have owed their eminence merely to their talents, have enjoyed a degree of respect and dignity equal to Pontano. His writings, both in verse and prose, are extremely numerous; but as they are wholly in the Latin language, he cannot be enumerated among those, who, at this period laboured with so much assiduity and success, in the improvement of their native tongue. The versatility of his talents, and the extent of his scientifick acquirements, are chiefly evinced by his works in prose; in which he appears successively as a grammarian, politician, a historian, a satirist, a natural and a moral philosopher. These writings are now, however, in a great degree, consigned to oblivion; nor is it difficult to account for the neglect which they have experienced. His grammatical treatise *De Aspiratione*, in two books, instead of exhibiting a philosophical investigation of general rules, degenerates into an ill arranged and tiresome catalogue of particular examples. Nor do we feel more inclined to indulge such a trial of our patience, on account of the instance which he alleges of the orator Messala, who wrote a whole book on the letter *S*. In natural philosophy his writings chiefly relate to the science of astronomy, in which he appears to have made great proficiency; but they are at the same time disgraced by a frequent mixture of judicial astrology; and afford a convincing proof that, when an author builds on false grounds, and reasons on false principles, the greater his talents are, the greater will be his absurdities. His moral treatises are indeed the most valuable of his writings; but they are injured by the unbounded fertility of his imagination, and exhibit rather all that can be said on the subject, than all that ought to be said. From some scattered passages, it appears, however, that he had formed an idea of laying a more substantial basis for philosophical inquiries than the world had theretofore known and had obtained, though in dim and distant prospect, a glimpse of that nobler edifice, which, about a century afterwards, was displayed in all its proportions to the immortal Bacon, and in comparison with which, the airy fabricks of the schoolmen, like the magick castles of romance, have vanished into smoke.' Vol. I, p. 106.

That poetry and virtue go always together is an opinion, says Johnson (in allusion to the very times of which we are now conversant), so pleasing, that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true; but we shall stand in no need of forgiveness for contemplating with delight the following picture of Italy, a picture that unhappily possesses all the advantages to be derived from the force of contrast; a picture that displays the happiness of that same Italy and that same age which produced a Sforza and a Borgia, and the miseries of which fill so many melancholy pages of this work:

'The tranquillity which had now for some years reigned in Italy, had introduced into that country an abundance, a luxury, and a refinement, almost unexampled in the annals of mankind. Instead of contending for dominion and power, the sovereigns and native princes of that happy region attempted to rival each other in taste, in splendour, and in elegant accomplishments; and it was considered as essential to their grandeur, to give their household establishments a literary character. Hence their palaces became a kind of polite academy, in which the nobility of both sexes found a constant exercise for their intellectual talents; and courage, rank and beauty, did not hesitate to associate with taste, with learning, and with wit. In this respect, the court of Milan was eminently distinguished.' Vol. I, p. 161.

Such, at this era, was Italy; but not many years elapsed before her sorrows might have called forth the same language of compassion that was bestowed, about two centuries afterward, by Vincenzo Filicaja, during the war of the Spanish succession, when the French and the Imperialists made Italy once more the theatre of their hostilities.

SONNET.

Italia! thou to whom in evil hour,
The fatal boon of beauty nature gave,
Yet on thy front the sentence did engrave,
That ceaseless woe should be thy only dower!
Ah, were that beauty less, or more thy power
That he who now compels thee to his arms,
Might gaze with cold indifference on thy charms,
Or tremble at thine eye's indignant lower

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Then shouldst thou not observe, in glittering line,
From the high Alps embattled throngs descend,
And Gallick herds pollute thy Po's clear wave;
Nor, whilst encompassed close by spears not thine,
Shouldst thou by foreign hands thy rights defend,
Conqu'ring or conquer'd, evermore a slave.
Vol. I, p. 307.

The provident Lorenzo lived only to see his son fairly seated for that career in which all his cares had tended to engage him. The conduct of Giovanni on the death of his father, impresses us with much respect and esteem:

'Scarcely had the cardinal de' Medici gone through the ceremonies of his admission into the consistory, than he received intelligence of the death of his father, which happened on the eighth day of April, 1492, His sensations on this occasion are strongly expressed in his letters to his brother Piero; but not satisfied with epistolary condolence and advice, he prepared to pay a visit to Florence, for the purpose of supporting, by his presence, the credit and authority of the Medici in that city. In order to give him additional importance on this occasion, the pope appointed him legate of the patrimony of St. Peter and of the Tuscan state. Before his arrival, the magistrates and council had, however, passed a decree, by which they continued to Piero all the honours which his late father had enjoyed. The general disposition of the inhabitants was indeed so highly favourable to the Medici, that the authority of Piero seemed to be established on as sure a foundation as that of any of his ancestors, with the additional stability which length of time always gives to public opinion.

'During the residence of the cardinal at Florence, he distinguished himself amongst his fellow citizens, not only by the decorum and gravity of his conduct as an ecclesiastic, but by his munificence to those numerous and eminent scholars, whom the death of his father had deprived of their chief protector. To his favour Marsilius Ficinus was indebted for the respectable rank of a canon of Florence; and his liberality was yet more particularly shown to Demetrius Chalcondyles, from whom he had formerly received instruction, and to whom he afforded pecuniary assistance, not only for his own purposes, but for the promotion of his numerous offspring. In these, and similar instances, his conduct corresponded with the sentiments professed by him, in the assertion which he made, that the greatest alleviation, which he could experience of his recent loss, would be to have it in his power, to promote the interest of those men of learning, who had been the peculiar objects, of the affection and regard of his father.' Vol. I, p. 189.

It was not without reason that the head of the Medici laboured so earnestly at an object that was calculated to maintain if not enlarge the fortunes of his house. It held but a precarious tenure in Florence. Two years and a half had scarcely followed his death, when, through circumstances connected with the expedition of Charles VIII, against the kingdom of Naples, the cardinal de' Medici, with his brothers Piero and Juliano, were expelled from that city every quarter and all the environs of which were adorned by the munificence of their family.

The principal topics of this and the succeeding chapter is the expedition of Charles VIII, with the overthrow and restoration of the house of Arragon. At the present moment, this narrative of the forcible occupation of Naples, by a French army, is peculiarly interesting, and will amply repay the trouble of those who turn to it in the original: we regret that its great length forbids our attempting to give any view of it. We cannot, however, refrain from citing a patriotic ode, which might seem to be the production of some loyal Neapolitan of 1806, but which is by Crinitus:

ODE.

Thy sad lament, my friend, forbear;
Nor longer pour the fruitless tear.
Enough to patriot sorrows given,
Think not to change the doom of heaven.

We feel the fates, and own their sway,
Whilst NAPLES sinks, a hapless prey;
Her iron bondage doomed to mourn,
Till that auspicious hour return,

When, to his native soil restored,
She hails again her former lord;
Him who recalls her ancient fame,
And vindicates her honour'd name.

Yet when that happier dawn shall rise,
My mortal vision ill descries;
And dubious is the voice divine,
Responsive from Apollo's shrine.

But, hark! along the sounding poles,
Signal of hope, the thunder rolls:
And soon the avenging bolt shall fall,
That checks the fury of the GAUL.
Vol. I, p. 321.

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Here, it is necessary for us to pause; concluding our present extracts with Mr. R.'s general reflections on this great historical event:

'Thus terminated the celebrated expedition of Charles VIII, against the kingdom of Naples; an expedition originating in puerile ambition, conducted with folly and rapacity, and ending in the dissipation of the revenues of his crown, and in the destruction of his army. That he accomplished his object, is the boast of the French historians; but it is easy to perceive, that the successes of Charles VIII are not to be attributed to his courage or to his abilities, but to the weak and irresolute conduct of his adversaries, the selfish and temporizing policy of the Italian states, and above all, to the odium excited against the house of Arragon, by the cruelties exercised by Ferdinand I, and his son Alfonso, on their subjects. If these advantages could have been countervailed by any misconduct of his own, the defeat of Charles had been certain. Such were his necessities in the commencement of his undertaking, and such the difficulties with which he provided for his soldiery, that he was not only obliged to borrow money at a most exorbitant interest, but even to plunder his friends and allies. The time chosen for his enterprise could not indeed have been more favourable to his views; for many causes had concurred to disgust the people of Italy with their rulers, and had led them to regard the French as their friends and deliverers, and as a nation on whose honour and good faith they could place the most perfect reliance; but this error was not of long duration; and the cruelty and disorder which distinguished the march of the French army soon convinced their partizans and admirers, that the expected change was not likely to promote their happiness. The irruption of the French seemed to be the extinction of all literature in Italy. The example of a weak and licentious monarch corrupted his followers. An incredible degree of debauchery and prostitution prevailed. The restraints of modesty, the ties of morality, the voice of religion, were all equally disregarded; and the hand of Providence almost visibly interfered, to punish by the scourge of a loathsome and destructive malady, those enormities which no other motives could restrain. Shocked at the hideous disease, which now first obtruded itself, like a putrid carcase, into the rosy bowers of pleasure, the Italians and the French recriminated on each other the disgrace of its introduction; and the appellations of *mal de Naples*, and *mal Franceze*, were intended by each of these nations, to remove to the other the infamy of its origin. Of all the consequences incident to the expedition of Charles VIII, against the kingdom of Naples, it is probable that this will be the longest remembered. In other respects, this event seems only to have broken down those barriers, which nature had formed to secure the repose of mankind, and to have opened a wider field for the range of ambition, and the destruction of the human race.' Vol. I, p. 354.

(*To be continued.*)

MISCELLANY.

Defence of the invention of Gun-powder.

From Feijoo.

IF Virgil, among the crowd of condemned wretches, whom he shows to Æneas, on his feigned descent into hell, describes, as one of those most severely punished, the king of Elis, Salmoneus, who, to obtain divine honours, attempted to imitate, very rudely, the thunder and lightning of Jupiter,

Vidi et crudelem dantem Salmonea pœnas
Dum flamma Jovis, et sonitus imitatur Olympi,

I believe that the generality of men would judge, as worthy of heavier pains, the man who, in inventing gun-powder, copied with much more fidelity the explosion, flame, and destruction, of those flying fires. With so much displeasure does the world look on him, that scarcely can it hear of him without horror; and doubtlessly Quevedo speaks in the name of all, or rather all speak by the pen of Quevedo, when he writes,

De hierro fué el primero
Que violentó la flama
En concave metal, maquina inmensa,
Fué mas que todos fiero
Indigno de las voces de fama.

This hatred of the inventor springs from an opinion that the invention is injurious to mankind, as having been the cause of a number of violent murders. This is a common error, which I shall attempt to remove, and which, on the slightest reflection, will be seen to vanish.

So far is the increased carnage, produced by gun-powder, from being anything more than imaginary, that before its invention the carnage was much greater. It is incontrovertibly proved, from all historians, ancient and modern, that

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when steel only was used in battle the meeting of armies was much more bloody than now. It seldom happened then, that the fate of the day was decided (the dispute being between troops of valour) without the men on one side being diminished an half. more or less; instead of which, at present, the slaughter of one tenth, and even less, suffices to assure the victory to the fortunate party. I confess that this is, in part, to be ascribed to the greater military skill of the age. In part, I say; but another considerable part is to be referred to the difference of the arms. When all carried swords, it was impossible to fight without the close intermixture of the opposite troops. This intermixture produced more irritation in the minds, more difficulty in distinguishing the state of superiority on either side, more difficulty in rendering obedience to orders, and more difficulty in separating the victors from the vanquished. All these causes concurred in strengthening the obstinacy of the combatants. At present, it often happens, that the general is enabled, on discerning the impossibility of repairing his disorder, to save the effusion of blood, by sounding a retreat.

In the siege of fortified places the difference is also visible. The use of fire-arms renders their reduction more easy, and less costly in the waste of men. The siege of Troy, which is believed to have lasted ten years, would probably not have continued two months, had cannon and mortars been then known. What gun-powder increases in the ruin of stones, it spares in the destruction of lives. Bombs and large balls sound much and kill few. The thunder always reaches; the bolt rarely. Frequently, fear affords a skreen from hurt; for, the garrison being alarmed, bethinks itself of capitulation, long before any considerable damage is done; and thus innumerable lives, as well among the besiegers as the besieged, are saved.

Not only it is to be noted, that men and time are saved in sieges, since the introduction of gun-powder, but it is even observable, that in proportion as the quantity of artillery is augmented, the havoc is diminished. Convinced by experience or actuated by this view, in the reign of Louis XIV, either by the orders of that great king, or those of his commanding officers, France bestowed much more than the usual quantity of powder upon her sieges; and Spain sometimes imitated this practice with success, as may be seen in the siege of Namur, in 1695; the reduction of which city cost much time and blood, and the quantity of artillery was proportionably small, while that of Castile was much shorter, and less destructive; because, forewarned by the preceding error, there were played upon it, without ceasing, during the space of seven days, a hundred and forty-one cannon, great and small, and a hundred mortars and granadas reales; insomuch that the place submitted, though garrisoned by eight thousand good troops, not to count the sick and wounded. It is true this fortunate result was obtained on this occasion, and will be obtained on other similar ones, not solely through the terror inspired into the besieged, but also, and principally, through the fatigue of body and mind, when no place can be found in which to eat or sleep in safety; and when there is continual necessity for the performance of great bodily labour, in transporting stores and ammunition to the posts attacked, repairing the breaches, and clearing the ditches of the ruins of the walls. When the garrison is not a veteran one, the terror occasioned by the report of so many cannon, and the fall of buildings, is sufficient to intimidate the besieged, and dispose them to capitulate. The same thing happens when the population of the place is numerous, however veteran the garrison may be, as is observed by that great master of the art of war, the marquis de Santa-Cruz de Marcenado, in the fourth book of his *Reflexiones Militares*.

It being shown that war is released from incalculable carnage by the use of gun-powder, this great advantage, in that respect, lessens the disadvantage

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which may arise from the greater facility it affords to private murder. This does not bear the proportion of a thousandth part to the other. Neither are we to consider, as occasioned by gunpowder, all the murders that are executed through its medium. In the want of fire-arms, steel would be employed on most occasions of vengeance. Let us add, that the rigour of the laws may prevent, and in well-governed states does prevent, the use of pistols; and, taking the whole together, it will be found that, for each murder occasioned by gun-powder, in the hands of private malice, a thousand is avoided in the quarrels of nations.

In another point of view, we may admire the invention of gun-powder in the various uses to which this substance is applicable. It serves for the taking of game, for the extermination of wild beasts, for levelling uneven ground, for splitting of marble, for opening roads, for stopping the progress of fires, and still more numerous purposes.

From the whole, it results that the inventor of gun-powder, instead of the public execration to which his memory is exposed, is worthy of the warmest applause. The name of the real inventor remains to be considered.

It is said by many, that gun-powder and artillery were very anciently used in China. The common opinion is, that a German Franciscan, named Berthold Shuvart, a native of Fribourg, and a great chemist, invented gun-powder, about the year 1378. It is added, that he would not have attempted it, had not the discovery occurred to him by chance. Being grinding a small quantity of saltpetre, and desiring to know how his work proceeded, he approached it with a lighted candle, when it immediately took fire, and exploded in a moment. Meditating on this unexpected phenomenon, he gradually arrived at the discovery of that powerful artificial mixture which we call gun-powder.

But, without reference to the antiquity of this invention in China, whence, through some unknown medium it may have been communicated to Europe, there are ample testimonies of the use of gun-powder anterior to the era at which it is said to have been introduced by the German monk. In the *Dictionaire Universel de Trevoux*, citations are made of Spanish writers, Pedro Mexia and don Pedro, bishop of Leon, the first of whom asserts that, in the year 1343, the Moors, in a siege carried on by Alonso XI, employed an iron machine, the report of which resembled thunder; and the second, that the Moors of Tunis, in a naval battle with the Spaniards, long before the siege above spoken of, were armed with certain tubes or cylinders of iron, the explosion from which was attended with a dreadful noise. These, without doubt, were a species of artillery. In the same dictionary there is also produced the authority of Ducange, who relates that, by the registers of the chamber of accounts at Paris, it appears that the use of artillery was introduced into France as early as the year 1338. This notification is greatly strengthened, by what a little after is added in the same dictionary, that Larrei, in his History of England, mentions that, according to some writers, the French employed pieces of artillery in the siege of Puy-Guillahume, in Auvergne, in the same year, 1338.

The testimonies of these authors, and especially of the two latter, whose notices are more clear and concise, sufficiently prove the uncertain foundation of the common opinion, as to the German Franciscan having been the inventor. Equally uncertain is the truth of the assertion made by so many writers, that the first use of artillery in Europe was in the war prosecuted by the Venetians against the Genoese, in the year 1380. If we are to credit what is said by the second Spanish author above-cited, we must infer that the use of gun-powder was communicated from Africa to Europe; but, however this may be, it seems incontrovertible that the invention is more ancient than is commonly supposed. As to the German monk, he brought it to greater perfection, and hence arose the erroneous belief that he was the inventor.

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VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

Monsieur Menage, in his desultory manner, remarks that the pleasure he received in the perusal of the poems of Bonefonius, excited him to attempt a tale in his manner and in his style of versification.

CANTOR LACRYMAS ELICIENS.*

Pagi non vafer admodum sacerdos
Solemnes operans sacris ad aras,
Festum Gargilius canebat hymnum,
Et quantum poterat, placere dum se
Amatæ putat auribus Lubinæ,
Tollebat resonans ad astra vocem;
Felix præcipue, sibique plaudens,
Quod certi velut indices amoris
Quasdam lacrymulas canens videret
Labi de teneris Lubinæ ocellis.
Hanc ergo rogitans, ut alloquendi
Data est copia: Dic, age, o venusta,
Quid flebas modo, me canente, quæso?
Parce ah quærere, parce, dixit illa,
Extinctus mihi nuper est asellus,
Qui non dissimilem tuæ subinde,
Tollebat resonans ad astra vocem.

* This lampoon is derived from the "Facetiæ" of Poggius.

THE PATHETIC PSALMODIST.

A priest, more fam'd for voice than wit,
Chaunted, one day, in such a fit
Of holy zeal, that all the choir
Such efforts could not but admire.
When the priest saw, with fond surprise,
The tears flow fast from Annette's eyes,
He could not doubt his power to move
The streams of sympathy and love.
The service ended, he address'd
The nymph, and, whilst her hand he press'd,
Began to hint his amorous fears:
Perhaps his singing caus'd her tears?
He own'd he all his powers had tried:
'Ah, spare my woes,' the maid replied,
'I've lately lost!—ah me!—alas!
'How great the loss! my favourite ass!
'And when, sir priest, you sang to day,
'I thought I heard his well-known bray.'

When we reflect upon the early death of sir John Suckling, the variety of his occupations, the vortex of his pleasures, and the troubles of the times in which he lived, our surprise must be excited, that he could write with so much vivacity and gaiety, even on subjects which his heart as well as his head prompted him to adopt. He abounds too in thoughts as well as in charming expression. Let us look into his poem, entitled,

AGAINST ABSENCE.

My whining lover, what needs all
These vows of love monastical?
Despairs, retirements, jealousies,
And subtle sealing up of eyes?
Come, come, be wise, return again,
A finger burnt 's as great a pain;
And the same physic, self-same art
Cures that would cure a flaming heart,
Would'st thou while yet the fire is in
But hold it to the fire again;
If you, dear sir, the plague have got,
What matter is it, whether or not
They let you in the same house lie,
Or carry you abroad to die?
He, whom the plague of love once takes,
Every room a pest-house makes.
Absence were good, if it were but sense,
That only holds the intelligence:
Pure love alone no hurt would do,
But love is love and magic too;
Brings a mistress many miles,
And the sleight of looks beguiles,
Makes her entertain thee there,
And the same time your rival here.
And—oh the devil that she should
Say finer things than now she would;
So nobly fancy doth supply,
What the dull sense lets fall and die.
Beauty, like man's old enemy, is known
To tempt him most, when he 's alone;
The air of some wild o'er-grown wood,
Or pathless grove, is the boy's food.
Return then back, and feed thine eye,
Feed all thy senses, and feast high,
Spare diet is the cause love lasts,
For surfeits sooner kill than fasts.

THE GREEN VEIL,

Sent to a Lady, with Hammond's Poems.

If I, fair maid, in plaintive strain
Confess no anxious lover's pain,
Nor bid my sighing numbers flow,
In languid notes of mimic woe;
Think not mine eyes to beauty blind,
My heart unfeeling or unkind,
Unfit for love's sensations keen,
But thank your cloudy veil so green.

If, while the veil conceals your cheek,
I start not from your glance oblique;
Nor tingling through my glowing veins
The crimson tint my face distains:
Nor yet unconscious near your side,
With motion scarce perceiv'd I glide,
To talk by fits, and pause between;
Then thank your cloudy veil so green.

If sighs of fondness half repress'd
In secret breathe not from my breast,

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Nor round my heart the langours wreathe
Which oft forbid the sigh to breathe,
Nor see my brow of pallid hue
Effuse the cold and shining dew,
Blame not, fair maid, your faultless mein,
But thank your cloudy veil so green.

And now when unconcern'd and gay,
I pour the jocund sportive lay,
And bid my careless heart defy
The glance of that love-kindling eye;
Still as I muse on Hammond's pain,
Who felt the woes that others feign,
Like Hammond's fate mine might have been
I think, and bless your veil so green.

Dr. Drake, whose taste for literary beauty is very exquisite, observes, that in the old ballad of Rosamond, as preserved in the Pepysian library, there occur many fine strokes of description. The following lines represent the charms of the Woodstock beauty in very glowing colours.

Her crisped locks like threads of gold,
Appear'd to each man's sight;
Her sparkling eyes like orient pearls,
Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her chrystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lily and the rose
For mastership did strive.

Presence of Mind.

Women of intrigue require this quality, so necessary to their disposition, and very frequently possess it. On leaving the play, a lady of this description observed that her lover was following her into her carriage. As the gallant was putting his hand on the door and preparing to enter, he did not see the husband who was entering the other door: the lady called out in a loud voice, 'What are you about? this *hackney coach* was hired by my husband.'

The force of maternal example.

It is preposterous for mothers to expect a chaste conduct in their daughters, if they set them a bad example. Madame B. gave her daughter a serious lecture, on discovering that she kept up private intercourse with her lover; and ended it by threatening to put her into a convent. 'With all my heart,' replied the young lady, 'if you will let me have your valet de chambre to wait upon me there.'

A man of gallantry, being one day at the toilet of his mistress, took up a mirror, and wrote under it the following verses:

Iris, en ce miroir toujours
Vous pourrez voir l'object que j'aime;
Je voudrois bien toujours de méme
Y voir l'objet de vous amours.

This glass, dear Chloe, to your eyes
Always reflects the nymph I prize.
Happy were I did it discover,
While thus I gaze, your favourite lover.

Mr. D. as we are informed by Menage, had a very thin wife. He was asked the reason why he had chosen a person of that figure rather than a plump one; he replied, that a thin woman presented him a nearer and easier way to her heart.

Upon this anecdote it has been remarked by an ingenious editor, that Menage, who was a famous relator of stories old and new, did not always recollect the sources whence he derived them, and therefore his dramatis *personæ* were invented often by *himself*. This story of Mr. D. is to be *found* in the following epigram, translated from the Greek of Rufinus:

Chlorinda's slim form with what raptures I view,
What joys in my fancy again I pursue,
Whilst thus round her waist my embraces I twine,
And find her dear heart beat so nearly to mine.

That arch wag, Poggius, to whom almost the whole tribe of succeeding wits from La Fontaine to Prior are indebted for hints for pleasantry, observes, that absurd simplicity never appears with a worse grace than in the pulpit. A priest at Tivole was declaiming against adultery. 'I would rather,' says the indignant preacher, 'be connected with *ten* virgins than *one* married woman.

A valetudinarian complained of a violent pain in one of his legs. His wife made use of embrocations and flannel to no purpose: the patient continued his groaning. A surgeon was called in, who, on examining the leg declared it was sound. 'Then it must be the *other*,' replied the simpleton.

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A princess of Hungary once asked a monk, who was a scholar and a wit, to explain to her the story of Balaam and his ass: adding, 'good father, I can hardly believe that an ass should be so talkative.' 'Madam,' replied the father. 'your scruples may cease, when you are informed it was a *female*.'

A man who had climbed up a chesnut tree, had by carelessness missed his hold of one of the branches, and fell to the ground with such violence as to break one of his ribs. A neighbour coming to his assistance remarked to him drily, 'that had he followed his rule in these cases, he would have avoided this accident.' 'What rule do you mean,' said the other indignantly. 'This,' replied the philosopher, 'never to come down from a place faster than you go up.'

Not many years ago, some ignorant or mischievous persons imported into Europe, several Arabian MSS. very superbly bound and appearing in most excellent condition. They were eagerly bought up by persons who were rather admirers than readers of these MSS. Sometime after the purchase, scholars who saw them and turned them over, discovered that these *learned* treasures consisted of the *daybooks* and *legers* of Arabian *tradesmen*.

The early conductors of the press used to affix to the end of the volumes which they printed, some device or couplet concerning the book, with the addition of the name of the printer and also of the corrector. In the edition of "The Pragmatic Sanction," by Andrew Bocard at Paris, 1507, the following curious couplet is to be found

Stet liber, hîc donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebibat; et totum testudo perambulet orbem.

IMITATED.

May this volume continue in motion,
And its pages each day be unfurl'd,
Till an ant to the dregs drinks the ocean,
Or a tortoise has crawl'd round the world.

A witty moralist used to say of taverns, that they were places where men sold madness by the bottle.

Margaret of Austria, duchess of Savoy, was betrothed to the dauphin of France, who married another woman. She was afterwards promised in marriage to the heir of the Spanish throne, who died in his childhood. On returning from Spain on this occasion, she was overtaken by a terrible storm at sea, and had the presence of mind to compose her own epitaph, which is more expressive of her courage than her delicacy.

Ci gît Margat, la gente demoiselle
Qui eut deux maris, et si mourut pucelle.

IMITATED.

Poor Margaret, your fate severe
In murkiest colours is pourtray'd;
Two husbands falling to your share,
You yet, alas, must die a maid.

THE COQUET.

Leila, with too successful art,
Has spread for me the cruel snare,
And now, when she has caught my heart,
She laughs and leaves it to despair.

Thus the poor sparrow pants for breath,
Held captive by a playful boy,
And while it drinks the draught of death,
The thoughtless child looks on with joy.

Ah! were its fluttering pinions free
Soon would it bid its chains adieu;
Or did the child its sufferings see
He'd pity and relieve them too.

VERSES,

Addressed by the daughter of a Caliph of Spain to some young men who had pretended a passion for herself and her companions.

When you told us our glances, soft, timid and mild,
Could occasion such wounds in the heart,
Can ye wonder that yours, so ungovern'd and wild,
Some wounds to our cheeks should impart?

The wounds on our cheeks are but transient, I own,
With a blush they appear and decay;
But those on the heart, fickle youths, ye have shewn
To be even more transient than they.

A GAZEL, BY HAFIZ.

Though I have felt a lover's woes,
Ask me not what they were;
Though absence robs me of repose,
Ask not to know my care.

No longer since than yesternight,
The fair, in murmurs sweet,
Bless'd me with accents of delight,
Which bid me not repeat.

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AD
GULIELMUM HAMILTON
SALUTEM.

Hos ego versiculos in memoriam viri integerrimi, nec non ex omnibus, quos ætas præsens, annis multis, per orbem terrarum tulit, doctissimi, tesserulam honoris, typis ad Te tuis mandandos, mitto; quippe qui Te facilem et commodum meis, aliis occasionibus, haud semel precibus dedisti. J. Ross.

In Obitum

Viri clarissimi CAROLI NISBET, D. D. Coll. Dickinson. Præsidis, qui octodecimo Januarii, A. D. 1804, vita decessit.

Te quoque, qui nostris dignatus vivere, Nisbet,
Finibus, eripuit mors! fera Te eripuit!
Tu, tandem, fessus, metam finemque laborum,
Docte, invenisti, corpore deposito.
Præclarus, turbas hominum, sociosque relictos,
Morte redemptus, nunc despicis, altivolus.
Divitias quoque habes partas hic, munera culta
Mentis nempe bonæ, quas dedit ipse DEUS.
Hæc autem, vestes, aurum, popularis et aura,
Grata licet quondam, et fulgida, diffugiunt.
Finito ergo opere, propter quod missus in orbem,
Tempore et expleto, convenit ut redeas.
Haud aliter servus, longas legatus in oras
Qui, domini, rediit, jam revocante domum.
Nuncius Americorum hic tristes pervolat oras,
"Nisbet mortuus! Heu! doctus et ille perit!"
Mentibus, ore, oculis, Studiosi (Academia plorat)
Nisbet nunc quærunt auxilio ut subeat!
Nisbet namque docens, vestigia, quæ sua, pressit;
Non aliena sequens; legit at ille sua.
Nisbet eos docuit falso secernere verum,
Atque domique foris sedulus officio.
Nisbet eos docuit rerum cognoscere causas;
Nisbet et instituit quærere vera bona.
O quoties, præco pandis cum themata sacra,
"Vivito" dixi "nec sit brevis hora tua;
"O felix, sortita Hunc, fausta Columbia, tellus!
"Vivito Nisbet! nec mors fera Te rapiat!"
'Fidite ne vestris; heu! vana opera omnia,' dixit,
'Confugite ad JESUM, vita in eoque salus.'
Vivere si licuisset nunc, o si! frueremur
Voce tua, aspectu, consilioque pio.
O utinam vixisses! omnia namque videntur
Rapta simul Tecum, votaque nostra jacent!
Cecropidæ Anytique reum flebantque Platona,
Nisbet, Te Juvenes non secus atque gement!
Vivet in æternum virtus tua, nulla vetustas
Delebit famam, conspicuumque decus.
De patriaque tua fors si certabitur olim,
Te volet esse suum hæc, illaque et esse suum.
Nulla ætasque futura tacebit nomina Nisbet,
Per terrarum orbem clara, negata mori.

Coll. Franklin. Lancastriæ, Kall. Mar. 1804.

EPIGRAMS.

By favouring wit, Mæcenas purchased fame;
Virgil's own work immortalized his name:
A double share of fame is Dorset's due;
At once the patron and the poet too.

The effeminate.

While nature Mollis' clay was blending,
Uncertain what the thing should end in.
Whether a female or a male,
A *pin* dropt in, and turn'd the scale.

A swarm of sparks young, gay, and bold,
Lov'd Sylvia long, but she was cold;
Interest and pride the nymph control'd,
So they in vain their passion told.
At last came *Dulman*, very old,
Nay, very ugly; but had gold.
He came, and saw, and took the hold,
While brother beaux their loss condol'd;
Some say she 's wed, I say *she 's sold*.

Epigram by Scultetus on a bad Poet.

Emendem haud multis libi carmina facta laturis
Pro nostra rogitas, Candide, amiciliar.
Quid faciam res ipsa obstat; lamer ut tua jussa
Servarem, factum est; una litura modestr

IMITATED.

You wish me to correct your lines,
With as few blots as well can be;
Good friend, I 've follow'd your designs,
Only one blot is made by me,
But 'tis so large I must confess,
It covers all your fine M. S.

The unintentional sarcasm.

Joan vows, to hearten timorous youth,
She ne'er saw ghost, nothing uncivil,
Worse than *herself*—tho' once, in truth,
Joan really thinks she saw *the Devil*.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, June 7,* 1806. [No. 22.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 169.

Aimez donc la raison: que toujours vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

I AM to open this letter with that very stanza, part of which Johnson has the most seriously and pertinaciously attacked. It is the strophe of the second ternary, and alludes to the murder of Edward II, the infamous character of his queen, Isabel of France, and the triumphs of Edward III, in France:

Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright,
The shrieks of death through Berkely's roof that ring
(Shrieks of an agonizing king!)
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of heav'n! What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combin'd,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

I have already recited Johnson's censures of the *winding sheet*, and the mode of weaving it, as well as Wakefield's reply, which is the more illiberal of the two. In a note on the place, the latter gentleman reiterates his defence of the machinery. 'In my opinion, he could not have ennobled his poetry with a grander thought and more terrific scenery. But such wildness of imagination is not calculated to please inanimate phlegmatic souls. Such flights of poetry were not made for them.' Mr. Mason also supplies us with an additional eulogy, from which Johnson borrows *spectres*, a word I was somewhat at a loss to account for his making use of, in his critique: 'Can there be an image,' says Mr. Mason, still quoting his anonymous critic, 'more just, apposite, and nobly imagined than this tremendous tragical winding sheet! In the rest of this stanza, the wildness of thought, expression, and cadence are admirably adapted to the character and situation of the speaker, and of the bloody spectres, his assistants. It is not indeed peculiar to it alone, but a beauty that runs throughout the whole composition, that the historical events are sketched out by a few striking circumstances, in which the poet's office of rather exciting and directing, than satisfying the reader's imagination, is perfectly observed. Such abrupt hints, resembling the several fragments of a vast ruin, suffer not the mind to be raised to the utmost pitch by one image of horror, but that instantaneously a second, and a third, are presented to it, and the affection is still uniformly supported.' A third critic appears to have put in an

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able plea for Gray's description of the *mode of weaving:* ' Dr. Johnson, in his spleen against our poet, descends to a mean witticism: " Gray," says he, " has made weavers of slaughtered bards. They are then called upon to *weave the warp, and weave the woof,* perhaps with no great propriety; for it is by *crossing the woof with the warp* that men weave the web or piece." We know not where Johnson acquired his knowledge of the weaving trade; but, if our information be correct, the critic had made a mistake; for, it is by the woof's being thrown across the warp that the manufacture is performed.'

For my own part, I cannot defend the *winding-sheet.* I was once willing to regard it as purely metaphorical; and, were it not for the verses in the third ternary, it might be so understood. As it is, on the main point, I agree with Johnson. Concerning the *warp* and *woof* I do not presume to determine. With respect to the line, *Give ample room, and verge enough,* I am not sure that I know why Johnson calls it a wretched correspondent of the first. It ends with a defective rhyme; and, perhaps, there is some technical inaccuracy. If neither of these were within Johnson's view, I do not understand him.

Of the antistrophe, where is introduced the death of Edward, abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress, with allusions to the death of Edward, the black prince, and the splendor of Richard the Second's reign; of this antistrophe, Mr. Wakefield observes, ' This is beyond all controversy the finest stanza of the Ode. *Lyric* poetry never gave a grander specimen of her powers.—Such bitterness of insult is highly characteristic of rage and indignation, *Mighty victor! mighty lord!*—I know nothing comparable to it, except the Prophet's invective against the king of Babylon:'—

Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone; he rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beams were born?
Gone to salute the rising Morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While, proudly rising o'er the azure realm,
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning-prey.

On the verse, *Fair laughs the morn,* &c. Mr. Mason has the following interesting note: ' It is always entertaining, and sometimes useful, to be informed how a writer frequently improves on his original thoughts; on this account, I have occasionally set down the few variations Mr. Gray made in his lyrical compositions. The six lines before us convey, perhaps, the most beautiful piece of imagery in the whole Ode, and were a wonderful improvement on what he first wrote; which, though they would appear *fine* in an inferior poet, are infinitely *below* those who supplanted them. I find them in one of his corrected manuscripts, as follows:

Mirrors of Saxon truth and loyalty,
Your hapless old expiring master view!
They hear not: scarce religion dares supply
Her mutter'd requiems, and holy dew!
Yet thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shall send
A sigh, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end!'

Mr. Wakefield's notes on this stanza, are very elegant:

No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.

' This,' says Mr. W. ' is elliptical: "Is there no pitying heart? will no eye afford?"—If this be not admitted, the poet is guilty of great impropriety, in applying *a tear, literally* to the *eye*, and *figuratively* to the *heart*, in the same sentence: which, however, by the comma at *eye*, seems to have been his intention.

"The swarm that in thy noontide beams were born."

' This image is inexpresibly beautiful; but not superior to that which it so

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happily, and so unaffectedly introduces: —*Gone to salute the rising* MORN.'

"Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows."

'It is altogether the finest display of continued and connected imagery, of the most pleasing kind, that I am acquainted with.'

"Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning prey."

'This representation of the *whirlwind*, under the image of a beast of prey, lying in *ambush* in the *day-time*, expectant of the night, is not only perfectly just and natural, but incomparably sublime.'

After the criticisms I have cited, I scarcely know whether to expect any attention to my own; yet, I will not omit mentioning my dislike to *funeral couch*, as intended to signify a death-bed: for though the verse, *A tear to grace his obsequies*, might induce a belief that Gray spoke of the king as dead, it is clear that he rather supposes him 'in his last moments.' The verse, *Gone* to salute the rising *Morn*, is unfortunate in having an initial and final word which rhyme with each other. These censures I cannot withhold from a stanza which, in all other respects, appears to me, as to Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Mason, one of the finest flights of poetry. The variety is enchanting. The image of morning, *Fair laughs the Morn*, introduced by,—*Gone to salute the rising Morn*, is inexpressibly beautiful. The description of Cleopatra's vessel, which seems to have fastened itself upon the mind of every poet, doubtlessly suggested that which immediately follows. Here, nothing can be more happy than the places assigned to Youth and Pleasure. Eager Youth is on the prow, impatient to advance; Pleasure is at the helm, either to steer the bark, or recline beneath an awning, inhaling the zephyr, and careless of the progress. But, there is no end to the imagery, nor to the variety. No sooner have we resigned ourselves to these pictures of luxury and delight, than we are threatened with the Whirlwind; and the Whirlwind, like Fuseli's Water-spout, is animated, and represented as a beast,

That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his ev'ning-prey!

Nor, does the poet here cease to make our passions the sport of his lyre. The whirlwind is dismissed, and—

Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown he yet may share the feast!

The reign of Pleasure is restored;—but—

Close by the regal chair,
Fell Thirst, and Famine, scowl
A baleful smile upon their *baffled* guest!

This is an allusion to the death of Richard the Second, who, according to the better authorities, was starved to death. I regret that this explanation has a tendency to take away from the rapidity with which the poet hurries us to other scenes:

Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
And through the kindred squadrons mow their way:
Ye tow'rs of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head!—
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled boar, in infant gore,
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom!

'This part of the Ode,' observes Mr. Wakefield, 'is crowded with events, and hurries the reader along, with a rapidity too violent to be resisted.' We are, indeed, carried through that eventful period of English history, which begins with the death of Richard the Second, and ends with the reign of Richard the Third. Dr. Johnson censures the term *fed*, as applied to tower; but we speak of *feeding the grave*, the *hungry grave*, &c. and it does not strike me that, *to make the imagery perfect*, the features of *hunger* and *thirst should have*

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been discriminated. As to Mr. Wakefield, he is delighted with it as it stands: 'What can exceed the terrible sublimity of this picture? and what is at all worthy to be put in competition with it, except that of Milton, which our author seems to have had in view?

He ceas'd, for both seem'd inly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

'In Newton's edition, the reader may see that Homer, Statius, Cowley, Ariosto and Tasso, have a similar beauty, not equal to this of Milton, who yet, in my opinion, is less animated than Mr. Gray.'

Ye Towers of Julius—

'This personification,' continues the same critic, 'is very sublime, and is seasonably introduced in that narrative part of the composition, which stood in need of elevation and variety. And the length of the verses gives an additional dignity to the idea; which propriety is, indeed, preserved with surprising dexterity, in every instance, through the whole of these two Odes. 'Kindred squadrons'—*Cognatasque acies*—LUCAN. —An epithet, which presents at once, a train of melancholy ideas to the mind.'

Mr. Mason gives us a view of this stanza, in connection with the whole of the remaining part of the Ode. 'This stanza (as an ingenious friend remarks) has exceeding merit. It breathes, in a lesser compass, what the Ode breathes at large, the high spirit of enthusiasm. The transitions are sudden and impetuous; the language, full of force; and the imagery carried, without impropriety, to the most daring height. The manner of Richard's death, by famine, exhibits such beauties of personification as only the richest and most vivid imagination could supply. From hence we are hurried, with the wildest rapidity, into the midst of battle; and the epithet, *kindred*, places at once before our eyes, all the peculiar horrors of civil war. Immediately, by a transition most striking and unexpected, the poet falls into a tender and pathetic address; which, from the sentiments, and also from the numbers, has all the melancholy flow, and breathes all the plaintive softness, of elegy. Again the scene changes; again the Bard rises into an allegorical description of carnage, to which the metre is admirably adapted; and the concluding sentence of personal punishment on Edward is denounced with a solemnity that chills and terrifies.' STATERUS.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 9.

Every dog has his Day.

—The inference is plain enough.—Every dog has his Day—and, among others, I have mine.

God forbid that it should grieve me, that no more falls to my share than to that of others! I am content with this law of his providence, be it interpreted how it may. To have my Day, take it in what sense you please, is all I look for. Yes! I have had my Day, and, if I live, I believe I shall have it again. When I courted my dear Winifred (for my reader knows that I am a Welchman), I had my Day! The Day for which I am now indebted to my worthy friend, Mr. Oldschool, is Saturday. This is the Day on which he contrives to put my scrawls and scraps into print, to the amazement of this town, and the rapture of my eyes. But, the Day that delighted me before was another. I could then say, in the words of my favourite old song,

Of all the Days are in the week,
I dearly love but one Day;
And that's the Day that comes between
A Satur-Day and Mon-Day!

Well, I married Winifred; and, then, Heaven knows, and Heaven be thanked, I had my Day! I left Winifred;—but we shall meet again, and we shall have our Day! Our boy too, he shall have his Day!

——non tamen irritum
Quodcunque retrò est, efficiet; neque
Diffinget, infectumque reddet,
Quod fugiens semel hora vexit.

And, how stands it with the rest of the world? Why, truly,—and we might derive much benefit from the reflection,—we all have our Day.—And what benefit?—Why, we should learn to take our Day, and be content with it; to take our Day, and make the most of it.

In reality, it is of great importance that we form our philosophy upon this truth. There are those who teach, and their doc-

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trine is thought to be wholesome, that nothing but that which is lasting is good:

A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.

I am of a very different opinion; and I believe that teachers of this description, however unimpeachable their motives, however warm their piety, and however genuine their benevolence, misrepresent the design of the creator, and are cruel enemies of his creatures. To limit our expectations, and to moderate our desires, is the discipline of wisdom; and it behoves us, therefore, in the most serious manner, to make a true estimate of what it is permitted us to enjoy. And what is permitted us?—To have our Day. From time to time, to partake of short-lived pleasures. Ease, comparative ease, pleasures and pains, are the blanks and prizes in the great lottery, in which every living thing has tickets. To expect to draw the great prize, to be set above the reach of difficulty and mischance; to murmur at our disappointment, to 'curse God, and die;' all this is the folly of the many; and, considering what a feeble set of animals we are, it is a folly that deserves a rebuke that is mixed up with three-fourths of compassion; but, compassion almost leaves my breast, when solemn fools, affecting to be wise, fix, in set speeches, and great books, the science of this folly. Happier and wiser he, who in retrospect remembers, and in prospect anticipates, those little prizes that fall to every one's portion, that have fallen to his own, and that he may fairly reckon upon again! Happier and wiser he, who enters the smallest and least durable of his joys on his Day-book, and places them on the credit-side of his account with Him with whom he deals, sums up the least fractions, and strikes a fair and equitable balance! Such a man is grateful; and he is grateful because he is wise. The fool, calculating only upon his perpetuity of bliss, tells you, that he has received nothing. He is ungrateful; but he is ungrateful because he is a fool. You need not wish him punished; he is unhappy.

At the foot of the castle of San Elmo, and on the mountain which commands the whole city of Naples, is the magnificent chartreuse of San Martino, enjoying one of the most delightful situations that the earth has to afford. It is in possession of almost greater wealth than any other religious house. The church, which may be considered as one superb gallery of the most exquisite paintings, is adorned with all that the imagination can conceive; precious stones, stuccoes, gilding, and the rarest marbles, are distributed over it, in profusion, and at the same time with a refined taste. The cloister is adorned with Doric columns of marble, and innumerable statues. Surrounded by an enchanting country, breathing the mildest and purest air, gazing on so much of all that is beautiful and luxurous in nature and art, and receiving, in this holy and sumptuous residence, all the attentions of the warmest hospitality, a wish enters the mind, that it were permitted us to stay there for ever, and we leave it almost with pain. A stranger, transported with the charms of this habitation, repeatedly exclaimed, 'What a delicious abode!' *Transeuntibus*, mournfully answered the monk who was his guide.—The monk's philosophy did not allow him to be satisfied with his Day!

Transeuntibus!—and this is the language of piety! Yes, it is the language of piety; but, in what other manner could pride or ingratitude express itself? Man, transitory man, despises all that Providence can give, because its gifts are transitory! He despises what is little and short-lived; and, in the next breath, declares himself a creature that

——wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long!

But, our systems, like our music, are formed of discords! We combine them, and please our ear; and this were all well enough, provided we had less to say of the ear of our neighbour.

Moralists have talked much of content. In many particulars, they appear, on this subject, to set up a doctrine inconsistent with the nature of man, whom, on many occasions, we might suppose them to regard as made only to 'lie i'th' sun.' The content they teach is reduced to practice by numerous classes of beasts, birds, fishes, and insects, or at least by the vegetable race; and for these only was intended: but, there is a content of the mind, there is a calm acquiescence, there is a placid satisfaction in our general destiny, very far from incompatible with that restless exertion of our powers which is so essential a part of our composition. Let it be observed, that I say general destiny; for I am too little disposed to coincide with those who would turn us into stocks and stones, and cut, and shape, and fit us to their notions, not to make allowance for the particular misfortunes of others, or of ourselves. But, this content with our general destiny, let it be our care, as it is our best philosophy, to learn and to cultivate. Under its benignant impression we shall release our minds from all general principles of misery; the world will appear to us as it is; sophistry will no longer spread a general gloom over the landscape; we shall recognize the hills and the valleys, the meadows and the deserts, the arid plains and the pleasant waters, the clouds and the blue skies. Our spirits, shaking off the weight of continual gloom, will recover their natural elasticity and strength. Light burdens will no longer seem heavy; heavy, will no longer overwhelm; the heaviest, we are not so often called upon to bear. Nourished in this habitual cheerfulness, though our tears may

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often flow, though our head may often ache, and our heart be often wrung, we shall be ashamed to say, with the ascetic,

——human life
Is but a vale of woe.

That it abounds with woe is certain; but it abounds also with happiness; and, if we are to indulge in indiscriminate language, we may as well call it, a valley of delight. The whole is this, that we should keep ourselves free from the miseries of opinion, from those melancholy ideas which leave no room for pleasure, be its visits seldom or frequent. Let us bewail the evils that come upon us, or that we see; but do not let us adopt, from the lips of some sick, or peevish, or even unfortunate man, such a habit of thinking as converts our intellect into a false medium, faithful only to the dull colours of sorrow and despair, and incapable of transmitting the gay and vivid ones of bliss. Let us enslave ourselves to no scheme of affliction. Let us enjoy what is to be enjoyed; so shall we best suffer what is to be suffered, coming to the trial with our nerves unexhausted. What I here allude to more particularly, are the enjoyments and the sufferings of the mind. Things affect us much; but our views of things affect us also. Above all, as it is more peculiarly my present object to inculcate, let us, in defiance of what has been so often gravely taught us, let us content ourselves with the little, the short-lived pleasures; let us allow them their just value; let us believe that they were made for us, and we for them. Let us, abandoning that haughtiness, which, by lifting us above our condition, sets us out of the reach of our gratifications, seek, in simplicity, our proper good; taste with thankfulness what we find; and not dash the cup of mead to the ground, fancying nothing worthy of us but nectar and ambrosia. Let us cease to wander through this beautiful creation, crying, *a desert! a desert! famine! monsters! pestilence! ruins!* and imagining that this is to honour the Creator and instruct his creatures! Let us be truly content. Let us be content to be blest, if not for an age, for an hour, for a Day; and with this temper, we shall have our Day. Far otherwise the misguided wretch, who turns dissatisfied from the feast, offended by this dish or the other, or waiting for a better course. Beautifully has the poet expressed the art of happiness!—

She eyes the pure crystalline well,
And tastes it *as it goes*.

This is true wisdom; this is the economy of life. This makes the man who, as it respects himself, fulfils the design of his creation:

Not where he will, but where he can,
A *daily* bliss he celebrates.

Happiness is the aim, but rarely, if ever, the attainment of humanity. It is in the pursuing the object, however, that we make our approaches; and the pleasures are on the road. Pleasures, transient pleasures, to mingle in a draught full of bitters, these are what are offered to our hands; and he that will not receive them misuses his powers and his privileges. We must laugh, says La-Bruyere, before we are happy; lest we should die before we have laughed.

But, I hate those topics in morals, and in philosophy, on which we declaim with facility, because their truth is self-evident, and idly, because they have little connection with practice. The present is not of that description. This argument is against the melancholy and the austere. Austerity is a system; a narrow system. I may beneficially oppose to it another and a better system. Melancholy is a temper; but men's tempers alter with their opinions. A sentence, a sentiment, or a word, will sometimes overturn a whole fabric of philosophy. Error falls, as a scale, from the eye. The man becomes a new creature; the world, a new world. Error, did I say? Error, or truth; for error and truth insinuate themselves with equal ease, and are received with equal rapture. He that sees differently believes that he sees better. Enough of this. It is not necessarily in vain that I endeavour to alter a melancholy temper; it is a superstructure; and, if the base be removed, it falls. The melancholy man tells me, that he is as willing as any one to be happy; that I lose my time in persuading him to enjoy the pleasures of life; that he is ready for all that are to be found; that he looks about him to no purpose. It is my business to open his eyes, to correct his judgment, or to enlarge his information. Balsams grow upon every bank and mountain; but you know neither the leaf nor the flower. You think the precious gum distils only from trees taller than the cedar; it is mine to point it out among the humblest of the shrubs.

Is it hopeless, then, to call upon the victims of opinion to be happy? I call upon them, as well with respect to the past as the future. I bid them examine anew their tablets, and give the pleasures their natural importance. I bid them to be grateful for what is gone, to hope for what is to come. Opinion is much. The happiness of life largely depends upon our opinion of it. The opinion here in question refers to the estimate we are to make of transitory pleasures, of the blessings of a Day,—of blessings that are seldom long denied us;—for, *Every dog has his Day*.

These blessings are seldom long denied us; and this leads me to a reflection well adapted for the conclusion of my paper. It respects the security we derive, as moralists have always told us, from the humility of our calculations. He that is for nothing short of perpetuity of bliss, cuts himself off, at once,

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from every thing that this world can offer; he that resolves on accepting only the more lasting enjoyments, may pass his life in waiting their arrival; but he that is content with 'a daily bliss,' who takes pleasure where and when he can, who does not refuse this because it is trifling, and that because it is transient, finds his modesty and his moderation continually rewarded. He has built his house on a rock, and he is safe. He has chosen to walk along with Nature, and he never finds her thwart his path. The accidents of life can scarcely bring him injury. He is below the storm. His happiness is not at its mercy. It threatens him in vain:

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew, *the dog will have his Day.*

MISCELLANY.

[We select the following from a small volume lately published in England, entituled 'Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope, by Robert Semple.'—Among a variety of interesting matter we have the following Chapter, which seems a faithful picture, touched by the hand of no mean artist.]

THE SLAVES.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, slavery,
—Still thou art a bitter draught.

STERNE.

In presenting even a slight sketch of the Cape, it would be very defective if the slaves occupied no part of it; their numbers, their varieties, their dress, and the manner in which they are in general treated, are subjects not to be passed over in silence; and in some points of view they present, as we shall quickly see, an object which can hardly fail to touch and to interest.

Domestic slavery has at all times and in all nations been productive of much evil. A pampered slave is insufferably insolent; an oppressed one is constantly trembling and cringing, and by the daily sight of either, the heart of youth is necessarily hardened and depraved. The children of the family mingle with the young slaves. They play with them one moment, and the next they see them beaten and in tears, but through habit the child thinks nothing of it, and waits with great coolness till his companion has done weeping, to renew his play. Hence too often arises in early youth hardness of heart, a feeling for self alone, and a checking of all the best emotions of human nature. Alas! the best of men, as they advance in life, and behold every day ingratitude, greediness of riches, and selfishness, are but too apt to contract their hearts. What must it be, when the child is reared in insensibility, and is permitted to make of his fellows at once the companions of his sports and the objects of his tyranny and caprice?

But these reflections belong more properly to our view of the inhabitants and their manners. Let us confine ourselves at present to the slave alone. No situation can be more adapted for collecting those of every nation than the Cape of Good Hope. It lies in the very bosom of slavery. On either side of it are extended the coast of Africa, in every age the mother of an unfortunate race, and, all to the eastward, here and there clusters of islands furnish an endless variety. At the Cape they are collected into one. There they are no longer merely Malays, or Malabars, or natives of the coast of Mozambique; they are slaves. Let us first take a rapid view of them as such.

In general the slaves of the Cape are not ill treated, are well clothed, and well fed. If now and then an instance be found to the contrary, that affects not the general character. A man may use his slave ill; but the slaves at the Cape are well treated; or he may lodge him badly, but the slaves of the Cape are well lodged; or he may half clothe or half feed him, but the slaves of the Cape are well clothed and fully fed.

In our view of the inhabitants, it may be seen that the slave lodges in general under the same roof as his master. He is fed with what comes from his table, mingling with it, however, a greater proportion of rice. His clothing generally consists of a short blue cloth jacket, a light waistcoat, and loose blue trowsers. On his head he wears either a coarse hat, or a handkerchief tied round it like a turban, but he is in general without either shoes or stockings; the collar of his shirt is open, and a blue or red handkerchief is tied loosely round his neck. Sometimes, however, you meet a slave beau: his ears are ornamented with rings, a red shawl is wrapped round his neck, a plume of common ostrich feathers wave in his hat, he treads lightly along, nodding his feathers, and looking proudly round him. He is lifted above the ground, and has totally forgot that he is a slave.

In their marriages, they use few or no ceremonies, if, indeed, the manner in which the male and female slaves associate, deserves the name of marriage. No long services engage affection; no priest bestows his benediction on the nuptual bed; no parent gives away his daughter, and assembles his friends on the happy day; slavery lights the marriage torch; slavery leads them alone and unattended to the marriage bed. The husband visits his wife as he can find opportunities, and leaves her when he pleases to take another, without ceremony and without reproach. And what else can be expected, when he knows that he himself is the property of one man, his wife perhaps of another, and his children liable to be given to a third or fourth!

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It is slavery—it is slavery in all its stages and all its shapes, which depraves the mind, and debases human nature.

On the birth of a child, however, maternal affection springs up in the heart of the female slave. She forgets for a time her other cares, and begins to experience the solicitudes and the joys of a mother. The child is dressed out, and its head covered with a cap which sits close, and in shape exactly resembles that which we see represented in many of the ancient Egyptian statues. The master looks upon the infant as a new accession of property, and even if he be at other times severe, now relaxes his authority; hence great rejoicings, feasts, and dancing among the slaves, and a night spent in merriment. By degrees, however, all this is forgotten, the feastings are over, and the mother returns to her former occupations. It is in these dances that the slaves show themselves off to best advantage. The women display much taste and even elegance in their dress, nor are their dances wild, irregular, or unaccompanied with proper music. They are faithful imitators of what they see daily performed among the white inhabitants, and display an easiness of motion and a justness of ear which never fail to surprise and please an European, unapprised of this circumstance.

Having thus taken a view of the slave under the authority of his master, let us attend him to that hour when he escapes the chain, when he lays him quietly down, and hears no longer the voice of his oppressor. Even the slave must not be committed to his native dust without a tear; and perhaps were we to find that he too had a wife, and a brother, and a friend, and behold them weeping over his grave, we might not be ashamed to sit down with them, and pay our tribute likewise to his memory.

As soon as the breath has left the body of the sick man, the women who surround the bed burst out into tears and lamentations, and communicate the infection of sorrow to the men. The corpse is dressed out not without much weeping, and a day is allowed for the assembling of his friends, to mourn over his remains. The Malay expresses his grief by sitting beside his dead friend in profound silence and with downcast and pensive look; but the natives of Malabar and Mozambique break into sudden and violent floods of sorrow, which they often seem to begin and end in concert. On the day of interment, the friends again assemble and follow the bier to the place appointed; here the body is committed to the earth with more or less ceremony, according to the religion or piety of the tribe: all express sorrow, but generally this sorrow is not of long duration. The Malays alone extend their care, and seem to cherish their grief. On the third, seventh, tenth, fortieth, and hundredth day, they again assemble round the grave, pour sweet-scented waters upon it, and strew over it the choicest flowers. They bid the earth lie lightly on the breast of their former companion, and for the last time mingle their tears together over him. Having thus performed the last duties of friendship and affection, they return and feast together, well assured that their friend is happy.

How many tears doth this pleasing hope wipe away, and how does it lighten the burden of the afflicted? Who can sufficiently admire the extensiveness of its influence? Ancient and modern nations; those inhabiting hot, and such as live in cold climates; nations warlike and nations effeminate, civilized and ignorant, separated by rivers, by continents, by seas, yet join in the fond hope that all perishes not in the dust, but that the hand of friend shall again be joined to that of friend, and the father meet his departed daughter in another and a better world.

Having thus given a general sketch of the Cape slaves, I proceed to relate in what manner these ideas were suggested to me, and to add some further particulars.

In one of our morning walks about the town, observing a considerable crowd before the door of a house, my friend and I went up and inquired what was going forward, and were informed that it was a public *sale of all* the effects of a colonist deceased. Scarcely had we joined the crowd, when the auctioneer mounted upon a chair, and struck for some time upon a round plate of brass, as a signal that the auction was going to begin. Immediately all was attention. Numbers of articles were put up and disposed of; till, growing tired of the scene, we were going away; a short pause, however, and then a murmur in the assembly, announced that something else than trifles was going to be produced. We accordingly waited a moment, and soon saw a black man coming forward through the crowd; "Ah!" said Charles, "they are going to dispose of the family slaves, let us stop a little longer."

The first that was put up was a stout native of the Mozambique coast. His look was sad and melancholy, his hands hanging down clasped together as if they were bound, and his eyes fixed upon the earth. When he heard that his lot was determined, and that he was sold for 600 rix-dollars, he raised his eyes up heavily to look for his new master, and followed him out of the crowd without speaking a word; but we thought that his cheek was wet with tears, and perhaps we were right; for the purchaser told us, with some expressions of compassion, that he had been a great favourite of his deceased friend. Many more were put up, the household of the deceased having been very numerous, but on the countenances of all of them sorrow and the humiliation of slavery were the predominating features. At length an object

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was presented which almost made us weep: a mother was brought forward with a little girl of three years old clinging to her, which they wished to tear from her, whilst she, dreading the threats of her owners, feebly told her child to leave her, at the same time that she folded her arms round it. "Put them up together, put them up together," said every voice; it was consented to, and the woman kissing her child and leading it by the hand, advanced to the spot appointed. Whilst they were bidding for her, she looked anxiously round in every countenance, as if imploring compassion. Her price was bade up to seven hundred dollars, which the auctioneer repeated a long time without any body seeming willing to say more.—"The man who has bought her and the child," said one who stood next to us, "has the reputation of being very cruel to his slaves." "Has he?" said Charles, whilst the blood rushed into his face, "but he has not got them yet." Seven hundred and ten, cried he, with a voice trembling with eagerness. Every body turned their eyes upon us, and the mother and the little child looked full in Charles's face. Seven hundred and twenty, said the man, starting up; thirty, cried Charles; fifty, said the other; eight hundred, bade Charles; the man bit his lips; a long pause ensued; eight hundred and one, said a mild looking old man, whose humanity I was well acquainted with; Charles drew back, and the poor slave was allotted to a mild master.

When we had got into the street, I could not help remarking how lightly Charles walked along, and how his eyes glistened with the pleasing reflection of having done a good action. Every now and then also he exclaimed to himself, "poor child! poor child! I have saved you some stripes however," and then he would walk on so fast that I could scarcely keep up with him. After he had given some vent to his feelings, he began to converse about the slaves, and expressed his astonishment at the great variety amongst them: "Come, my friend," said he, "put on your philosopher's countenance; as we are two Peripatetics, explain to me these different varieties in your best manner, not in a cold style, but as if you were addressing a numerous audience." "Agreed," said I, "Charles, for I know that when you represent the audience, I shall find it a very partial and forgiving one.

"Behold that slave coming towards us bending beneath the weight of two cords of wood suspended to the ends of a bamboo which he balances across his shoulder. His black complexion, his curly hair, his thick lips, and his tattood forehead, announce him from the coast of Mozambique, his strong make shows him capable of fatigue, and in his inoffensive and humbled countenance, you may read that he has often submitted to blows and unmerited reproaches without for a moment thinking of revenge; he performs, the task which is set him without objections and without inquiry. You see him now walking slowly along, oppressed with his load, and perhaps you pity his fate; follow him to the next corner, there sits one of his companions playing on a jew's-harp. He stops—he listens—pleasure steals into his soul—he throws off his load—he beats the ground with his heels—raises his hands clasped above his head—gives himself up to the wildest and most inconsiderate joy, and, occupied only with the present, thinks neither of the hours of bitterness which are past, nor of those which are yet to come.

"Observe the one who comes next. Even at a distance his upright form, his nervous make, his free step, announce the Malay, or native of the Island of Java, the king of slaves. As he approaches, mark his long coal-black hair, which hangs half down his back, his yellow complexion, his glancing and jealous eye, which looks askance upon slavery. He knows well that from his class are formed the house-painters, the musicians, the ingenious workmen of the Cape. He is proud of this distinction, and glories in the name of Malay. He exacts some deference from his master, his gestures, his speech, sometimes slow and sedate, at others rapid and violent, seem to say, 'I know that I am your slave, but be cautious how you use your power.' A reproach stings and irritates him, a blow wounds his proud heart, he hoards it up in his remembrance, and broods upon his revenge. Time passes on, the master forgets that he has given the blow, but the Malay never. At length the bad part of his character is cruelly displayed: he intoxicates himself with opium, and in the madness of revenge, he rushes upon his unguarded master with his kris, or crooked Malay dagger, and stabs him once, twice, ten times. The unfortunate wife and children are not safe if they cross his way, he sallies out into the street, and running madly along, sacrafices all that he meets, till overpowered by numbers he is brought to suffer the punishment of his crime.

"Follow him to the place of execution. Some days are past, and the intoxication of opium is over, but do you observe his countenance in the least changed by fear or remorse? Not at all. He is bound to the wheel—the executioner breaks all his limbs one after another—but not a tear, not a groan escapes him—at length nature is exhausted—perhaps he breathes the name of Mahomet his Prophet, and expires with the consolation of having had his revenge.

"What a contrast is presented to this character, in the slave whom you see there following his master. His features of the European cast, his slender, but well formed shape, his mild and inoffensive looks, and his black hair curled but not woolly, announce

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the harmless native of the Malabar coast. He is in all respects the best of the household slaves. Without the inactivity or dullness of the Mozambiquer, or the penetrative genius of the Malay, he forms an excellent medium between the two—More intelligent, more industrious, and more active than the former; more docile and more affectionate than the latter, he unites steadiness with vivacity, and capability of instruction to winning manners. Expect not from him violent opposition—While the native of Mozambique often grows obstinate, and hardens under the lash; whilst the Malay frowns and prepares to sharpen his dagger, the Malabar bends to the blow, and endeavours to avert it by tears and entreaties. Never is he brought to justice for crimes of a heinous nature; never are his feeble hands stained with blood; but if, through a false accusation, or a disposition too liable to be made the tool of knavery, one of this class is brought to suffer death, he shudders, and turns away his head at the sight of the place of execution; he shrieks aloud whilst the blow is yet suspended and before it falls, and with tears and groans he implores compassion till his life and sufferings are at an end.

"But come, let us leave scenes of blood, the place of execution, and its wheels and engines: behold yon light waggon advancing so rapidly upon us, drawn by fourteen or sixteen oxen, and led by a Hottentot who runs before them; see with what dexterity the master, sitting in the front of the waggon and cracking his long whip, directs the whole. The Hottentot, as you would observe, has on him nothing of what in England would be called clothes; an undressed sheep-skin buckles round his neck, and hangs down behind him like a cloak; at every motion of his body it flies back and exposes his tawny skin, his meagre make, and his small and active limbs; before him hangs a small pouch fastened round his loins with a leathern thong. With not a single other article of dress, without hat, without shoes, he leads his oxen through sun and wind and rain, over stones and hot sandy roads. Sometimes he puts on a pair of undressed leathern sandals, which are fastened round the ankles; and sometimes an old tattered hat protects his head from the rain or sun; but neither of these is universally worn; and in general, the one which has passed us may serve as a specimen of all the rest. It is true, he has not the name of slave, but his condition is not on that account in the least more desirable; by the laws of the colony he is only bound to serve five-and-twenty years, after which he becomes free. In other words, his master enjoys twenty-five years of his services for the prime of his life, and may then cast him off to seek his bread elsewhere.

"These may be reckoned the four principal stocks of the slaves of the Cape. The Malay, the native of the Mozambique and Malabar coasts, and the colonial-born slave. It must not be imagined, however, that these different races are anxious to preserve themselves unmixed. In this place, they are quickly mingled together, and many a slave can boast of an European father. Hence results the most complete variety of features and shades of colour, that is perhaps to be met with in any part of the globe. Yellow, jet black, white and copper-coloured are kneaded together into a mass. Every face that passes us is of a different colour from the one that went before it, and the eye is continually amused by a strange and unceasing variety.

"The different females preserve likewise in their domestic occupations something of the character of their nation. The female Malay takes care of the house, gives an account of every article, arranges the linen and clothes in the presses, is intrusted with several of the keys; and, having finished her work, she coils up her long black hair on the crown of her head, where she fastens it with a silver bodkin, and then sits down to knit at the feet of her mistress.

"The Malabar female, mild and gentle, is like her husband employed in every kind of the lighter domestic occupations. *No blows* are required to induce her exertions; *a threat* terrifies her. She redoubles her activity, is anxious to show herself attentive to the interests of the family, cleans and arranges the furniture; and in the evening, having kissed her children and put them to sleep, she brings her knitting needles and seats herself by the side of her companions.

"The female of Mozambique, generally stronger than her fellows, yet at the same time sufficiently active and intelligent, is sometimes employed in works of drudgery, and sometimes in those of a lighter kind. According to the will of her owners, sometimes you may see her carrying on her head a large bundle of linen to wash in the brook which runs from Table Hill. Sometimes nursing the children of the family, and advanced to honour; but in either occupation, she is always found, like the male, patient, performing what is set to her, and no more; pleased with praise, but not over anxious to obtain it, and going through her task more through the wish of seeing the end of it, than the desire of performing it well.

"The female Hottentot contents herself with the lowest class, and is indeed seldom employed by the families at the Cape, being chiefly and indeed almost only to be found in the farm houses and at some little distance from the Cape. The Hottentot character, both male and female, is said to be the least engaging of the whole. They neither make themselves so useful as the Malay, nor do

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they possess the affectionate disposition of the natives of Malabar or Mozambique. They labour only through absolute necessity, and would quickly sink into profound indolence if not perpetually incited to action. After remaining many years with a family, and being kindly treated, they will leave it with great indifference; and indeed, Charles, to say the truth, I have seen so many instances of cold ingratitude, among those of this nation, that it cannot be denied the charge is not altogether without foundation: yet, at the same time, having seen many instances to the contrary, let us reserve their character for a particular discussion."

Here I paused to take breath, and Charles, who had listened to me with great attention, waited for some little time, and then asked me, if I had any thing more to say? for that if I had not, it was almost two o'clock. "I understand you," said I, smiling, "your walk has done you good. Come then, let us return and eat together." We accordingly turned round in the Company's garden, where we were then walking, and conversed on indifferent subjects till we reached the house.

For the Port Folio.

[For the following highly interesting article, which contains whole volumes of truth, respecting the French revolution, we are indebted to a new work we have just received from London, Memoirs of the life of Marmontel, written by himself. We regret that we have not access to the original, as the translation is full of blemishes and blunders. But, in spite of all defects of style, the fund of anecdote and faithful narrative to be found in this work, will richly reward the pains of the reader.]

We had in the French academy one of the most violent partisans of the republican faction: it was Chamfort, a man of most delicate, subtle, and enchanting wit, when he gaily indulged it on the vices and follies of society; but sourly and sharply malevolent against the superiorities of rank and fortune that wounded his jealous pride. Of all the envious men that are scattered in society, Chamfort was he who least pardoned the rich and the great for the opulence of their houses, and the delicacies of their tables, but of which he himself delighted to partake. In their presence, and in his private intercourse with them, he humoured, flattered, and studied to please them; it seemed even that he loved and esteemed some of them whose praises he pompously told: yet if he had the complaisance to be their guest, or their inmate, it was well understood that he was to obtain, by their interest, some literary compensation from the court, and the pensions he enjoyed to the amount of some hundred pounds did not acquit them of this obligation: what he received was too little for him. "Those people there," said he to Florian, "ought to get me eight hundred a-year; I do not deserve less." At this price, there were some of the great whom he would honor with his preference, and except from his satires. But as for the cast in general, he lashed it without pity; and when he thought he saw these fortunes and this grandeur on the point of being overthrown, and neither any longer capable of serving him, he divorced from them wholly, and ranged himself on the side of the people.

In our societies, we sometimes amused ourselves with the sallies of his humour; and, without liking him, I treated him with caution and politeness, because I did not wish to make him my enemy.

One day then, when we were left alone at the Louvre after the sitting of the academy: "Well," said he, "so you are not a deputy?"—"No," answered I, "and I console myself as the fox did when he could not reach the grapes: *they are too sour.*"—"Indeed," replied he, I do not think them ripe enough for you. Your soul is of a temper too mild and too flexible for the trial to which it would be submitted. It is good that you should be reserved for another legislature. Excellent to improve, you are worth nothing to destroy."

As I knew that Chamfort was the friend and confident of Mirabeau, one of the chiefs of the faction, I imagined myself at the source of the information I wished to obtain; and to engage him to explain himself, I feigned not to understand him. "You alarm me," said I, "by talking of destroying; I thought the only wish was to repair."

—"Yes," he replied, "but repairs only produce ruins; in attacking an old

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wall, it is impossible to say that it will not tumble under the hammer; and I must frankly own, the edifice is here so dilapidated that I should not be astonished if it should prove necessary to pull it down to the ground."—"Down to the ground!" exclaimed I,—"Why not," rejoined Chamfort, "and erect it on a less gothic and more regular plan? Would it, for instance, be so great an evil that it should not have so many stories, and that all should be on one floor? Would it grieve you to hear no more of your eminence, your grace, your lordship, nor of titles, nor heraldry, nor nobility, nor feudal tenure, nor of the high and low clergy?"—I observed, "that equality had always been the chimera of republics, and the lure that ambition offered to vanity. But this level is above all impossible in a vast monarchy; and that to wish to abolish all is going much farther than the nation intends, and much farther than it asks."

—"As for that," replied he, "does the nation know what it wishes? Its wishes will be directed, and it will be made to say what it has never imagined; if it hesitate, it will be answered as Crispin answers the legatee: *it is your lethargy*. The nation is a great flock that thinks only of feeding, and that shepherds with good dogs can lead at their will. And, beside, it is its own happiness that all wish to secure without its knowledge; for, indeed, my good friend, neither your old regulations, nor your religion, nor your morality, nor all your antiquated prejudices deserve any indulgence. They are all but a wretched disgrace to an age like ours; and to trace a new plan, it is quite right to clear the ground completely.

—"Clear the ground completely!" insisted I, "and the throne, and the altar?"—"And the throne, and the altar," answered he, "will fall together: they are two buttresses supported by each other; break one of them, and the other gives away."

I concealed the impression which this language made on me, and to draw him on still farther: "You announce to me," said I, "an enterprise in which I think I see more difficulties than means."

"Believe me," replied he, "the difficulties are foreseen, and the means are calculated." He then developed himself, and I learnt that the calculations of the faction were founded on the character of the king, which was so distant from violence that it was considered as pusillanimous; on the actual state of the clergy, which only consisted, he said, of a few virtues without talents, and a few talents disgraced and dishonoured by vices; finally, on the condition of the high nobility, which was said to be degenerated, and in which few great characters supported the lustre of a great name.

But it was above all in itself that the third estate ought to place its confidence. This order, long wearied with an arbitrary authority whose tyranny extended into its minutest ramifications, had over the other two not only the advantage of number, but that of union, and that of courage and audacity to brave every thing. "In short," said Chamfort, "this vast hoard of impatience and indignation, formed like a storm, and insurrection every where declared, and at the signal given by the province of Dauphiny, the whole kingdom ready to answer, by acclamation, that it demands to be free, the provinces leagued, their correspondence established, and from Paris, as from their centre, the republican spirit bearing to the distant cities its warmth and its light: such is the state of our cause. Are these vain and airy projects?"

I confessed that in speculation they were very imposing; but I added that beyond the bounds of temperate reform, the best part of the nation would suffer no wounds to be made in the laws of the country, and in the fundamental principles of the monarchy.

He agreed that in the welcome circle of their families, in their shops, in their offices, in their manufactories, great numbers of those peaceful domestic citizens would probably find all pro-

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jects too bold which might disturb their repose and their enjoyments. "But if they should disapprove them," said he, "it will only be timidly and without noise, while to impose on and beguile them, there is that determined class which sees nothing that it can lose by change, and thinks it sees every thing to gain by it."

"To raise this mob, the most powerful spring of human action will not be neglected; scarcity, famine, money, reports of alarm and affright, the madness of fear and of rage afford pictures that will be diligently presented to the view. You have heard only elegant speakers among the citizens; but, be assured, that all our orators of the tribune are nothing in comparison with the Demostheneses at half-a-crown a head, who, in the brandy shops, in the public squares, in the gardens, and on the quays, announce devastation and fire, villages sacked and inundated with blood, and plots to besiege and to starve Paris. These are what I call eloquent men. Beside, money and the hope of plunder are all powerful among this people. We have just made a trial of it in the faubourg Saint-Antoine, and you would scarcely believe how little it has cost the Duke d'Orleans to get the manufactory of that honest Reveillon sacked and pillaged, which, among this same people, insured the maintenance of a hundred families. Mirabeau ludicrously maintains that with a thousand guineas one may make a very pretty sedition."

—"Thus," said I, "your trials are crimes, and your trained forces are villains."—"And that's very necessary," answered he coolly. "What would you do with all this people in muzzling it with your principles of honesty and justice? Virtuous men are feeble, personal, and timid; 'tis knaves only that are determined. The advantage of the people in revolutions is to have no morality. How will you defend yourself against men to whom all means are welcome? Mirabeau is right: there is not one of our old virtues that can serve us: the mob has no need of them, or it needs others of another stamp. All that is necessary to effect the revolution, all that is useful and appropriate to it: this is the grand principle."

—"It is perhaps that of the Duke d'Orleans," replied I; "but I see no other leader for this people in insurrection, and I confess, I have no very high opinion of his courage."—"You are right," said he, "and Mirabeau, who knows him well, says, that to reckon on him would be building on sand; but he has shown himself popular, he bears a name that imposes, he has thousands to scatter, he hates the king, he hates the queen still more, and, if he should want courage, there are those who will give it him; for even among the people there will be intrepid chiefs, above all from the moment when they shall have shewn themselves rebels, and shall think themselves criminal; for there is no retiring when we see behind us no retreat but the scaffold. Fear, without hope of safety, is the true courage of the people. Our forces will be immense if the number of our accomplices be so. But," added he, "I see that my hopes sadden you; you wish for no liberty that is earned by an abundance of blood and of treasure. Do you want to have revolutions made for you with rose water?"

Here our conversation ended, and we separated; he, without doubt, full of contempt for my minute scruples, and I very little satisfied with his hardy immorality. The wretch has punished himself for it by destroying his own life, as soon as he had recognised his errors.

I communicated this conversation to the Abbé Maury on the evening of the same day. "It is but too true," said he, "that they scarcely deceive themselves in their speculations, and that to find few obstacles the faction has well chosen its time. I have observed the two parties. My resolution is fixed to perish on the breach; but I still feel the sad conviction that they will take the place by assault, and that it will be abandoned to pillage."

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VARIETY.

DARING ENTERPRISE.

During the war which Henry the Fourth of France maintained against the League, when he was King of Navarre, many small towns and even citadels were surprised by very extraordinary means. Amongst others, the following surprising achievement, for fidelity in the adherents, as well as for the vigour and boldness of the adventure, deserves particularly to be recorded:—

The manner in which *Fescamp* was surprised is so remarkable, that it deserves a particular recital. When the fort was taken from the League by the Duke de Biron, in the garrison that was turned out of it, was a gentleman called Bois Rose, a man of sense and courage, who, making an exact observation of the place he had left, and having concerted his scheme, contrived to get two soldiers, whom he had bound to his interest, to be received into the new garrison, which was put into Fescamp by the League. That side of the fort next the sea is a perpendicular rock, 600 feet high, the bottom of which, for about the height of twelve feet, is continually washed by the sea, except four or five days in the year, during the utmost recess of the sea, when, for the space of three or four hours, it leaves fifteen or twenty fathoms of dry sand at the foot of the rock. Bois Rose, who found it impossible, by any other way, to surprise a garrison who guarded with great care a place lately taken, did not doubt of accomplishing his design, if he could enter by that side which was thought inaccessible; this he endeavoured by the following contrivance to perform:—

He had agreed upon a signal with the two soldiers whom he had corrupted, and one of them waited continually for it on the top of the rock, where he posted himself during the whole time it was low water. Bois Rose, taking the opportunity of a very dark night, came with 50 resolute men, chosen from among the sailors, in two large boats to the foot of the rock. He had provided himself with a thick cable, equal in length to the height of the rock, and, tying knots at equal distances, ran short sticks through, to support them as they climbed. The soldier whom he had gained, having waited six months for the signal, no sooner perceived it, than he let down a cord from the top of the precipice, to which those below fastened the cable, by which means it was wound up to the top, and made fast to an opening in the battlement, with a strong crow run through an iron staple, made for that purpose. Bois Rose, giving the lead to one of the serjeants, whose courage he was well convinced of, ordered the 50 soldiers to mount the ladder in the same manner, one after another, with their weapons tied round their waists, himself bringing up the rear, to take away all hope of returning, which indeed soon became impossible, for, before they had ascended half-way, the sea, rising more than six feet, carried off their boats, and set their cable a floating.

The necessity of withdrawing from a difficult enterprise is not always a security against fear, when the danger appears almost inevitable. If the mind represents to itself these 50 men suspended between heaven and earth, in the midst of darkness, trusting their safety to a machine so insecure, that the least want of caution, the treachery of a mercenary soldier, or the slightest fear, might precipitate them into the abyss of the sea, or dash them against the rock, add to this, the noise of the waves, the height of the rock, their weariness and exhausted spirits, it will not appear surprising that the boldest amongst them trembled, as in effect he who was foremost did; this serjeant telling the next man he could mount no higher, and that his heart failed him. Bois Rose, to whom this discourse passed from mouth to mouth, and who perceived the truth of it by their advancing no farther, *crept over the bodies of those that were before him*, advising each to keep firm, and got up to the foremost, whose spirits he at first endeavoured to animate; but, finding that gentleness would not prevail, he obliged him to mount, by pricking him in the back with his poignard, and doubtless, if he had not obeyed him, would have precipitated him into the sea. At length, with incredible labour and fatigue, the whole troop got to the top of the rock, a little before the break of day, and were introduced by the two soldiers into the castle, which they completely surprised and gained possession of.

INSTANCES OF EXTRAORDINARY MEMORY.

Hortensius, sitting at Rome, in the Marketplace, for a whole day together, recited, in order, all the things that were sold there; their price, and the names of the buyers.

Lucius Lucullus, a great captain and philosopher, was able to give a ready account of all affairs at home and abroad. Cicero commends Hortensius's memory for *words*; Lucullus's for *things*.

J. Lipsius offered in the presence of a German Prince thus:—Sit here with a poignard, and if, in repeating of *Tacitus* all over, I shall miss but one word, stab me, and I will freely open my breast to strike at.

Joseph Scaliger in two days committed all Homer to his memory.

Dr. Reynolds excelled in this way to the astonishment of all who were intimately acquanted with him, not only for St. Augustine's works, but also for classical authors.

Muretus tells us of a young man of Corsica, student in the Civil Law, at Padau, who

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would repeat 36,000 Latin, Greek, or barbarous words, significant or insignificant, upon once hearing, without any hesitation, in what order soever a person pleased. Muretus says he made trial of him himself several times, and avers it to be true.

Ex. MSS. Ralph Thoresby, Esq.

Men of genius and learning are, for the most part, in a state of intense thought; while they who are engaged in less refined pursuits are frequently involved in mental insensibility; and since happiness is only in the mind, every little accident must disturb his repose who is always in meditation. The string which is constantly kept in a state of tension will vibrate on the slightest impulse.

Whether, or not, these are the true causes of the complaints and wretchedness of the learned, it is not very material to determine. Certain it is, that they who are furnished with the means of the greatest happiness are frequently the most miserable. By attending to great things, they neglect those which appear little, but on which our happiness is found by experience greatly to depend.

. . . . . .

My admiration of the author of the Spectator induces me to subscribe implicitly to the following opinion of Dr. Beattie, who, of all the critics to whom Scotland has given birth, possessed the most correct and delicate taste.

"He, who understood better than any other writer, the nature and province of true humour is ADDISON. Let those therefore, who wish to be fully instructed in this matter study him, and learn the theory from his practice. In his mirth there is nothing profane or impertinent. He is perfectly serious when he ought to be so: and his smiles, like those of INNOCENCE, though irresistably captivating, are ever inoffensive. He is not, *some think*, a *profound philosopher*, for he is always clear and luminous, rational, manly, and interesting. But, if writing be good in proportion as it is useful, and its noblest use be to improve the heart, refine the taste, and sweeten the temper, ADDISON IS OF ALL UNINSPIRED AUTHORS, at LEAST, IN PROSE, THE BEST AND THE MOST DELIGHTFUL."

If the real evils of men of genius and learning be not greater than those of others, yet the sense of them is commonly more acute. The same delicacy of feeling, which renders them particularly susceptible of intellectual beauty, makes them feel far more acutely the common distresses of human life.

The pleasures of men of literature are those which arise from the contemplation of greatness, novelty and beauty: pleasures of the purest and most exalted nature. Perhaps no state is more truly happy than that of a man of genius, at the time he is closely engaged in surveying either of these three sources of imaginative enjoyment; but the very purity and excellence of these pleasures are ultimately the occasion of some degree of pain to their votaries. Our present condition will not permit merely mental gratifications to engross our whole care and attention; and, when the mind reverts from the ideal bliss to the occupations which its union with the body of necessity enjoins, the transition from supreme delight to insipidity becomes the occasion of peculiar misery.

Perfection is ever the object of genius: but, perfection is not to be found in human affairs. Genius is, therefore, disgusted with the impossibility of obtaining that which is constantly within its view. This it suffers in the recesses of study: but upon entrance into the transactions of busy life, the perfection to which it aspires is much more rarely visible. Objects, which to the common mind are pleasing or indifferent, appear to the mind of genius deformed and disgusting, because they fall short of that image of perfection, formed in the fancy, to which, as a standard, every thing is usually referred. Thus, acuteness of discernment serves to discover concealed blemishes, as the microscope sees a spot where the naked eye discovers nothing but beauty.

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The following little pieces will, we are confident, please that class of our readers for whom this *desultory* department of the Port Folio is designed.

ICE AND FIRE,

By Sir Edward Sherburne.

NAKED Love did to thine eye,
Chloris, once, to warm him, fly:
But its subtle flame and light
Scorch'd his wings, and spoilt his sight.

Forced thence, he went to rest,
In the soft couch of thy breast,
But there he met a frost so great,
As his torch extinguish'd strait.

When poor Cupid thus, constrain'd
His cold bed to leave, complain'd
Alas! what lodging's here for me,
If all ice and fire she be.

Stanzas by Sir Charles Sedley.

GET you gone, you will undo me,
If you love me, don't pursue me!
Let that inclination perish
Which I dare no longer cherish.

With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crowd Love entered in;
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent and full of play.

At every hour, in every place,
I either saw, or form'd your face:
All that in plays was finely mixt,
Fancy for you and me did fix.

My dreams all night were full of you,
Such as till then I never knew,
I sported thus with young Desire,
Never intending to go higher.

But now his teeth and claws are grown,
Let me the fatal lion shun;
You found me harmless—leave me so!
For were I not, you'd leave me too.

To a Lady, with a present of a Watch.

With me, while present, may thy lovely eyes
Be never turn'd upon this golden toy;
Think every pleasing hour too swiftly flies,
And measure time, by joy succeeding joy.
But, when the cares that interrupt our bliss,
To me not always will thy sight allow,
Then oft with kind impatience, look on this,
Then every minute count as I do now.

Lines by Thomas Nabbes.

What though with figures I should raise
Above all height, my mistress' praise,
Calling her cheek a blushing rose,
The fairest tree did e'er disclose.
Her forehead lilies; and her eyes
The luminaries of the skies;
That on her lips ambrosia grows,
And from her kisses nectar flows?—
Too great hyperboles!—unless
She loves me, she is none of these:
But if her heart and her desires
Do answer mine with equal fires,
These attributes are then too poor,
She is all these and ten times more.

EPIGRAMS.

By Dr. Farmer, on being in company with a number of Ladies, whose names began with a B.

How strange it is that Cupid should decree,
That all our favorites should begin with B.
How shall we solve this paradox of ours—
The Bee comes always to the sweetest flowers.

On Lord Nelson's Victory at the Nile.

France saw great Nelson chasing o'er the waves,
Her flying heroes and tyrannic slaves;
Sorely she rued their ill advised departure,
They meant to hunt the *Turk*—but, caught a *Tartar*.

Curio's rich side-board seldom sees the light,
Clean is his kitchen, and his spits are bright:
His knives and spoons, all rang'd in even rows,
No hands molest, or fingers discompose:
A curious jack, hung up to please the eye,
Forever still, whose fliers never fly:
His plates unsully'd shining on the shelf,
For Curio *dresses* nothing but himself.

"You gain every day by your wits
A fortune, friend Edward," cried Tom;
"Pray teach me to make the same hits,
I'll give you a handsome round sum."
"I'll teach you for nothing," said Ned,
"Since the secret you wish to obtain,
'Tis only to change your *own head*
For one made and furnish'd like *mine*."

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, June 14th,* 1806. [No. 23.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 170.

Aimez donc la raison: que toujours vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

THE commencement of the third ternary winds up the denunciation of vengeance upon Edward with the death of his queen, Eleanor of Castile, who 'died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection to her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places.' The series of calamities being traced, the bard is next rapt into *visions* of glory. He beholds the restoration of the British line, and hears the songs of future bards. To understand the allusion to the history of Arthur, and the expression, *genuine kings, Britannia's issue*, we must remember the notes of Mr. Gray: 'It was the common belief of the Welch nation, that king Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain; 'and, both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied, that the Welch should regain their sovereignty over this island, which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor:'

Edward, lo! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.)
Stay, oh stay, nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn!
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes!—
But oh, what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height,
Descending slow, their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail;
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's Issue, hail!

In this place, I shall quote one of Mr. Boscawen's notes which accompany his translation of the Odes of Horace:

'Gray, in his celebrated ode, the *Bard*, seems to have had this passage in view in the line, *Visions of glory, spare my aching sight:*'

Evœ! recenti mens trepidat metu,
Plenoque Bacchi pectore turpidùm
Lætatur. Evœ, parce, Liber,
Parce, gravi metuendo thyrso.
HOR. Lib. II, Ode 19.

E'en now, sweet horror chills my veins,
Tumultuous joys that scorn controul!
Spare, O dread pow'r, these rapt'rous pains,
Nor with fierce transport overwhelm my soul!

Mr. Mason preserves two verses of this stanza, as they originally stood:

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No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail,
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's Issue, hail!

Variation.

From Cambria's thousand hills a thousand strains
Triumphant tell aloud, another Arthur reigns.

I object to the word *consecrate*, in the third verse. The poet means *devote;* and, though we may always use *devote* for *consecrate*, we cannot so use *consecrate* for *devote*.

In the antistrophe, which celebrates the house of Tudor, Elizabeth is more particularly distinguished, as well on account of her character as a sovereign, as of the poets who embellished her reign:

Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
In bearded majesty, appear:
In the midst, a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the British Line;
Her lion-port, and awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace:
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play!
Hear, from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves, in the eye of Heav'n, her many-colour'd wings!

The initial verses of this stanza were first written thus—

Youthful knights, and barons bold,
With dazzling helm and horrent spear.

On the line, *Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face*, Mr. Wakefield remarks,—'A stateliness of verse well suited to the majesty of the image.

'Tell me, have ye seen her *angel-like face*,
Like Phœbe faire?
Her heavenly 'haviour, her *princely grace*,
Can you well compare?
The red-rose medled with white yfere,
In either cheek depeincten lively cheere:
Her modest *eye*,
Her majesty,
Where have you seen the like but there?
'*Spenser.*'

The image of Rapture, as well as the verse in which it is expressed, is extraordinarily fine. Gray was, perhaps, somewhat indebted to Milton:

Show to the sun their wav'd coats, dropp'd with gold.

Rapture is obviously described by Gray from the habits of the Lark, nor could a finer original be selected:

Ask you for what the Lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his note, joy elevates his wings.

Gray's Rapture is more gorgeously, but not more delightfully, described, than Collins's Love:

While he, amid his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

I have now to transcribe the concluding stanza of this magnificent poem, in which the Bard exults in the vision of Spenser, Shakspeare, Milton, and succeeding poets:

The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, in fairy fiction drest:
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast:
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That, lost in long futurity, expire.
Fond impious man! think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by the breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray!
Enough for me; with joy I see
The diff'rent doom our fates assign;
Be thine despair, and sceptred care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine!
He spoke, and, headlong from the mountain's height,
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

Long before he arrives at this epode, Johnson has declined to pursue further his inquiry into *particular faults;* but he tells us that *the Ode might have concluded with an action of better example;* adding with a sneer, that *suicide is always to be had, without expense of thought.* To say that a thing might have been better is a contemptible way of avoiding the praise we know not how to withhold, or insinuating the censure we know not how to give. Let me subjoin, that it is criticism *always to be had, without expense*

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of thought. I am unacquainted with the work that might not have been done better. Our proper concern is with the merits of what is done. As to suicide, as a moral example, I am no more friendly to its introduction than Dr. Johnson; but, since the latter is of opinion that the Ode *might* have concluded with an action of better example, it is to be regretted that he has not pointed out the substitute that might have been employed; or, at the least, it may be satisfactory for us to inquire what range of choice was allowed to Mr. Gray. After striking *the deep sorrows of his lyre*, the Bard might have silently withdrawn; but, I believe every critic would have required a more impressive conclusion. It is to be recollected, also, that the tradition represents *all* the bards as having suffered under Edward, and the poet, therefore, could by no means preserve one of them alive. That one would have been sufficient to defeat the design of the king, who aimed at the complete extirpation of the order, and total oblivion of their songs. The Bard, therefore, must die. But, he might have died by the hands of Edward's soldiers. This would have totally destroyed the poetical dignity of the prophet. He must be represented as beyond the power of the tyrant. After all, is it more than the imagination approves, that such a character as the Bard, who has no hope of life, who must fall an instant prey to the army he has incensed, or be the victim of more deliberate massacre; who ha sthe sea on one side, and the force of the conqueror on the other, should hurl this last defiance; and, in the transport of rage and rapture, chuse so to die as to—*triumph and to die?*

But, we find that this part of the Ode occasioned some difficulty to Mr. Gray himself. The poem lay by him long, unfinished; and it was only on his hearing Mr. Parry on the Welch harp, that he was inspired with the conclusion. I can trace nothing that appears to have been peculiarly inspired by the Welch harp, unless it be the suicide; and I think it highly probable that it was amid the enthusiastic feelings which Mr. Gray felt within himself at the sound of that instrument, that he conceived the *plunging into the roaring tide* to be an act dictated by the natural impulse that must move his Bard.

Mr. Wakefield thinks the *sanguine cloud* not absolutely defensible.—'He has still a bolder figure in the *Fatal Sisters:*

> Horror covers all the heath;
> *Clouds of carnage blot the sun.*

So Pindar,—φονα νεφελαν—*a cloud of slaughter:* Nem. ix, and πολεμοιο νεφος—a cloud of war: Nem. ix.—And yet there seems to want consistency in the metaphors—*sanguine cloud* and *cloud of slaughter:* and it, perhaps, must be ranked among the *glorious offences* of *great wits.*

'This conduct of the allegorical comparison of the *sun* is exactly after Pindar's manner, and is much more animated, and in the spirit of lyric poetry, than a formal introduction of the *simile.*'

I conceive that the figures cited from the Fatal Sisters and the odes of Pindar are not precisely comparable with that before us, and which, leaving the others unexamined, I regard as not more bold than energetic and correct. The sun has been represented by all poets as the source of poetry. Clouds withhold from *the nations* the beams of the sun. It was the object of Edward to withhold from the Welch the *light of the song.* He attempts to do this by shedding blood. Thinkest thou, says the Bard, to *QUENCH the orb of day*, by means of this cloud *of blood?* Here is a fine metaphor, and it has nothing in my opinion, to place it in the list of *offences*, however *glorious.*

I shall conclude this letter with an extract from Mr. Mason's edition, acceptable, as I persuade myself, to every admirer of the Bard:

'Mr. Smith, the Musical Composer, and worthy pupil of Mr. Handel, had once an idea of setting this Ode, and of having it performed by way of a serenata or oratorio. A common friend of his and Mr. Gray's interested himself much in this design, and drew out a clear analysis of the Ode, that Mr. Smith might more perfectly understand the poet's meaning. He conversed also,

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with Mr. Gray on the subject, who gave him an idea for the overture, and marked also some passages in the Ode, in order to ascertain which should be recitative, which air, what kind of air, and how accompanied. The design was, however, not executed; and therefore I shall only (in order to give the reader a taste of Mr. Gray's musical feelings) insert in this place what his sentiments were concerning the *overture*. "It should be contrived so as to be a proper introduction to the Ode; it might consist of two movements, the first descriptive of the horror and confusion of battle, the last a march grave and majestic, but expressing the exultation and insolent security of conquest. This movement should be composed entirely of wind instruments, except the kettle-drum, heard at intervals. The *da capo* of it must be suddenly broke in upon, and put to silence by the clang of the harp, in a tumultuous rapid movement, joined with the voice, all at once, and not ushered in by any symphony. The harmony may be stengthened by any other stringed instrument; but the harp should every where prevail, and form the continued running accompaniment, submitting itself to nothing but the voice."

STATERUS.

For the Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

The following extract of a letter from Nicholas Biddle, Esq. addressed to Joseph Hopkinson, William Meredith and Charles W. Peale, Esqrs. the Committee appointed by the Directors of "The Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts," for the importation of casts, &c. will be read with pleasure by the contributors to that institution, and affords a pleasing proof of the taste and attention which have been exercised by N. Biddle in executing the orders confided to him.

The Editor cannot resist the temptation the opportunity suggests of commending with the strongest emphasis of praise a design so liberal in its tendency as the establishment of an Academy of the Arts in this city. *Felix faustumque sit.*

"THE copies from the great models of the Louvre are all made under the superintendence of government, by a distinguished Italian artist. Whilst, therefore, second-hand and cheap casts may be procured in many parts of Paris, a direct application to the administration of the museum secures the genuineness of the copies and diminishes the labour of useless search. I have therefore addressed myself to them, and with the assistance and advice of the best statuary in this city, have chosen from among a variety of copies those which seemed most perfect. I shall proceed in the enumeration of them in the order of your list."

The Pythian Apollo. This was selected from several copies between which, however, there was hardly room for choice. It is scarcely necessary to add that it is faithful.

The Laocoon. It will be observed that the right arm of the father and the arms of the children are wanting. They are not in the antique, and though added in plaster to the original in the Louvre, all the copies have been made *without* the addition of the arms.

The Venus de Medicis. All the copies of this statue hitherto known in France were made from a cast which was, if I do not mistake, at Florence. They have however lately taken one from the original itself now at the museum. Although at double the price of the old copy, I did not hesitate to prefer the new one, which is now sent.

The Venus of the Capitol. It will doubtless surprise you, gentlemen, to be informed that no cast has been made from this statue. The homage of the artists to her rival sister seems unjustly exclusive.

The Jupiter. The only Jupiter known at the museum is this mask.

The Gladiator Borghese—sent.

The Hermaphroditus of Borghese—sent.

The Venus of the Bath. There are two or three Venuses, which are supposed to be in the bath, or just leaving it. The one which is sent is the only one moulded, and is known by the name of the *Venus accroupie.*

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Castor and Pollux—sent.

Germanicus—sent.

Dancing Fawn.
Fawn in a resting position.
Fauno della villa Mattei.
} The museum contains a number of Fawns. The only two which have been moulded are the one called Silenus with Bacchus, which seems to correspond with the second of those on the list, and the beautiful bust called the *Faune à la tâche*—both of which are sent.

Jason. This handsome statue has not yet been moulded.

Trajan.
Demosthenes.
Posidippus.
Menander.
} None of these have yet been copied.

Homer. This bust has been sent.

Diana of Versailles. The bust only of this statue has been cast—it is sent.

The *Torse* of Belvidere—sent.

Dying Gladiator. Not yet moulded.

Antinous of the Capitol—sent.

Meleager. The head only of this statue has been cast—it is sent.

Ceres—sent.

Antinous of Belvidere (Mercury). Not moulded.

Bacchus. Not moulded.

Cupid and Psyche. This piece Conova has not yet copied. Having gone through the list, it remained to choose among the casts of the museum those best adapted to the purposes of the Academy. With the approbation and advice of the artists the following have been selected.

The *Apollo Belvidere.*

The torse of *Cupid* called sometimes *Amour Grec.*

The torse of a *Fawn* suspended to a tree by Apollo.

A full length statue intended for students. This, although modern, is so highly esteemed, and seems so well calculated for the purposes of an Academy, that it has been added with a conviction that it would be acceptable.

A small copy of the *Farnese Hercules*, which is said to be well executed.

Among the busts distinguished for the elegance of the workmanship, or the interest of the characters, are the following:

The head of ****, of which the entire statue is at Rome.

The head of the Pallas called the Pallas of Valletri.

The *Venus* called the Venus of Arbes. *Euripides, Cicero, Hippocrates, Demosthenes, Socrates, Seneca, Diogenes, Lucius Junius Brutus, Ulysses, Alexander the Great, Alexander Severus, Vespasian, Nero, Titus, Caracalla, Vitellius, Sappho* and *the Group of Niobe.* As auxiliary to young designers, the feet and hands of the Farnese Herculese, two casts of mouths and noses from the antique, and two ears by a modern artist have been placed in a vacant part of the boxes.

The above are the objects which have been purchased for the Academy, and which it is hoped they will on examination approve. I could only offer to you, Gentlemen, all the zeal of which I am capable, and a sincere wish to satisfy your expectations. My own ignorance has been supplied by the taste and judgment of Mr. Houdon, who has kindly directed my choice.

The Committee will perceive that on all these casts the marks of the mould have been suffered to remain. These marks, although they seem unnatural, are deemed so sacred by the artists, that I have judged it better to leave it to your own choice whether to sacrifice to beauty what fastidious artists consider as presenting more completely the exact model of the antique, or prefer even a defective appearance to a fear of blemishing antiquity. I have been the more disposed to do so, since, if you should decide on the latter it can be executed by almost any artist.

You are, Gentlemen, too well conversant with objects of taste to need any remarks on the several pieces which are now sent. Accompanying the boxes you will however find the list of the Museum in which the statues are transiently noticed. As this will at once explain the species of marble of which they are made, the time and place of their discovery, and the additions which time and hazard have rendered necessary to them, it may not be unwelcome.

NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

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For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We have the satisfaction to state to the Public that some progress has been made in the printing of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, a standard work, which has been already announced as about to appear from the Polyglott press of Mr. John Watts of this city. Whether we look upon this liberal undertaking through the clear medium of enthusiasm in favour of Polite Literature, or through the long visto of public utility, the contemplation is equally delightful. A more agreeable and instructive work in one of the highest departments of learning could scarcely be found; and, in common with many others, whose opinions we have ascertained, we feel grateful to Mr. Watts for reprinting a volume, which is not only intended for the scholar's desk, but for the lounger's parlour window. As this work is not very generally known in the United States, we deem it a duty to apprize the public that it has no resemblance to the usual skeleton figure of a dry *Dictionary*. In fact, this part of the title, which the ingenious but modest Editor has adopted, if not a misnomer, is certainly too narrow and partial. For his book, far from being a mere muster-roll of names, is extremely copious, accurate, and elegant in the description of things. It is an agreeable miscellany of historical, biographical and mythological information, which may be advantageously consulted, not only by classical scholars, but by the desultory reader and mere man of the world. Another circumstance, which should powerfully recommend it to public patronage, is the scrupulous attention the Editor has every where bestowed upon the rules of Roman quantity, as they affect the pronunciation of names of persons or places. Hence, whenever a question respecting this portion of the prosody of the Latin tongue is started, a glance upon this Dictionary will solve every doubt, without the inconvenience of consulting authorities.

There are certain circumstances, perhaps not generally known, which stamp a conspicuous character and give a ready currency to a book published in Great Britain. Not only the name of the author and the value of his subject influence the public mind, but the name and reputation of the booksellers. Of these there are certain individuals, who, in point of probity, information and wealth, are at the head of the profession. In this front rank of estimation the company of Cadell and Davies have stood for years; and, conscious of their character, and the vigilance with which they are regarded by the public eye, they never inscribe their imprint on the title-page of a book, of a bad or even of a dubious character. All the eminent Scotch literati, Robertson, Hume, Millar, Adam Smith, Ferguson, Reid, Blair, and Stewart, have employed them exclusively, and a very copious catalogue of standard works of South British origin might be formed, all of which have been published by the above booksellers.

The public will perceive that Mr. Watts copies from the latest edition of this Dictionary, and that Cadell and Davies are the publishers. The name of its learned and accurate compiler, the proof of public approbation, and the intrinsic merit of the work cannot fail to procure it that extent of American patronage which the risque of such a publication demands. With respect to the accuracy and elegance of the press from which it is to issue, the writer of this article is warranted to assert that those qualities will fully vindicate the reputation which the publisher so justly enjoys.

While thus briefly stating the pretensions of this Dictionary to public favour, we cannot omit to express our exultation that so many of our countrymen begin to regard, with more than complacency, whatever relates to ancient literature. May this favourable aspect to the fine forms of Grecian and Roman beauty still brighten; and while classical dictionaries are sought for with avidity, let not the authors, to which they refer, be neglected. May the perusal of the history, biography and mytholo-

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gy of the ancients incite to a closer investigation of their exquisite productions, written in idioms of the sweetest, purest and strongest description, which in their copious current, whether we survey the *surface* or the *bottom*,

To fabled streams a strict resemblance hold,
Whose *foam* is amber, and whose *gravel* gold.

WE have just received from Mr. Ezra Sargeant at New York, a copy of a new work just published in Great Britain, entitled The Progress of Refinement, by the rev. W. Gillespie. This poem contains many passages which will edify the polite reader. At the end of the volume the author has published a number of fugitive pieces of different degrees of merit. As a favourable specimen we select the following address to one of the elfin tribe.

TO A FAY.

Dwarfish Fay, that trip'st unseen
On the moonlight's spangling green,
While thy feet the daisies bruise,
As they drink the twinkling dews,
Gay before my fancy rise,
Cloth'd in all thy liveliest dyes,
While with pencil bright and warm
Strong I paint thy airy form,
Such as thou hast sometimes shone
To the nightly pilgrim lone.
Lo! the fox-glove's blossom red
Towers inverted on thy head,
And of finest thistle down
Lightly floats thy sheeny gown;
Lucid silk, whose soft film grows
On the petals of the rose,
Round about thee graceful thrown
Is thy wavy streaming zone,
While the silvery gossamer
Veils thy bosom soft and fair;
Wings that on thy shoulders lie
Once adorn'd a dragon fly,
And aloft thee quickly bear,
Through the incense-breathing air,
When ambrosial summer pours
All her sweets from all her flowers.

Thee behind a spear is hung;
'Tis the barbed adder's tongue:
Blest are they who never found
Of that elfin spear the wound;
For no leech with chemic art
E'er could heal its bitter smart.

Sportive maid! from valleys damp,
Oft thou steal'st the glow-worm's lamp;
Tiny lamp of em'rald light,
To conduct thee thro' the night,
Thro' the night on airy wing,
Or to trace the mystic ring,
When thy sister elves with thee,
Foot it briskly on the lea,
Hand in hand, and round and round,
To the beetle's drowsy sound,
Where their circles long are seen
Dark upon the fainter green.

From the cockle's spiral cup
Thou the May-dew lov'st to sup;
Or sleep'st in a scollop shell,
Lull'd by ocean's gentle swell;
Or sail'st o'er the night stream lone,
In an acorn's hollow cone;
Or fall'st down the current bright
Leaning on the froth so white,
On the froth, or lov'st to veer
Round the eddy's whirling sphere.

Little fairy elf! are thine
Sportive tricks and deeds benign,
There the assassin to affright
From the murderous deeds of night,
There to make the miser's ear
Fancied sounds and terrors hear,
There to charm with balmy sleep
Hearts that throb and eyes that weep,
There to bless the lover's dreams,
And to guide him o'er the streams,
When he wanders lone and late
To his sweetheart's cottage gate,
And when he, to wake the maid,
Taps her window, half afraid,
Lest he rouse some jealous sire
Or some hasty brother's ire,
Thou that giv'st oblivion deep
To the weary sons of sleep,
Thou that bid'st the house dog snore
As she slily opes the door,
Stealing out to meet the youth
Doubtless of her lover's truth,
Or swift from her window's base
Leaps into his fond embrace.

Little elf, when rosy morn
Wakes the barn cocks' screaming horn,
When each wandering ghost of night
Flits before the dawning light,
Thou, beneath the clustering flowers,
Hid'st thyself till evening lowers.

ONE of the first of the British poets talks with his wonted vigour and splendor of "Leo's *golden days*." To this enchanting era, the studious, the inquisitive and the ingenious in our own country are about to be introduced by THE LIFE AND PONTIFICATE OF LEO X, which is now in the press of Mr. Bronson of this city. Three volumes, in a neat style, have already appeared, and the others will quickly follow. We are of opinion that Mr. Bronson, by repub-

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lishing Mr. Roscoe's Biographies of Lorenzo the Magnificent and Leo the Tenth, is entitled to the thanks of every man of letters in America. We understand that the subscription for this work has been by no means niggardly, but still we fear it is not sufficient to remunerate the editor to the full value of his service. We wish the public would justly appreciate the magnitude and importance of the undertaking, and that the subscription may exceed Mr. Bronson's most sanguine expectations.

It should be remembered that Mr. Roscoe was the first who taught the public mind to relish the biography of those splendid scholars, to whom Europe has been indebted for the restoration of learning, and the right direction of taste. Mr. Roscoe's first performance in this walk was universally admired, and the present is fully entitled to the diligent attention and liberal praise of every reader in the country.

The character of Leo X, though stained with many impurities, and deformed by many a contradiction, is still worthy of studious contemplation. From his pontificate we deduce the origin of the Reformed Religion. Though the political and moral features of his character are by no means worthy our imitation or praise, yet his literary renown must challenge our regard. He was the son of Lorenzo de' Medici, who, with not less felicity than truth, has been saluted by the glorious title of "The Father of the Muses." He was educated by the most eminent classical scholars of Italy; and splendid must those talents have been, which elevated their possessor, at the age of 11, to the dignity of an archbishop, and, at the age of 14, to that of cardinal. His tutor was Politiano, and his favourite was Ariosto; and at the meetings of the learned in the palace of the Medici, he could listen to lessons from the Greeks themselves, and admire, though perhaps he could not imitate, the wonderful and various genius of Picus of Mirandula.

To the eternal honour of Leo X, it should be remembered that he was not only a man of genius, learning and taste, but a most munificent patron of the arts and sciences in Italy. Under his fostering care, the Greek and Latin classics were most admirably translated into Italian. Painting seemed to have reached its acmè of perfection, and sculpture so closely copied the ancient models, that the works of Leo's time, both in marble and bronze, are distinguished by the proud title of *antico moderno.*

A work that records the various and splendid events of an epoch so propitious to learning and the arts cannot fail of interesting their votaries. From our admiration of Mr. Roscoe, and from our solicitude for the success of the American editor, we wish that the Life of Leo may be very generally perused; and we have acquired the right to affirm, in the tones of confidence, that the Biographer's choice of topics is highly judicious, and his style pure as the waters of the fountain of Bandusia.

We cannot close this article more agreeably than by quoting the following exquisite lines, the production of a man of genius, and at once a poet and a painter.* The polite reader, after perusing these verses, not more impassioned than just, will very naturally contrast the condition of men of letters, the state of the arts, the estimation of genius, and the rate of patronage, under the Imperial government of Medicean Princes, with the penurious, profligate and witless system of many a commonwealth.

What time on Arno's silver tide enthron'd,
Her sceptred sway exulting commerce own'd:
Exhausted climes to grace her favourite's† seat,
And pour'd the wealth of empires at his feet:
When, phœnix like, triumphant o'er their foes,
The Arts from their own mould'ring ruins rose,
Reviving science felt protection's hand,
And LEO finish'd what LORENZO plann'd:
Then, *due regard* the *Muses' offspring found,*
Then *public wreaths exalted genius crown'd;*

* Martin Archer Shee, Esq. one of the Royal Academicians, to whom we are recently indebted for a little volume, the pledge we hope of an ampler work, written in a mood of genuine inspiration.

† Lorenzo de' Medici.

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Sagacious Power his path with roses strew'd,
And Praise and Honour all his steps pursued;
Their *best* ambition and their *fairest* fame
Princes were proud to *boast the patron's* name;
Creative Art earth's admiration rais'd,
And grateful nations gloried as they gaz'd.

Mr. J. Watts, of this city, has just published in one volume octavo, from the expensive London edition in three vols. large duodecimo, The Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud: in a series of letters from a gentleman at Paris to a nobleman in London, written during the months of August, September and October, 1805.

The three first words of the title-page of this curious volume will affect, with the power of a talisman, the majority of readers. It appears to be part of our nature, and much of our habit, to hunt after anecdote and *Secret History*. In addition to the propensity we feel, to investigate the actions of our neighbours, we are stimulated by a still stronger passion, curious of the memoirs of the great. After we have satiated scandal with the prattle of the tea-table, we saunter into the library with Tacitus and Davila, and dive into the cabinets of princes.*

Of the class of memoir writers, the French have unquestionably furnished the greatest number. We shall not stay to ascertain the degree of excellence to which they have attained in this walk of composition, but content ourselves with remarking, that both the politician and the soldier, both the courtier and the idler have written their own memoirs, or the memoirs of others; and whether frivolously or elaborately compiled, they have always been perused with an eager and insatiable curiosity. —Men have excursively ranged from Sully and Cardinal De Retz, describing the exploits of greatness, and the intrigues of statesmen, down to the foot soldier, who, with the minute mendacity of the braggart Falstaff, describes the Percy he has slain.

Nor has this love of private anecdote, this desire of *secret* information been limited by the boundaries of the French territory. From the age of Charles II, in whose reign works of this kind were exceedingly multiplied, down to the present period, *England* has indulged her curiosity with an ardour as glowing as that of France. Few books have been read with intenser delight than Mrs. Behn's, Mrs. Manley's, Bishop Burnet's, and the Adventures of a Guinea.

The present epoch, equally strange and eventful, of the French empire, has furnished such a mass of materials for the construction of a work of this nature, that we may not be surprised at the appearance of many an artificer.— Among these labourers we find the author of the work we are announcing, and when we reflect for an instant on the subject he has selected, The *Court* and *Cabinet* of *St. Cloud*, we must infer, that it presents topics enough to provoke the most torpid curiosity.

The author's name does not appear in the title-page, but this circumstance is not weighty enough to overthrow the authority of his book. No man dares to employ his signature, who dates from Paris, under a military despotism, and describes with freedom and minuteness the character and exploits of men, who, in the true spirit of gypsy adventure, have, in a garb of *republican* rags, travelled through many a low level and many a plashy pool, until they attained the possession of a sort of mock majesty with a lackered sceptre, a crown of tinsel, and a tawdry robe. The historian of such *people must* be anonymous. For the sake of notoriety he must not jeo-

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* On this topic nothing can be more justly or more agreeably said than by Goldsmith, who has described this propensity in human nature, with his usual good humour.

Every reader, however beggarly himself, is fond of high life and *high-lived dialogues*, with anecdotes of *lords*, *ladies*, and *knights of the garter*. Hence it follows, from the position of this sprightly writer, that we modest republicans must be infinitely delighted, by staring at the figures in the new French dynasty who glare upon the dazzled sight, like the blue, red, and green pieces of pasteboard in the Savoyard's box, or, like the tremendous apparitions in the Chinese shades,

Come like shadows, so depart!

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pardize his security, and must not, for the possession of the chaplets of fame, expose himself even to the chance of the soldier's dagger, or the dungeons of the Temple.

All who prefer Mandeville's system to Shaftsbury's, all who delight to trace the tortuosities of the human heart, and survey human nature on the sable side, will peruse this book with great interest and edification. In particular, to that class of political partizans, called Anti-Jacobins, men not more remarkable for their zeal than for their rectitude, these memoirs will be both a manual and a treasure. In the progress of fortunate freebooters, who have suddenly exchanged the squalid *disguise* of democracy for the gorgeous purple of despotism, all the disciples of EDMUND BURKE, all the votaries of Wisdom, Sobriety and Experience will see nothing more than the *natural* history of that accursed asp and cockatrice, which has poisoned half the nations. By every lynx-eyed and sagacious politician it will be instantly perceived that the *creature* in all its changes is *still the same*, that the *winding serpent is loathsome yet*, though he has cast off his republican slough, and, in the words of an eloquent writer, "shines forth in a new cuticle."

Of the style of this performance it may be remarked, that it has much of epistolary ease, or rather the vivacity of conversation. It is generally neat, and often nervous.

The typography is very well executed, and its remarkable cheapness cannot fail of attracting the attention of the purchaser, when it is remembered that the London copy, which is very indifferently printed, sells for eighteen shillings sterling.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW was younger brother of Sir Matthew Carew, a zealous royalist in the time of the civil war, of the family of the Carews in Glocestershire; but descended from the ancient family of that name in Devonshire.

The year of his birth is not known. He had his academical education at Corpus Christi College Oxford; but it does not appear that he either took any degree there, or was even matriculated as a member.

Afterwards, however, having greatly improved himself by travelling, and conversation with men of learning and ingenuity at London, he became "reckoned," as Philips expresses it, "among the chiefest of his time, for delicacy of wit and poetic fancy."

His abilities recommending him to the court, he was made gentleman of the Privy Chamber and sewer in ordinary to king Charles I. who always esteemed him as one of the most deserving wits about his court.

Wood says he was "famed for the charming sweetness of his lyric odes, and amorous sonnets" And so favourable an opinion did the court entertain of his abilities in that respect, *that it* was by his majesty's especial desire that he wrote his beautiful masque, intitled, *Cœlum, Britannicum*; with a reference to which circumstance, he has prefixed to it the following modest distich:

Non habet ingenium; Cæsar sed jussit; habebo:
Cur me posse negem, posse quid ille putat?

He was much respected, if not adorned, by the poets of his time, particularly by Jonson, Davenant, Donny, May, and Suckling.—Dr. Percy places his death in the year 1639.

His poems, first printed in octavo, and afterwards being revised and enlarged, were several times reprinted, the last edition being in 1774, 12mo, by T. Davies, the laudable restorer of the elder classics. The songs, as Wood expresses it, "were wedded to the charming notes of Mr. Henry Lawes," gentleman of the king's chapel, and the most celebrated musical composer in England. The masque was performed at Whitehall, on the 18th February 1633, by the king, and several young lords and noblemen's sons. It was formerly, through mistake, ascribed to

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Davenant; and is now, with his poems, for the first time, admitted into a collection of classical English poetry.

His character is given by the Earl of Clarendon, who knew him well, in his "Life and continuation," and is too honourable to his memory to be omitted here. The most material circumstances are the following: "He was very much esteemed by the most eminent persons in the court, and well looked upon by the king himself, some years before he could obtain to be sewer to the king; and when the king conferred that place upon him, it was not without the regret of the whole Scotch nation, which united themselves in recommending another gentleman. He was of a pleasant and facetious wit, and made many poems, (especially in the amorous way), which, for the sharpness of the fancy and the elegancy of the language in which that fancy was spread, were at least equal, if not superior, to any of that time." Clarendon adds what it would be injuring the cause of virtue to conceal. "But his glory was, that after fifty years of his life, spent with less severity and exactness than it ought to have been, he died with the greatest remorse for that licence, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire."

Davenant has addressed some stanzas to Carew, celebrating his wit and talent in poetry; among which are the following lines:

Not but thy verses are as smooth and high,
As glory, love, and wine, from wit can raise:
But now, the Devil take such destiny:
What should commend them turns to their dispraise.
Thy wit's chief virtue is become its vice:
For every beauty thou hast rais'd so high,
That now coarse faces carry such a price,
As must undo a lover that would buy.

Suckling, who delighted to rally the best poets, and spared not Jonson himself, has thus characterised him in his *Session of the Poets:*

Tom Carew was next, but he had a fault
That would not well stand with a laureat.
His muse was hide-bound, and the issue of's brain
Was seldom brought forth but with trouble and pain.
And all that were present there did agree,
That a laureat muse should be easy and free;
Yet sure 'twas not that; but 'twas thought that his Grace,
Considered he was well, he had a cup-bearer's place.

Lloyd also, in his Worthies, calls him "elaborate and accurate." However the fact might be, his poems contain no internal evidence of his having been a laborious writer.

Pope, with more justice, ranks him with Sprat, Sedley, and "the mob of gentlemen, who wrote with ease;" but his consummate elegance, which has not either been sufficiently considered or allowed, entitles him to more attention than is due to "the wits of either Charles's days."

Of the modern testimonies to his merits, that of Mr. Headley alone is equal to his deserts.

Sprightly, polished, and perspicuous, every part of his works displays the man of sense, gallantry, and breeding; indeed many of his productions have a certain happy finish, and betray a dexterity, both of thought and expression, much superior to any thing of his contemporaries, and on similar subjects, rarely surpassed by his successors. He has the ease, without the pedantry, of Waller, and perhaps less conceit. He reminds us of the best manner of Lord Lyttleton. Waller is too exclusively considered as the first poet who brought versification to any thing like its present standard. Carew's pretensions to the same merit, are seldom considered. Though love had long before softened us into civility, yet it was of a formal, ostentatious, and romantic cast; and with a very few exceptions, its effects upon composition were similar to those on manners. Something more light, unaffected, and alluring, was still wanting; in every thing but sincerity of intention, it was deficient. Panegyric, declamatory and nauseous, was rated by those to whom it was addressed by its quantity, not its elegance. Satire, dealing in rancour, rather than reproof,

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was more inclined to lash than to laugh us out of our vices, and nearly counteracted her intentions by her want of good manners.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

ON THE STYLE OF LABRUYERE.

Labruyere writes with warmth it is true; but only as a dramatic poet, who has opposite characters to put into action. Racine was neither Nero nor Burrhus, yet he penetrated deeply into the ideas and sentiments which belong to the character and situation of these personages; and discovered, by the aid of a lively imagination, all the lineaments he had to draw. Let us look, therefore, in the style of Labruyere, neither for a display of his own character nor for the involuntary movements of his mind; but let us remark the various forms he alternately and successively assumes, to interest or to please us.

A great portion of his thoughts can scarcely be any other than the results of tranquil and deliberate observation; but, whatever truth, whatever ingenuity, whatever depth, there had been in the thoughts, this cold and monotonous form, if too constantly pursued, would soon have fatigued and deadened the attention.

The philosopher does not write merely to be read; he is anxious to persuade by what he writes; and the conviction of the mind, as well as the emotion of the heart, is always in proportion to the degree of attention bestowed on the words.

Now, what writer has better understood the art of fixing the attention, by the variety or singularity of his turns, or of keeping it always awake, by inexhaustible novelty?

Sometimes, he is impassioned, and exclaims, with a sort of enthusiasm, 'Oh, that 'it had been permitted me to cry aloud, 'with all my strength, to those holy men 'that, in times of old, have been foiled by 'women, Be not you their guides; leave to 'others the care of their salvation!'

Sometimes, by another turn, equally extraordinary, he enters abruptly on the scene: 'Fly! begone! you are not far enough!—I 'am, you say, beneath the other tropic.—Go 'beneath the pole, and into the other hemi'sphere.—Behold me there.—That is well; 'I am secured against you.—I discern upon 'the earth a greedy man, insatiable, inexora'ble,' &c. It is to be regretted, perhaps, that the moral which follows has no importance, proportioned to the movements by which it is introduced.

Sometimes it is with raillery, bitter, or pleasant, that he apostrophises the vicious or ridiculous character: 'You deceive your'self, Philemon, if, with this brilliant car'riage, these numerous rascals that follow 'you, and these six beasts that draw you 'along, you think that you are esteemed 'more! People separate all this, which is 'no part of you, in order that they may look 'into yourself, who are but a fool.'

'You love, in a battle, or during a siege, 'to appear in a hundred places, to the end 'that you may appear to outstretch the or'ders of the general, through fear of obey'ing them; and to be in search of occasions, 'rather than wait their arrival: can your 'valour be doubted?'

Sometimes a reflection, merely just, is elevated by an image, or remote allusion, which strikes the mind in an unexpected manner: 'Except a discriminating judg'ment, the rarest things in the world are 'diamonds and pearls.' If Labruyere had simply said, that nothing is more rare than a discriminating judgment, we should not thought the reflection worthy of being committed to writing.

It is by turns like these, that he is able to fix the mind upon observations which have nothing new at the bottom, but which become interesting through a certain air of careless vivacity under which he disguises his satire:

'It is not absolutely impossible *for a man* 'in high favour to lose his cause.'

'It is wonderfully silly to go *to court* with 'any lowness of origin, and not to be a gen'tleman.'

He employs the same ingenuity of turn when, in the portrait of a fool, he says, 'Iphis wears rouge, but only now and then; 'he does not make a practice of it.'

We can scarcely avoid being struck with the turn, equally ingenious and energetic, given to the following thought, unfortunately as true as profound:

'A great man calls Timagenes, your 'friend, a fool, and he is mistaken. I do 'not require you to make answer, that he is a 'man of understanding; but, have the cou'rage only to think that he is not a fool!'

It is in his portraits, more especially, that Labruyere has employed all the resources of his genius. Theophrastus, whom Labruyere translated, employs, in painting his characters, no other form than that of enumeration or description. Amid his admiration of the Greek writer, Labruyere has avoided imitating him; or if, sometimes, he proceeds, like him, by enumeration, he animates this languid course by an art of which himself alone affords us examples.

Read the portraits of the rich man and the poor: 'Giton has a fresh complexion, a full 'visage, a firm step, &c.'—'Phedon has 'sunken eyes, a sallow complexion, &c.' and observe how the words, *he is rich, he is*

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poor, thrown at the end of each portrait, strike upon us like the beams of the sun, while we reflect on the traits that have preceded them; shed a new light, and give the most extraordinary effect.

What energy in the choice of the features with which he paints an old man, just in the grave, and who has the mania of planting, building, and forming projects, for a future which he is not to see! 'He builds 'a house of hewn stone, secured at the corners by clamps of iron, and of which he 'assures you, coughing, and with a shrill 'and feeble voice, that it will last for ever! 'He walks daily through the shops of his 'workmen, leaning on the arm of his valet: 'he shows his friends what he has done, 'and what he intends to do. It is not for 'his children that he builds, for he has 'none; nor for his heirs, who are worthless persons, and with whom he has quarrelled: it is for himself alone, and he will 'die to-morrow.'

Elsewhere, he gives us the portrait of an amiable woman, as a fragment found by chance; and this portrait is so charming that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of citing one of the passages it contains: 'Far from 'employing herself in contradicting you 'with wit, Artenice adopts your sentiments; she believes them her own; she 'enlarges them; she embellishes them: 'you are pleased with yourself for having 'thought so well, and spoken better than 'you had believed. She is always above 'vanity, whether she talks or writes; she 'forgets ornament, where argument is 'wanting; she has learned, that simplicity 'may be eloquent.'

How was he to give a new sally to the ridicule of a woman of fashion, who does not perceive that she grows old, and who is astonished at finding in herself the infirmities that attend on age and a too luxurious life? He forms an apologue. Irene visits the temple of Epidaurus, to consult Æsculapius. At first, she complains that she is fatigued. The oracle pronounces that is on account of the length of the road. She states, that wine hurts her. The oracle tells her to drink water. My sight grows feeble, says Irene. Wear spectacles, says Æsculapius. I grow feeble myself, continues she; I am neither so strong nor so healthy as I have been. This, says the god, is because you grow old. But how am I to get rid of this state of debility? The shortest method, Irene, is to die; like your mother, and your grand-mother. For this dialogue, the turn of which is so artless and original, substitute mere description, after the manner of Theophrastus, and you will see how common or how striking the same thoughts may be made to appear, according as the mind or imagination are more or less interested by the accessory ideas and sentiments with which it is embellished by the writer.

Labruyere frequently employs the form of the apologue, and almost always with as much spirit as taste. There are few things in the French language so perfect as the history of Elmira. It is a little romance, full of ingenuity, grace, and even interest.

It is not only by the novelty and variety of his turns and sentiments that this talent of Labruyere is rendered remarkable, but also by a choice of lively, figurative, and picturesque expressions, and still more by those happy associations of words which form the fruitful resource of a great writer, especially in a language which, like the French, does not admit of the creating or compounding of words, or the transplanting a foreign idiom.

'Every excellent writer is an excellent painter,' says Labruyere himself; and he proves it, throughout the whole course of his book. Every thing lives and is animated under his pencil; every thing speaks to the imagination: 'The grandeur suffers itself to 'be *touched* and *handled*.....it *bends* with kindness toward its inferiors, and *returns* without effort to its natural posture.'

'There is,' says he elsewhere, 'nothing 'which places a man more suddenly within 'the first circles, and which *lifts* him more, 'than high gaming.'

Would he depict those who dare not give an opinion on a work, until they know the sentence of the public?—'They do not hazard their suffrages. They would be *carried by the crowd*, and *led* by the multitude.'

Would Labruyere paint the mania of a florist? He exhibits him as *planted*, and having *taken root* before his tulips. He makes a tree of his garden. This bold figure is particularly pleasing, on account of the analogy of the objects.

'There is nothing that refreshes the blood, 'like the having been able to avoid a foolish 'thing.' That is a very happy figure which thus transforms into a sensation the sentiment it is desired to describe.

The energy of expression depends on the force with which a writer feels the sentiment or idea he would express. Thus, Labruyere, standing up against the use of oaths, exclaims, 'An honest man, who says, YES, 'or NO, deserves to be believed: his cha'racter *swears* for him.'

Labruyere has other beauties of style, less striking in their effect, because the ideas they express require, in order to be seized, more delicacy of perception and more closeness of attention: I shall cite only one example:

'There is, in some women, a peaceable, 'but solid merit, accompanied by a thou'sand virtues, which, with all their mo'desty, they cannot *cover*.'

(*To be continued.*)

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Richmond, May 23rd, 1806.

Permit me, Mr. Oldschool, to subjoin an anecdote of Dr. Donne, which is not noticed by your biographical correspondent in the account of his life, published in your useful miscellany of the 18th January last.

B.

When sir Robert Drury requested Dr. Donne to accompany him on his travels, Mrs. Donne being in a pregnant state, and her health rather precarious; she expressed an uneasiness at the idea of a separation, saying, "Her divining soul boded some ill in his absence." But, upon sir Robert's being importunate, she at last consented. Two days after their arrival at Paris, Donne was left alone in a room, where himself, sir Robert, and some friends had dined together; to which, sir Robert returning in an hour, he found Donne still alone, but with such an altered countenance, that he could not help expressing his amazement; and asked him, in God's name, what had befallen him. Donne was not able to make an immediate answer, but, after a long and perplexed pause, at last said, "I have seen a dreadful vision since I saw you; I have seen my dear wife pass by me through this room, with her hair hanging about her shoulders, and a dead child in her arms. This I have seen since I saw you." To which sir Robert answered; "Sure, sir, you have slept since I went out; and this is the result of some melancholy dream, which I desire you to forget, for you are now awake." Donne answered, "I cannot be surer that I now live, than that I have not slept since I saw you; and am as sure that, at her second appearance, she stopped, looked me in the face, and vanished." A servant was immediately dispatched to Drury-house, to know whether Mrs. Donne was living, and, if alive, in what condition; who brought word, that he found and left her in a very languid state, and that after a long and dangerous trial, she had been delivered of a dead child. Upon examination, it appeared that this event took place on the same day, and about the same hour, that Dr. Donne had affirmed he saw her pass by him in the room.

VARIETY.

A very elegant writer, who distinguishes himself in the (London) Monthly Magazine, by beautiful translations, accompanied with prose remarks, of fugitive pieces from the Greek, thus introduces a new and beautiful version of Sappho's immortal Ode.

Of that sublime ode, preserved by Longinus, Ambrose Philips's beautiful translation will never be equalled by any future attempts. Yet it has been very justly observed that that exquisite little poem fails in giving an adequate idea of the fire of the original. There is as much difference between them, as between the soul of Sappho and that of an European lover. I will, therefore, venture to present a translation, which appears to me more literal, retaining the first four lines of Philips, which it seems impossible to render more exactly.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile."
'Tis this has set my heart on fire,
And thrill'd my bosom with desire;
For when I see thy form arise,
All voice and sound, that instant dies;
My trembling tongue has lost its power;
Slow subtle fires my skin devour;
My sight is fled; around me swim
Low dizzy murmurs; every limb
Cold creeping dews o'erspread; I feel
A shivering tremor o'er me steal;
Paler than ghosts I grow; my breath
Pants in short gasps; I seem like death.

Abraham Hoffman, says the *quaint* author of the Anatomy of Melancholy, relates, out of Plato, that *Empedocles*, the philosopher, was present at the *cutting up* of one that *died for love*. His heart was combust, his *liver smoky*, his lungs dried up, insomuch that he verily believes his soul was either sod, or roasted, through the vehemency of love's fire. Which, belike, made a modern writer, of amorous emblems, express love's fury by a pot hanging over the fire, and Cupid blowing the coals.

Mons. A——, professor and principal in the academy of Saumur, used to spend five hours of the morning regularly in his study, and was very punctual at the hour of dinner. One day, on his not appearing precisely at the dinner hour, his wife entered his study and found him still reading. I wish, my love, said the lady, that I was a book. Why so? replied the professor. Because you would then be constant to me. I should have no objection, rejoined the professor, provided you were an almanack. Why an almanack, my spouse? —Because I should then have a new one every year.

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VERSES,

Addressed by the caliph Liamrillat to a Lady, who pretended a passion for him in his old age.

Though such unbounded love you swear,
'Tis only art, I see;
Can I believe that one so fair
Should ever doat on me?

Say that you hate, and freely shew
That age displeases youth,
And I may love you, when I know
That you can tell the truth.

To Selima, by Acmed Ardebeili.

Far from my Selima, my soul's delight,
How cheerless gleams the radiant orb of day,
How gloom the tedious hours of silent night,
As life's dull current sickening wastes away.

For sure, in fate's dark volume yet remains
No lingering curse more cruelly severe
Than that which binds my captive heart in chains,
And dooms it thus to die desponding here.

Scipio Nasica, the cousin of the great Scipio, called one day on Ennius the poet, whose servant, though his master was actually at home, denied him. Soon after Ennius returned the visit, and was told by Scipio himself that he was not at home. Nay, says Ennius, I know you are, I hear your voice. You are a fine fellow indeed, replied Scipio, when I called the other day on you, I believed the maid, who told me you were not at home, and now you will not believe me, although you hear my voice.

On the death of a person who was *dumb*, of an elegant shape, and supposed the particular favourite of a lady, who had many lovers. One of them, who had been a long time suspicious of the connexion, wrote the following epitaph on the tomb of the deceased:

Ici repose, en ce tombeau,
Un amant, qui fut assez beau.
Iris en est fort affligée,
Et mérite d'être estimée,
D'avoir un si juste regret;
Car de tous ceux qui l'ont aimée
C'étoit l'amant le plus secret.

This is a lover's early tomb,
Who died while yet in beauty's bloom.
Iris for him drops many a tear;
Her grief, I'm sure, must be sincere:
For none of all her amorous train,
Was half so secret as this swain.

Democritus condemned the passion of love, which he considered as a disease of the mind, and called it an epilepsy. Hippocrates is said to have defined it by the same term. Yet Democritus himself must have been strangely troubled by that disease, if, as is said, in order to avoid the dangerous impressions which the sight of female charms made on his imagination, and which distracted his thoughts and interrupted his philosophy, he put out his eyes.

A most elegant little poem on the influence of beauty by the Irish bard, Carolan, is preserved in Miss Brooke's "Reliques of Irish Poetry." It concludes thus, for the poet was, like Homer, blind.

E'en he whose hapless eyes no ray
Admits from beauty's cheering day,
Yet, though he cannot *see* the light,
He *feels* it *warm*, and *knows* it *bright*.

To a Lady weeping, by Ebn Abrumi.

When I beheld thy blue eye shine
Through the bright drop that pity drew,
I saw beneath those tears of thine
A blue-eyed violet bath'd in dew.

The voilet ever scents the gale,
Its hues adorn the fairest wreath;
But sweeter through a dewy veil
Its colours grow, its odours breathe.

And thus thy charms in brightness rise—
When wit and pleasure round thee play,
When mirth sits smiling in thine eyes,
Who but admires their sprightly ray?

But when thro' pity's flood they gleam,
Who but must love their soften'd beam.

Study and Smoke.

The erudite Boxhorne, the successor of Heinsius, as professor of politics and history at Leyden, in 1653, was equally indefatigable in reading and smoking. To render these two favourite amusements compatible with each other, he pierced a hole through the broad brim of his hat, through which his pipe was conveyed, when he had lighted it. In this manner he read, and smoked at the same time. When the bowl of the pipe was empty, he filled it and repassed it through the same hole; and so kept both his hands at leisure for other employments. In short, he was continually involved in the clouds of speculation and smoke, and had always a book in his hand and a pipe in his mouth.

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An Oxford scholar, in every clime, will remember with enthusiasm the following catch.

Hark! the bonny Christ Church bells,
One, two, three, four, five, six;
They sound so sweet, so wond'rous sweet,
And they troll so merrily, merrily round.

Hark the first and second bell,
That, every day, at four and ten,
Cries come come, come come to prayers,
And the verger trips before the dean.

Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at night,
To call the boozers home;
But ne'er a man will leave his can,
Till he hears the mighty Tom.

He, who has listened to a female friend while singing the following song, with all the pathos of the sentiment, will hardly refrain from the indulgence of a pleasing melancholy.

Je pense à vous, where'er I stray,
While sorrow marks my lonely way,
The sports of spring unmov'd I view,
Alone I sigh, and think of you,
Je pense à vous.

Ah! why in absence do I mourn?
Why vainly wish for your return?
While transient pleasures you pursue,
Alone I sigh, and think of you,
Je pense à vous.

Come, then, to cheer our native plain,
Return and bless a constant swain;
With love reward a love so true,
O think of him, who thinks of you,
Je pense à vous.

Convertible Bon Mots.

A preacher, who attended the sermon of another priest, was asked his opinion of the discourse. I see, replied the critic, that *clear waters* are not *deep!* The *perspicuous* orator sometime after became an auditor of his *learned* brother's oration. I see, said the former preacher, that *deep* waters are not *clear*.

EPIGRAMS.

All they whom life oppress, and then bequeath
Their goods to pious uses at their death,
Are like those drunkards, who, when laid asleep,
Disgorge the liquor which they cannot keep.

Un jeune abbé me crut un sot,
Pour n'avoir pas dit un mot;
Ce fut une injustice extréme,
Donc tout autre auroit appelé:
Je le crus un grand sot lui méme,
Mais ce fut guand il eut parlé.

IMITATED.

A youthful abbé, full of prate,
Pronounc'd me dull and quite absurd,
Because that in a long debate,
I utter'd not a single word.

I judg'd the abbé too was weak,
By the reverse of his own rule;
'Twas only when I heard him speak
That I was sure he was a fool.

Thy face is paint, thy sparkling ring but brass,
Thy smiles are falshood, and thy gem is glass;
Who on thy tongue, Mirmilla, can rely,
When all thy other parts deceive and lie?

Three years in London Bobadil had been,
Yet not the lions or the tombs had seen;
I cannot tell the cause without a smile,
The rogue had been in *Newgate* all the while.

Tabby is toothless, yet when she was young,
She had both teeth enough and too much tongue.
What then shall we of toothless Tabby say,
But that her tongue has worn her *teeth away!*

Quoth George to John, 'tis said your private life
Is bad, you dont cohabit with your wife:
Indeed, says John, the fact I'll not disown,
But don't you live with one that's not your own?

Imitation of Spencer.

When I was young, and wanted wit,
Love thus contrived himself to please;
He bade me for his mother get,
Some honey from a hive of bees.
And when he found my heart was stung,
He smiling cried, 'alas! you're young'

Tom ever jovial ever gay,
To appetite a slave,
Still whores and drinks his life away,
And laughs to see me grave.
'Tis thus that we two disagree,
So different is our whim;
The fellow loudly laughs at me,
While I could cry for him.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street. Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, June* 21, 1806. [No. 24.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 171.

Aimez donc la raison: que toujours vos écrits
Empruntent d'elle seule et leur lustre et leur prix.
BOILEAU.

MR. SAUNTER,

THERE remains the question on the general merits of the Sister-Odes, and with regard to which Dr. Johnson has expressed himself as follows: 'These Odes are marked by glittering accumulations of ungraceful ornaments; they strike rather than please; the images are magnified by affectation; the language is laboured into harshness. The mind of the writer seems to work with unnatural violence. *Double, double, toil and trouble.* He has a kind of strutting dignity, and is tall by walking on tip-toe. His art and his struggle are too visible, and there is too little appearance of ease and nature.'

In this my concluding letter, I propose to myself to express without reserve my individual sentiments; sentiments which will characterise me, I believe, rather as a moderator than a partizan, either of the poet or of any one of his critics. I have always regarded Dr. Johnson's remarks, however unjust in particular instances, as still more ill-natured than unjust; and I apprehend that those, whom they displease, are offended even less by the unsoundness of the judgment, than by the unamiableness of the temper, they discover. Nothing can be more obvious, than that a critic, who, in a composition where every reader perceives something to admire, points out nothing but imperfections, must be ill received; and thus it is, I think, with Dr. Johnson's criticisms on Gray. Neither the Progress of Poesy nor the Bard are perfect compositions; but the common voice of readers will for ever place them in the first class of English poetry. Had Dr. Johnson admitted this, or any thing approaching to this, we should not have doubted the candour by which he was governed, in spite of his particular objections. It is his silence upon all topics of praise, rather than his anxiety to expose faults, that fills us with contempt for his decision. To remedy, as much as possible, this inconvenience, I shall quote his general opinion, on the favourable side, of the abilities of Mr. Gray: 'To say that he has no beauties, would be unjust; a man like him, of great learning and great industry, could not but produce something valuable. When he pleases least, it can only be said, that a good design was ill directed.' I have a doubt, which I cannot resolve, whether the foregoing sentence were written with reference to the *beauties* of the Sister-Odes, or to the *beauties* of Gray's poetry, these Odes being first *excluded*.

What I have just said above, I have

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said directly and indirectly, through the whole series of these letters; that I esteem the Odes before us to be at once of the first merit, and at the same time not free from faults. In Dr. Johnson's review of Mr. Gray's poetical pretensions, it may be observed, that the qualities he tacitly denies him are, Imagination and Taste. Now, on the one hand, it is abundantly evident, that Gray really possessed very considerable portions of both; and, on the other, it is not absolutely untrue, that his *great learning* and *great industry* do, in some sort, appear more conspicuously than the *vis poetica*. A question arises to which it is not easy to reply: Had Gray not possessed *great learning* and *great industry*, would he have been a poet? I think, he would. Would he have been a Collins or a Burns? I think, he might. I even think, that without his learning and industry, he might have been a poet still superior to what he was. This, however, on many accounts, is a very delicate argument. I proceed on the ground, that a mind not too largely furnished with foreign treasure will draw more deeply from itself; and I am satisfied that it often happens to those who are capable of pleasing by the aid of original powers alone, that they are plagiarists through mere dint of learning; and I say it, with a view as well to philosophy as to letters, that it is the vice of books (for all things have their vices) to make repeaters and copyists of such as are qualified to be discoverers and teachers. This is a consequence which flows naturally from our bias to repose. It gratifies our indolence, to adopt the sentiments or language of others. But, another cause is this: reading often transforms a poet into an amateur, attaching a man rather to the productions of the art than to the impulses of nature. I might pursue this inquiry much further; but it is time for me to take an opposite view of the subject. Men's minds are so variously constituted, that the causes which injure some are of the highest benefit to others. Books, which undoubtedly assist every other effort of genius, are not always injurious to poetry. They expand, they elevate, they fertilise; they kindle the fire, they brighten the flame, and they bestow the fuel: in other words, they awaken the fancy, and they impart expression. When I say, that Mr. Gray might have been a better poet, had he been without his learning and his industry, I say that which can only be spoken of as a thing possible. It may be, that nature did not work in him so strongly but that, without the example and assistance of books, the lyre might have been silent in his hands. Of that example and assistance it is certain that he largely availed himself: whether they were necessary to him, or not, is an essential but intricate question. I shall venture, however, to declare, of his poetry as we see it, that, without denying him very high claims of an original nature, his learning and his industry are the great bases of its reputation. I declare this, without adopting the language of Johnson, as cited at the commencement of this letter. I will not say, because I in *no wise* think, that these Odes are '*marked by* glittering accumulations of *ungraceful* ornaments;' but I say, that they glitter with accumulations of *borrowed* ornaments; and this is an observation that may be applied to his poems in general. Mr. Mason has somewhere spoken of the scrupulousness with which he acknowledged even a borrowed epithet; but this scrupulousness can be allowed to Mr. Gray's literary character (and I am sincerely disposed to allow it) only on the supposition, that he was not equally scrupulous on more considerable occasions, or that when he used the ideas and language of others, it was without intention or consciousness; a thing which, in some instances, it is very natural, and in others very unnatural, to believe. In spite of the scrupulousness contended for by Mr. Mason, some (though, by no means, the whole) of the passages cited by Mr. Wakefield appear as proper to be referred to as those actually given by Mr. Gray; and a very little reading will enable us still further to dispute the poet's originality.

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I have shrunk from the discussion of the great question into which I had entered, on the influence of learning on the efforts of genius; but there is one particular which has a peculiar claim to attention, while we are considering the merits of the Sister-Odes. Though not hinted at by Johnson, a very popular charge against them is that of *obscurity*. In this view, Mr. Mason has entered largely into their defence. I propose to take a different view of the obscurity imputed to these Odes; but, previously, I beg leave to quote the sentiments of Mr. Mason:

'I cannot quit this and the preceding Ode, without saying a word or two of my own concerning the obscurity that has been imputed to them, and the preference which, in consequence, has been given to his Elegy. It seems as if the persons, who hold this opinion, suppose that every species of poetry ought to be equally clear and intelligible; than which position nothing can be more repugnant to the specific natures of composition, and to the practice of ancient art. Not to take Pindar and his Odes for an example (though what I am here defending were written professedly in imitation of him), I would ask, Are all the writings of Horace, his Epistles, Satires, and Odes, equally perspicuous? Amongst his Odes, separately considered, are there not remarkable differences, of this very kind? Is the spirit and meaning of that which begins, *Descende cælo, et dic, age, tibiâ* (Ode 4, lib. 3), so readily comprehended as *Persicos odi, puer, apparatus* (Ode 38, l. 1)? and is the latter a finer piece of lyrical composition, on that account? Is *Integer vitæ, scelerisq. purus* (Ode 22, l. 1) superior to *Pindarum quisquis studet æmulari* (Ode 2, l. 4), because it may be understood at the first reading, and the latter not without much study and reflection? Now, between these Odes, thus compared, there is surely equal difference, in point of perspicuity, as between the *Progress of Poesy* and the *Prospect of Eton*, the *Ode on the Spring* and the *Bard?* But, say these objectors, "The end of poetry is universally to please. Obscurity, by taking off from our pleasure, destroys that end." I will grant that, if the obscurity be great, constant, and unsurmountable, this is certainly true; but, if it be only found in particular passages, proceeding from the nature of the subject, and the very genius of the composition, it does not rob us of our pleasure, but superadds a new one, which arises from conquering a difficulty; and the pleasure which accrues from a difficult passage, when well understood, provided the passage itself be a fine one, is always more permanent than that which we discover at the first glance. The lyric Muse, like other fine ladies, requires to be courted, and retains her admirers the longer, for not having yielded too readily to solicitations. This argument, ending, as it does, in a sort of simile, will I am persuaded, not only have its force with intelligent readers (the ΣΥΝΕΤΟΙ), but also with the men of fashion; as to critics of a lower class, it may be sufficient to transcribe, for their improvement, an unfinished remark, or rather maxim, which I found amongst our author's papers; and which he probably wrote on occasion of the common preference given to his Elegy: "The *Gout de Comparaison*, as Bruyere styles it, is the only taste of ordinary minds. They do not know the *specific* excellency, either of an author or a composition: for instance, they do not know that Tibullus spoke the language of Nature and Love; that Horace saw the varieties and follies of mankind with the most penetrating eye, and touched them to the quick; that Virgil embellished even the most common images, by the graces of a glowing, melodious, and well-adapted expression; but they do know, that Virgil was a better poet than Horace; and that Horace's Epistles do not run so well as the Elegies of Tibullus."

I think it will not be disputed, that there is at least one other species of obscurity in composition, than that referred to, and defended by, Mr. Mason. It is an obscurity arising, not from abrupt expression or remote allusion, not from the tumult of the poet's mind, not from

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the rapidity of the movements of passion, which allow of no elucidating details, but from the forced arrangement of words, the obscure construction of sentences; and it is in this, I believe, that consists the obscurity complained of in Gray, and which reflects no credit on his powers of expression. He, for instance, can have no taste for poetry, who is displeased with the obscurity of some of the historical allusions in the second ternary of the Bard:

Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread;
The bristled boar, in infant-gore,
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.

There is a legitimate lyrical obscurity in the abruptness of the several passages in this ternary. We are not offended with the sudden introduction of new objects, or with the great variety of emotion;—*Mighty victor, mighty lord. —Fair laughs the Morn,—Fill high the sparkling bowl!—Heard ye the din of battle bray?*—Nothing is more natural, nothing is more intelligible to a reader of sensibility, than the detached sentences in the strophe of the third ternary:

Stay, oh stay, nor thus, forlorn,
Leave me, unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn!
—In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes!
—But, oh! what solemn scenes, on Snowdon's height,
Descending slow, their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
—Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
—Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
—No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail;
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's Issue, hail!

So much for the obscurity of passion: this is an obscurity which is far from leaving the mind unoccupied; our imagination is busy, and our feelings are warmed; but something very different from this occurs, when language is addressed to the understanding, of the tendency of which the understanding can discover nothing: an idea is intended to be developed, but no idea presents itself; and the mind has no choice but between perplexity and vacuum. Let the reader refer to the context, and then tell me the meaning of the following lines:

The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, in fairy-fiction drest:
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.

Even when he is told, that the allusions are to the poetry of Spenser and Shakspeare, does he readily see the argument, that, *notwithstanding* the massacre of the bards, '*again*, fierce War, and faithful Love, and Truth severe, in fairy-fiction dressed, *adorn the verse;* and pale Grief, and pleasing Pain, with Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast, *move in buskined measures?*' and, when he sees it, does he discover the obscurity to be derived from any thing except a forced and unnatural arrangement of words, resulting only from the poet's inability to deliver himself more fluently; a species of obscurity which can have no admirers, and ought to have no defenders.

I shall briefly remark, that *great learning*, improperly applied, has a peculiar tendency to produce these obscurities, by inducing writers to construct their English according to the idioms of the ancient languages. To conclude, I trust that, in what I have here said, I shall be equally acquitted of hostility toward *great learning*, and toward those very admirable poems, the Sister-Odes.

STATERUS.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 10.

Ille potens sui
Lætusque deget, cui licet in diem
Dixisse, Vixi.

HOR.

IN my preceding paper, I have observed that happiness, though it is the proper aim, is rarely, if ever, the attainment of humanity. Happiness is that state of being in which the body and mind are at rest, susceptible of pleasure, and free from the pressure or apprehension of pain. After assenting to this definition, which will not, I believe, be disputed, it seems scarcely reasonable, consistently

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with what we know of the world, to expect happiness at its hands. Life is a state of labour and vicissitude, things directly opposite to happiness.

It is useful to take this view of our condition and prospects, since, as I have before had occasion to intimate, nothing is more essential to us than to limit our expectations according to the limits of nature. This is to curb the imagination by the reins of experience, and to draw us from an ideal creation to that to which we belong, and to the influences to which we are subject. This is to place Truth before our eyes, and accustom us to view her undisguised. Stripped of the paint and trappings with which Error had concealed her form and features, we may not view her without some disdisappointment; but this inconvenience will wear away with the novelty, and we shall have the advantage of possessing realities, where we had wandered among dreams; of feeling our ground firm, and of seeing our way clearly.

The harshest lines of the picture are finished; the strongest shadows are put in; what remains, is to soften and to harmonise. The happiness I have defined is positive happiness. Nothing is more certain, than that this cannot be the lot of an intelligent and sublunary creature. To be at rest, to enjoy perfect health and every physical comfort, to be forgetful of all evils past, and thoughtless of all to come, and withal to be awake, is a state of which, I hope, there are few who do not, from time to time, partake, and this state is happiness. But happiness, such as the definition requires, must be lasting; and that this state should be lasting, in any human bosom, is impossible. Neither wealth, nor fortune, nor fame, nor strength, nor knowledge, nor virtue, nor wisdom, can bestow it. It has no dwelling on this earth, except in the imagination of mankind. It is a creature of the brain; and, with many others of a similar character, after this manner we form it: we take a transitory good, and add to it, duration.

It appears then, that positive happiness, at last, is found, when reached, to be but a transitory good; a calm and tranquil pleasure: it is found to be this, or it is not found at all. But, man sighs for that which is lasting! The sun descends from the zenith, the flowers decay, the leaves fall, beauty fades, youth vanishes, vigour declines, and man, amid the universal change, man sighs for that which is lasting! He disdains the fleeting pleasures, and asks for that which will stay by him.

And, has the world no happiness? no durable happiness? It has; but it is a happiness not to be defined like that of which I have spoken. It is comparative happiness. It is a state, not, like the other, of good unmixed with evil, and of good unvarying, but in which good, now less, now more, preponderates. It is a state consistent with toil, change, and the apprehension of change. It is a state, not of fruition, but of hope. Every man may be said to be happy, who has not survived hope; who does not despair of what is most essential to his peace: he is more or less happy, and his state is that of comparative happiness.

Such is the happiness the world has to offer; such is the general allotment of human life, of which each individual receives his peculiar portion. The portions, in spite of many circumstances that tend to equalise them, and which do equallise them in a thousand cases where they appear unequal, are, no doubt, really different; but the principle that pervades them is the same.—They all consist in a state of being, open both to the inroads of sorrow and to the advances of joy, supportable only through patience, seasoned only through pleasure, and made happy only through hope.

Proceeding upon these grounds, we may make some useful reflections on our condition, and form some useful resolutions for our conduct. Pope has said, of happiness, that it is overlooked by the wise, and seen double by the fool. To ascertain what it is, is the best method of securing ourselves from the danger of overlooking or of seeing it double. He that sets out to seek a house

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which he believes a palace, overlooks it, if it be really no more than a cottage. It is very important therefore to know what happiness is; for, otherwise, it may be at our elbow while we are ignorant of its presence. To have false notions of the characteristics of things, maintains us in continued deception. The Indian, who wished to see the king of England, scarcely suffered himself to be persuaded that he had already stood before him, because he imagined that all kings made presents to those who came to them: Even you, said he, to his guide, have given me a white dog; but, the person whom you call the king, has given me nothing!

When we know of what the happiness to which we may aspire is made, our mind is set at rest, and we have leisure to enjoy our inheritance, be it what it may. We cultivate what we possess, rather than spend our time in calculating upon, and our strength in searching for, more. Our happiness, then, is such as I have described. We all know, I believe, what it is both to be happy and to be unhappy, and we know them to be alike transitory in their nature. He that passes years of happiness finds them mingled with many hours of unhappiness, and I hope the converse of the proposition is true. Perpetual unhappiness must be a personal disease, and not the infliction of fortune. A man may have in his mind a cause of continual regret, or labour under continual privation; but neither the one nor the other, unless all the powers of his nature are exhausted, can darken every sun that shines.

But, if this be the true description of happiness, is there not some mistake in the ordinary estimate? Is it not a thing of a more every-day complexion than is commonly reckoned upon? Is it so bright, or so rare, as is supposed? Is it not more like the pebble on the way-side than the diamond in the mine? Is it so seldom found, or so captivating when seen? Is it so far out of reach, or is the man so far above his follows who holds it? Let us be assured, that it is formed of materials that are not of that kind with which the world is endowed but sparingly. Let us moderate our notions, and value our treasures. Let us be satisfied with an humble happiness, and we shall have it. It consists, not in a permanent unmingled good, but in an aggregate of enjoyments; of enjoyments trivial and transitory, but numerous as well as transitory, and which, if we suffer to pass unnoticed, while we wait for the colossus we dream of, we shall have foolishly neglected. I repeat it, happiness is an aggregate, a compound; and, if we throw aside all the parts, we shall lose the whole. Men are, for the most part, happy in this particular, and unhappy in that; or, they enjoy one species or source of happiness, and are denied another; and, when they describe themselves as absolutely unhappy, it is because their eyes, bent on what they have not, disregard what they have.

I have been led, I scarcely know how, into the consideration of a subject the most interesting and important to our hearts, whether we feel for ourselves or for others; I have treated it cursorily and without arrangement; but I have hope that the observations I have set down will not wholly fail, in recalling those who err from, or confirming those who stand in, the true path in this inquiry. The definition of happiness I have myself sought for, in many writers, without success. Their ideas have appeared to me vague or superficial. It is possibly without reason that I am more partial to my own. On this question others must decide. What I think of importance is, that we should form correct views of the real nature of human life; that we should shake off, or guard ourselves against, a melancholy philosophy, a philosophy which, however little suspected by those who profess it, is full of irrational pride, the parent of melancholy; and that we should understand what happiness is, because to understand it is to go far toward its enjoyment:

> In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies:
> All quit their spheres, and rush into the skies.

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For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF RACINE.

(*Continued from page* 326.)

We now resume, with great pleasure, the Biography of Racine, which we have been obliged to interrupt, not from want of diligence in our friend the translator, nor from any weariness of our own in contemplating the author of Athalie, but from the very great press of matter with which our papers are now like that generous measure described in the Bible "heaped and pressed, and running over." We should be ungrateful to the translator, if we wilfully neglected, for a moment, an article to the formation of which he is so competent, both from Taste and Discipline, and which he has finished in a style of elegance, commanding our fullest approbation.

The polite reader will perceive, even through the darkness of democracy, that the sun shone on the head of genius in the age of of Louis XIV. This *arbitrary* Monarch thought that Racine would not write worse comedies in consequence of the receipt of a just reward for his literary labour. But to the immortal honour of *free* governments, a *Congress* of the *People* may promulgate a law, requiring even the petty printer of fugitive papers to dole them out in small parcels, as a Scotch pedlar sells pins, or a Cheapside haberdasher his gimp and garters. When this liberal and right noble service is performed by the wretch who is in slavery to the system, he receives, not Colbert's order to Racine with a royal signet, but, how shall we describe so shadowy a process? he receives a sort of *assignat* of worthlessness, a bit of "ragged and rumpled" official paper, a kind of resemblance of an old *continental* bill of fraud of the last and lowest depreciation.

AMID the general clamour which the partizans of the great Corneille excited against the author of Andromache, Racine obtained the priory of Epinay. This benefice was to him a source of so much vexatious litigation, that he thought he could not better console himself for the perplexity it had occasioned, than by writing the comedy of *Les Plaideurs*. This piece appeared in 1668. I will not here repeat the different anecdotes to which it gave rise; they are inserted in the preface of the editors, which is prefixed to it in this edition. I will only add that it was undoubtedly to the pleasure which the representation of this comedy afforded to Louis XIV, that Racine was indebted for the gratuity of 1200 livres, which he received by an express order of M. Colbert.[9]

Nothing has a stronger tendency to animate the genius of a man of letters than the attention which is paid to his labours; this art was that of Colbert. This great man, whose administration forms an epoch in the progress of the sciences and fine arts, neglected no opportunity of exciting Racine to new efforts. He knew that talents which languish in obscurity, are seldom capable of lofty flights, and a reward opportunely bestowed, communicates life and vigour to the soul, strengthens its confidence, and almost invariably prompts it to greater exertion and to more lofty flights.

The tragedy of *Britannicus* appeared in 1669; it was completely unsuccessful. Racine however exhibited great talent in the composition of this piece. *Berenice*, which succeeded it in 1671, elicited extravagant praise. We should be surprized at its success, did not our own age afford examples equally striking of the singularity of public opinions. The slight allusions, which the audience imagined they discovered in this piece, to certain events of the time at which it was represented, were undoubt-

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[9] We subjoin the copy of this order, found among the papers of Racine.

"M. Charles le Bègue, member of the king's council, treasurer general of his edifices, we command you to pay to M. Racine, out of the monies in your possession for the service of the present year, even out of those destined by his majesty for the payment of the pensions and annuities of men of letters, as well of France as of foreign countries, who excel in all kinds of science, the sum of 1200 livres which we have assigned for the pension and gratuity which his majesty has granted to him in consideration of his application to belles-lettres, and of the dramas which he has given to the publick. And the said sum of 1200 livres shall be passed and allowed in your accounts by the Comptrollers of Paris, which we request them to do without difficulty. Done at Paris, the last day of December, 1668.

"(Signed) Colbert.

"La Motte Coquart."

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edly the cause of its favourable reception: thus casual circumstances often contribute powerfully to give value to things in themselves the most indifferent. Corneille, who had written a tragedy on the same subject, found on this occasion that it is often less difficult to crown ourselves with laurel wreaths, than it is afterwards to preserve them in a state of unfading verdure.

The triumph which Racine gained on this occasion over that great man, was perhaps less the effect of the preference which his piece merited, than of the talents of Mademoiselle de Champmélé, whose performance of the part of Berenice was honoured with loud and universal applause. This actress, after having for some time performed at the different provincial theatres, came to Paris and made her debut at the theatre *du Marais*. She did not possess wit; but she evinced a sound judgment, a familiar acquaintance with the world, great sweetness of manners, and a certain charming naïveté in her mode of expression, which is often preferable to more brilliant genius. The sound of her voice was graceful and pathetic, her figure tall and noble, and she possessed so many graces, that one would have said she had endeavoured to unite them all in her person in order to compensate for the want of beauty which she did not possess. A decided predilection for the theatre at first supplied the place of talent. La Roque, one of her companions, was the first who perceived her aptitude for declamation, and he cultivated this talent so successfully, that in six months, she found herself capable of personating the chief characters in tragedy.

The theatre of the Hotel de Bourgogne was, at that period, more frequented than any other, because all the dramatic authors seemed to accord in preferring it for the representation of their pieces. Mademoiselle de Champmélé and her husband were desirous of being admitted as members of the company who performed there. The part of Hermione, in Andromache, in which she made her debut, was certainly the last she should have chosen, had she not possessed genuine talents, for there is scarcely any other part that requires more art, more delicacy, and a higher degree of that versatility of talent which never violates the rules of propriety, and developes every situation in an appropriate manner. Racine for a long time refused to witness this debut, apprehensive of seeing his work disfigured. He however yielded at length to the importunities of his friends.—His fears with respect to the talents of the new actress, seemed at first to gain confirmation. Mademoiselle de Champmélé performed the two first acts with languor; but she rose with so much vigour in the three last, she exhibited them with such glowing animation and so much of that genuine enthusiasm which the passions inspire, that she merited and received the loudest applause.

Mademoiselle des Oeillets, who had so well succeeded in the part of Hermione, when Andromache was first performed, witnessed this triumph of M. de Champmélé. So strongly did she seem to be impressed with the genius and talent for declamation, which her rival displayed, that she was apprehensive of being totally eclipsed; *des Oeillets is gone, is lost*, said she, on quitting the theatre. Yet Mademoiselle de Champmélé never completely attained to the excellence of her rival: and to this circumstance is attributable the sentiment of Louis XIV, who said *that des Oeillets ought to have performed the two first acts of this piece, and Champmélé the three last; for that the latter possessed more fire and enthusiasm to represent the ravings of the personage in the last acts of the piece, and the former more versatile delicacy.*

Racine hastened to felicitate Mademoiselle de Champmélé on her success. Transported with joy and pleasure, he ran to her dressing-room. It is difficult, perhaps almost impossible for an author who has seen his sentiments expressed according to his own conceptions of them, to testify his satisfaction with moderation. Racine prostrated him-

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self at the feet of this actress; the compliments which he paid her were so flattering that they were considered as the first expression of the amorous attachment which he afterwards evinced for her. From that moment he destined all his first characters for her; it was even asserted that he composed them expressly for her, and that above all, he endeavoured to accommodate them to that kind of declamation which she had adopted.

(*To be continued.*)

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 1.

INTRODUCTION.

THE history of poetry is an interesting branch of the history of man; it discovers to us his sentiments and his manners. By comparing the poetry of different ages and nations, we obtain the best insight into what is changeable and local, and what is unchangeable and universal, in the human character.—Nothing so much engages our sympathy, and improves our acquaintance with our fellow-creatures. We become the confidants of their joys and their sorrows and we perceive their resemblance of these to our own. We are introduced to their private walks, their fire sides, and their public assemblies. We hear the language of their hearts, and the conclusions of their reason; we are made acquainted with their feelings and their principles. The further we extend this research, the more comprehensive our view of a most valuable branch of knowledge, and the greater our gratification. While so many religious and political distinctions necessarily subdivide mankind, how delightful to moderate our prejudices and soften our animosities, to lower our self-conceit, to warm our benevolence and to expand our faculties, by entering into this species of conversation with the whole world; a conversation conducted in the universal language, the language of the heart! While the lapse of a few years obliterates the traces of those who have gone before us, and would leave us as ignorant of them as of those who are to come after us, how delightful to become acquainted, through these records, not merely with their physical, but with their moral existence!

> Their tears, their little triumphs, o'er,
> Their human passions now no more,
> Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb.

Such are the higher, or some of the higher, philosophical uses of poetical reading; but the mere indulgence of curiosity is another, and a sufficient, motive: for curiosity is a principle of action by which, though without a grave exterior, very important purposes are served. No doubt, curiosity, so correct in its origin, and so valuable in its end, may be viciously or idly employed; but, in general, it is an instinct by which we are induced, through the stimulus of pleasure, to acquire information. Curiosity, though gratified with no philosophical design, not the less influences our philosophy.

Now, that pleasure, which is the apparent and immediate object of curiosity, is abundantly to be found amid poetical reading. To discover the objects which fix the attention of other men, their manner of viewing them, and the influence to which their minds are subject, from local, temporary, physical and moral causes, and the degree in which the abstract principles of their nature are superior to all restraint; to discover these, and a thousand other particulars, cannot but be the enjoyment of a very lively pleasure.

A third design of poetical reading is that of moral and literary criticism.—With a view either to philosophy or pleasure, we desire to know only what poetry actually affords; but, in criticism, we seek its agreement with what is right, whether as it regards ethics or the art. Considered thus, poetical reading is a school in which we are to receive the rules of composition, in which taste is to be cultivated, and practice improved.

It is not necessary to dwell on any of the points before us; and, accordingly, they are here only sketched, or suggested: but enough, surely, has been said, to recommend the design of what this

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paper is intended to propose and introduce, a series of Poetical Inquiries.

The outlines that have been given, though loose, are large; and they will be seen to comprehend a field of immeasurable extent. What range the present papers shall take it is not material to determine. However great, it could only be a part; and here only a very small part is contemplated. Poetical Inquiries may be multiplied without end; the reader may multiply them at his pleasure; the number directly planned is extremely limited; but their fewness will not make them incomplete, while their extension will always increase the utility of the plan. Of that utility, exclusively of what has already been advanced, it will be sufficient to remark, that it must necessarily belong to two principal features of this work; its uniting in a single point of view the objects to which it is devoted, and its tendency to excite a degree of inquiry infinitely beyond what it is designed, or, under any circumstances, could be hoped, to gratify, and to agitate questions of criticism and taste; from which agitation alone, mental improvement can spring.

If, on this occasion, it were desired to take a more detailed view of the subject, means would not be wanting for giving it the most attractive appearance, and awakening the attention of the reader. It would be easy to rouse his ardour, in a pursuit rich in all that is calculated to strike, or to please. He could not remain insensible to a prospect abounding with all that is sweet, and all that is impressive; with the fairest flowers, and with relics and monuments more instructive than arches, amphitheatres, or pyramids. What contrasts, between the poetry of the poles, and the poetry of the tropics! What soft images of pleasure, what predilections for gloom and horror! What melancholy pictures of human suffering, in two northern poems, some time since inserted in the Port Folio! How peculiar, and above all, how unlike the poetry of the subject of better laws! for, in this case, we are not to say, the native of happier regions.

But, without entering further into reflections or illustrations of this kind, we shall briefly notice the objects to which our first Poetical Inquiries will be given.

Some things have an extrinsic title to our curiosity, while their intrinsic value, however great, is a secondary consideration. Among these, the *Moäluakat*, or Seven Poems that were suspended on the walls, or gate, of the temple at Mecca, may be ranked. To many, the history of these poems has an air of mystery; and, to many more, their contents are unknown. In the papers immediately succeeding, we shall present both the one and the other.

In another department of the Port Folio, the Sister-Odes of Gray have been examined. The poems of that great writer, though few and short, have been made the subject of an unusual portion of criticism. That it is so, is a high testimony to their merit. Writings, which can bear so close an inspection, must be good. They must abound in beauties; and we cannot too attentively examine the beauties of fine writers. But, along with their beauties, they must also have their defects, and on these too we should set a decisive mark. We are in continual danger of regarding as perfect, that by which we are much pleased: we see no faults, or, what is worse, we persuade ourselves that, if not beauties, they are not faults. This is the death of criticism, and the ruin of taste. Of the Sister-Odes, as already before the readers of the Port Folio, we shall say nothing; but, of the other poems of Gray, we shall submit a similar examination. It will be found, that even the Elegy, though read and repeated by every one, affords occasion for remarks, neither obvious nor insignificant.

Of other topics directly before us, we may name one which, we persuade ourselves, will not be unacceptable to any reader of British Poetry. This is, an inquiry into the merits of the *minor* and *modern* poets of Great Britain.

In proposing *poetical inquiries*, it may not be ill-timed to say something

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of poetry itself; of its definition, its origin, its charms, and its value. We shall touch on each of these heads, with the same brevity that has pervaded the preceding part of this paper. According to the literal signification of the word, *poetry* might mean any thing *made* or *produced;* and therefore denote, with equal propriety, any work proceeding from the mind of man. According to others, *poetry* is the work of *invention*, *fiction*, or *fancy*. It is probable, however, that it originally meant, what it is still commonly thought to mean, *verse*, or *metrical composition*. If there be a diversity of opinion upon this point, it is because of the different qualities essential to poetry; the richness of invention, the beauties of diction, and the harmony of measure. It may be observed, that we are at times disposed to attribute the name of poetry to each of these three things, though standing alone; thus, to a work abounding in fancy, or to language lofty or adorned, we apply the epithet *poetical;* but, we must observe further, that we never say *poetical measure*, no more than *vinum humidus;* and it may be inferred, that *measure* cannot be *poetical*, because it is poetry itself; whereas, language and style may be *poetical*, because they may be such as are usually found in poetry. Poetry, therefore, is metrical composition.

But, if this be right, there is an error in certain theories on the *origin* of poetry. According to these, we are to discover this in the strong emotions of the human breast, and in the objects that store with images the mind; but, if poetry be essentially *metrical* composition, it is from the constitution of the human ear that we are to deduce it; while it is its fervour, pathos, and imagery alone, that are derivable from the passions and the fancy. Poetry, in this view, has for its prime object the gratification of our taste for *the harmony of sounds*. Other compositions may move the heart, or sway the imagination; but *poetry* is peculiar in this, that it wins upon the ear.

After what has just been said, we have little to add respecting its charms. Poetry is music, combined with sentiment, description, or imagery. Need we enlarge further on its charms?

On the value of poetry, as few words are necessary. Poetry, that is metrical composition, is valuable, first as it adorns, and secondly, as it perpetuates. It adorns, by lending to sentiments, description, or imagery, an enchanting medium of communication; it perpetuates, not merely mechanically, by impressing the ear into the service of the memory, but by giving, if we may so say, a body and a place; 'a local habitation and a name.' Abu Teman, as we are told by sir William Jones, was wont to say, That fine sentiments, delivered in prose, are like gems scattered at random; but that, when confined by numbers, they resemble bracelets, and strings of pearl.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

REFLECTIONS ON MUSIC,

From Feijoo.

WE boast of the great progress made by the musicians of our days in their profession, as if, from an insipid, heavy and rude harmony, they had passed to a sweet, light, and delicate music; to the degree that as many imagine, that the practice of the art has reached in the present age the utmost point of perfection to which it can aspire. In our first volume, we compared the music of this age with that of the past; but that question is but little connected with the design of the present discourse: what it is more important to examine is, whether the music of the moderns (in which we comprehend that of the present age and that of the past) ought to be regarded as inferior or as superior to that which, two thousand years ago, was in use among the Greeks.

The subject is treated very learnedly by the author of the dialogue of Theagenes and Callimachus, printed at Paris, in the year 1725. This writer affirms and demonstrates, that the ancient musicians exceeded the modern in expression, in delicacy, in variety and in skilfulness of execution. Of the same sentiments, as to their greater perfection, taken in general, is our great expositor of the Scripture, Father Don Augustin Calmet, in the first volume of his Dissertationes Biblicas, p. 403, where he declares his approbation of the opinions and taste which, respect-

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ing music, we manifested in our first volume; for which reason we shall quote his words.

Many, he observes, regard as the effect of rudeness and imperfection the simplicity of the ancient music: but we think that this simplicity ought to be received in testimony of its perfection; for, to the extent that an art deserves to be judged perfect, so far it approaches nature. And who will deny, that simple music is that which most approaches nature, and which best imitates the voice and passions of men? It is this which insinuates itself most easily into the inmost foldings of the breast, and most certainly wins upon the heart and moves the passions. The conception we have of the simplicity of the ancient music is erroneous. Its simplicity indeed was great; but it was at the same time as remarkable for its fulness; for the ancients had many instruments, of only a small number of which the knowledge has descended to us; nor were they wanting in comprehension of consonance and harmony. Let it be added, to the increase of the advantage possessed by their music over ours, that the sound of the instruments, did not, instead of augmenting their energy, confound the words of the song; and that, while the ear was delighted with the sweetness of the voice, the mind was filled with the elegance and softness of the verse. We ought not to be amazed at the prodigious effects related of the music of the ancients, since their auditors tasted together, and at the same moment, the pleasures which, in our theatres, are never to be enjoyed but separately.

It is to be confessed, that we do not know, with any precision, the specific character of the ancient music; for though Plutarch and other writers have left us writings upon this subject, they have not expressed themselves with that clearness and detail which is requisite for instituting an exact comparison between that and our own. Hence, it is only by the aid of two extrinsic principles that we can decide the question. The first is that which is intimated by Father Calmet, the prodigious effects of the ancient music.—Where is now to be seen even the shadow of that facility with which the more skilful musicians of Greece now irritated and now soothed the passions, now enraged and now cooled the affections of their hearers. We may refer to the name of Antigenidas, who, striking a martial key, so infuriated Alexander the Great that, in the middle of a delicious banquet, he rose half frantic from the table, and seized his arms; and to Timotheus, another musician, attendant on the same prince, of whom not only the same thing is related, but much more; for, after raising the choler of Alexander, he could so soften his tones as to moderate his fury and to allay his anger.

Nor is there any thing less admirable in what we are told of Empedocles (either the famous philosopher of Agrigentum, or a son of his, of the same name), who, playing a delightful air upon his flute, stopped the hand of a young man who had unsheathed his steel to plunge it into the breast of an enemy on whom he desired to be avenged. Another instance is that of Tyrteus, a captain of the Lacedemonians, in an expedition against the Messenians. It was the custom of that nation to prepare for battle with music. Causdillo, who excelled in his profession, playing a tune full of grave tranquillity, inspired the soldiers with a sort of quiet tameness which would have made them the victims of their enemies, had he not, warned by Tyrteus of the danger, passed to a warlike movement, which, rousing their energies anew, and, inflaming them with courage, rendered them masters of the victory. The same alternation of rage and stillness is said to have been produced, through the variation of tones, by Pythagoras, in one Joven, the subject of another passion, not less violent than that of anger. Above all, is the miracle attributted to Terpander, who, striking his lyre, stopped a sedition in Lacedæmon.

Nor was the power of the music of the ancients experienced only in moving the affections of the mind, but equally in its influence over various infirmities of the body. Theophrastus relates, that the bite of certain venemous reptiles was cured by a concert of various musical instruments. Asclepiades is said to have cured lunatics with the same remedy, and Ismenas, of Thebes, the sciatica, and other painful disorders. I do not pretend that all these parts of history are to be admitted as indisputable; but they may be received as probable, because they have nothing in them that is impossible, and because all the effects of musical expression may be explained upon principles purely mechanical, and without recurrence to occult qualities, or mysterious sympathies.

The second extrinsic principle, from which the perfection of the ancient music may be deduced, is the great application given to it by the Greeks. It was customary with them, after a banquet, to pass the lyre, from hand to hand, around the company, and he that could not touch it was regarded as vulgar, and deficient in education. The Arcadians, more peculiarly, may be cited on this occasion. They practised music from their infancy to the thirtieth year of their age. Now it is not to be doubted, that in proportion as the professors of an art be multiplied so is the perfection advanced; partly because emulation excites them to seek after new beauties, by the aid of which to surpass others; and partly because it is easier, among many than among few, to find geniuses who excel, as well in invention as in execution. The practice of music, therefore, having been much more general among the ancients than among the moderns, it is highly probable that th-

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former excelled the latter in the art; and, that the latter, instead of embellishing modern music, with beauties unknown to the ancient, have lost the principles of that music, without discovering others equivalent.

ON THE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF THE ANCIENTS.

From the same.

AS to musical instruments, we may say much of the great variety possessed by the ancients. Calmet, who treats on the subject, in a dissertation on those employed by the Hebrews, describes many; and, in his Diccionario Biblico, gives a plate on which is engraved twenty distinct species. It is to be believed, that among the Greeks, a more polished people, and greater lovers of music, there were still a greater number. We have no reason to flatter ourselves that our inventive talents have gone further in this art than theirs; for we have lost their ingenious invention of the hydraulic organ, which was in use among them, and of which Ctesibio, a mathematician of Alexandria is believed to have been the author, more than a century before the christian era, and which it has since, as is related by Vossius, been in vain laboured to restore. It is proper also to observe, that many of the instruments which we regard as the invention of these latter ages, were well known in others more remote. Such are the viol and violin, the antiquity of which is proved by the author of the dialogue of Theagenes and Callimachus, from a medal described by Vigenete, and a statue of Orpheus, now in Rome.

[By the politeness of a French Gentleman in this city, we are frequently favoured with some of the best productions of the Parisian press. Among other valuable works we have perused with great pleasure several volumes abounding in numerous well written articles, entitled The Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique. This valuable system of Biography, published under the auspices of Mess. Chaudon and Delandine has reached the eighteenth edition of 1804, and is adorned with a motto, which, one would suppose was a sufficient pledge of perfect impartiality, in describing the lives and fortunes of the learned. It is that memorable passage in the initial section of the first book of his History, in which Tacitus expresses his exemption from an improper bias.

Mihi Galba, Otho, Vitellius, nec beneficio, nec injuria cogniti.

The compilers of this Dictionary, many hundred articles of which we have perused with the fullest approbation, have unfortunately sometimes forgotten the spirit of this motto, when it is their business to delineate the biography of *Englishmen*. They are then both partial and unjust: among other proofs which might be adduced, the following sketch of the life of SMOLLET, which we have amused ourselves with translating, is a curious instance of false and malignant prejudice. Zeal, for a favourite and truly original writer, urges us to inform these French critics, that their assertion that, the author of Roderick Random was but an indifferent writer is, in spite of all their assurance, destitute of a shadow of foundation.

Their opinion of his History of England is equally absurd. This work, though avowedly written in haste, and sometimes in the spirit of a partizan, is full of vivacity and vigour. It is never *dull*, it is never dry, it abounds in reflexions, its tones are various and harmonious; and by the energy of some passages, and the eloquence of others, it affects both the imagination and the heart. A critic must be utterly devoid of discernment as well as of candour, who pronounces the historical style of this ingenious Scotchman to be utterly devoid of energy and grace. The criticism on the splenetic style of his travels is better founded, but all that follows to the end of the article, is the very reverse of justice and truth.]

* *Thomas* Smollet, an English physician, was born at Cameron, in Scotland, in 1720,

* For Thomas read *Tobias*, and for William Pickle read *Peregrine*. The French are extremely unlucky whenever they tamper with English proper names. Rousseau, in one of his mad rambles, assumes the name of *Douding*, without a suspicion of its purity. In his Eloisa, he introduces a Lord Edward *Bomston*, a nobleman of a family wholly unknown in England; and I have, somewhere, read or heard of a French romance, the hero of which was a certain Duke of *Workinsheton*. The Parisian wits frequently talk of the adventures of M. *Pikle*, and of M. *Rantom*, and *Tome Jons*, and all the while imagine themselves speaking words of *exceeding good command*, like Bardolph in the play. Indeed not only the French translator is very awkward and bungling whenever he lays his lame and luckless hand upon a proper name, but the genius of the tongue itself is, in this respect, too often grossly licentious and enormously ridiculous. The rage which some of their early coxcombs of literature had for *Frenchifying* every thing, has made them take liberties with the Latin and Greek languages, that, not only utterly destroy their dignity, sweetness, and strength, but too often cover them with a thick veil of obscurity; and whenever *Quinte Curce*, *Marc Aurele*, and *Tite Live*, are brought on the French stage to personate their illustrious originals, the

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and died in Italy, in the year 1771. He was at the siege of Carthagena, and travelled through France and the south of Europe. He was more distinguished as an author than as a physician. Perhaps he might have been an excellent physician, but it is *certain he was but an indifferent writer*. Poetry, History, Romance, and literature in general, employed his pen by turns. He has produced 1st, The History of England, in four vols. 4to. translated into French by M. Farge, in nineteen vols. 12mo. to which he added a continuation to the year 1763, in five vols. 12mo. Smollet had not one of the qualities of a good historian. He is both partial and passionate, and *makes no atonement for these faults by the elegance of his style*. By a *dry* detail of facts, by a *monotonous detail* of circumstances, without *interposing a solitary reflection*, he touches neither the imagination nor the heart, and fatigues while he strives to edify his reader. His style is utterly devoid of energy and grace. 2nd, Travels in France, published in the year 1766. Afflicted with asthma and spleen, Smollet came in the year 1763 to France, in quest of Health and Cheerfulness, but probably found neither, for in the whole course of his narrative he appears dissatisfied with every thing, and full of disgust towards the men and objects he came to survey. 3d, An Abridgement of Travels, arranged in chronological order, seven vols. 12mo. The style of this book is weak and heavy, and the incidents by no means amusing. 4th, Several Novels—*William* Pickle, four vols. 12mo. Ferdinand Count Fathom, Launcelot Greaves, Roderick Random, which has been translated into French, in three vols. 12mo. 5th, Satires, the Reprisal a Farce, the Regicide a Tragedy, founded on the death of Charles I; productions of no more merit than his novels, which are almost utterly destitute of spirit and of style. 6th, The Critical Review, a periodical work published from 1755 to 1763, in which it is vain to seek for that playfulness of wit, delicacy of taste, correctness of judgment, and urbanity of style, which are the characteristics of critics of the most celebrity.

Public may be assured that this is a Bartholemew Fair exhibition, where Kemble never comes, and Jack Pudding is the head of the shabby scene. In fact, the more we study the French language, the more we are convinced that it has been overrated by some of its extravagant admirers. The classical writers, of the age of Louis XIV always excepted, we think there is more grimace than grandeur on the apish face of their complimentary phrase, and more strut than dignity in the procession of their rhetorical periods. Boileau, who drank of the inspiration of antiquity, and basked in the favour of his prince, had noble privileges and used them all. He and some others vindicate the honours of their idiom. As for the rabble of republican bellowers and scribblers, who, since the execrable epoch of 1789, have polluted every French fountain, they, if possible, write and speak in a worse taste than our July orators, or those simple souls, who, in the year 1775, crammed their crudities down the throats of a gaping people.

VARIETY.

The following verses were made on an egregious glutton, who complained that the conversation of the company spoiled his dinner.

Gomor etant à table avec certains pedants,
Qui crioient et prêchoient trop haut sur la vendange;
Lui qui ne songe alors qu' à ce que font ses dens
Paix là, paix là, dit-il, on ne sait ce qu' on mange.

Imitated.

Gomor, a hog of Epicurus' sty,
At dinner view'd each dish with curious eye;
The pedant guests around him clamour'd loud,
Of endless talk and ceaseless bawling proud:
Cease, cease, cried Gomor, your confounding prate,
I scarce can taste the viands on my plate.

We find in the Lexicon of Suidas, *that* a Lacedæmonian execrated *those whom* he hated by these three *wishes*: that they might build houses, buy fine clothes, and marry coquettes.

A Gentleman, who had been jilted by his mistress, wrote in indignation the following lines to revenge himself.

Lise, a beau faire mignarde,
Chaque jour elle s'enlaidit,
Ce n'est pas que je la regarde,
Mais tout le monde me dit.

Imitated.

Chloe no more coquets—she 's wise,
Each day less brilliant are her eyes,
Her form scarce seems the same;
So long a stranger to her face,
I cannot say I know the case,
I trust to general fame.*

* In this imitation the thought is, perhaps, overlayed by the expression, and the point too much blunted; but the original is one of the most pungent epigrams of the Lampoon class, that we ever recollect to have perused, and with the force of sharpened steel must have pierced the heart of the capricious fair who was its theme, especially if we believe the authority of St. Evremont, who knew the sex perfectly well, and who assures us that, the last sighs of a woman on her death bed, are not so much for the loss of life as for the loss of beauty.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Should you deem the following lines worthy of publication, they are much at your service, from,

Sir, your humble servant,

J. M. Q—t—n.

IN ancient times (so fame) our frugal sires
Each by his income measur'd his desires;
The produce of their farm and sturdy kine,
The fruits of nature and their mellow wine;
The neat, the simple home—the pleasing wife,
And all the dear regards of social life;
These their ambition—these their highest aim,
No sons of pleasure, nor of empty fame.
When injur'd honour call'd them to the field,
The sword, or spear, in Virtue's cause to wield,
O'er trembling lands their arms they fiercely spread,
And nobly conquer'd, or as nobly bled:
Such (says fam'd Maro's Verse) the Sabines were,
And such the sons of Mars, illustrious pair!

Perhaps my verse the nicer ear wo'n't please,
Tho' honest and tho' true, it suits not these;
Then let me harmonise my rustic page,
With scenes, more modern, of the present age.
.....Behold, how Delia sails amid the crowd,
(That she is handsome is by all allow'd),
Eyes the gay tribe that flutters at her heels,
Then eyes herself, and all the goddess feels.
A wit, a beauty, and oh! dearest sound!
Possess'd of three-times-twenty thousand pound!
If e'er, by chance, she drop a pray'r-like word,
'Tis always "grant, oh! grant me, heav'n, a Lord!"
At last, a brisk young sharper sees the prize,
Woos the fond nymph, and thanks his lucky eyes,
Enjoys her fortune, makes herself a ———r,
And kindly swears, he 'll never love *another;*
Next summer, takes a morning trip to France,
And leaves her ladyship to rail at chance.
Amanda next proceeds with humbler grace,
The smiling virtues playing in her face,
Blest with a genius, and what 's better still,
Blest with a handsome fortune at her will;
Fine without pride, and lovely without paint,
Ah! speak it not——Amanda is a saint.

But, hark! a Brother whispers, "Friend, take care,
Ye 're young—and destiny hangs by a hair:
A line may sink it, and a line may raise,
A page exalt you, or a page debase:
A single page, if studied with attention,
May gain at courts, a KNIGHTHOOD or a PENSION."

Come then, my Muse, together let us scan
Kings, Rulers, Courtiers, Liberty and Man;
Commend the honest, and expose the vain,
And mark ignobler follies where they reign.

At Court arriv'd—upon his Grace I call,
(Return'd but lately from W—m—t—r Hall),
Shew my credentials, tell him my condition,
And beg he 'll scrutinize my short petition.
His lordship 's "busy," (and tis almost three)
But "hopes" next day, "to see me at Levee."

With joy elate, I leave the lordly dome,
And, ev'ry nerve impatient hurry home,
Thro' all the night, am borne on Fancy's wing,
Then rise, and bless the C—h—l—r and the K——.
At twelve straight to St. J——s' I repair,
Admire the buildings, and review the fair.
At length, amid the crowd his Grace appears,
Clad in his robes, and reverend in years.
Hard by I stand, and ev'ry method try,
To gain his notice, and to catch his eye;
At last I meet his Lordship at the gate,
Make my obeisance, and inquire my fate!
My Lord is "sorry" but "the place is gone,"
Last night 'twas giv'n to S—'s eldest son.
All are infested with that direful itch,
All hurry headlong forward to get rich.
A conscience pawn'd—a soul forever sold,
Are only common efforts of the bold.
Ev'n M——bro fam'd in war, and brave in arms,
Could not resist bright Gold's delusive charms:
But, when advanc'd to grandeur's highest stage,
Lost his employ, and suffer'd Anna's rage.
"What crime" says honest Tom, "so great, so bold?
"What stain so deep!"——Why, friend, the love of Gold.

Enough, my Muse, where scanty is the praise,
Let 's leave the theme, and aim at nobler lays;
Why should we plunge into the boundless sea
Of vice, in all its forms and each degree;
The task how vain, for a weak Muse like mine,
Since Kings connive and Courtiers combine:
I 'll rather thank my stars, and kinder fate,
I was not born a Minister of State.

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To Readers and Correspondents.

"Curiosa," with the inquisitiveness of her sex, is solicitous to learn our motive for concealing so carefully the name of a certain correspondent. We answer her in the words of a fable:

A poet, as once poets us'd,
To poverty was quite reduc'd;
No boy on errands to be sent,
On *his own messages* he went:
And once, with conscious pride and shame,
As from the chandler's shop he came,
Under his threadbare cloak, poor soul,
He cover'd—*half a peck of coal.*
A wag, his friend, began to smoke:
'George, tell us what's beneath your cloak.'
—Tell you! it were as well to show,
I hide it—*that you should not know.*

"Phocion" may rest assured that the principles he defends are not only obsolete, but totally foreign to the genius of our country.

Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

It is not worth while for "Vindex" to rib-roast such an adversary as he describes. The *cause* will not be advanced by laying on a blockhead the violent hands of Wit.

For as coarse iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch most hurts, when anger'd to a sore;
So, when you plague a fool, 'tis still the curse,
You only make the matter worse and worse.

EPIGRAMS.

The Likeness discovered.

When Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
Adorn'd with charms and beauty not her own;
Where Reynolds, pitying nature, kindly made
Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had;
Ye gods! she cries, in ecstasy of heart,
How near can nature be express'd by art!
Well, it is wond'rous like! nay, let me die,
The very pouting lip, the killing eye!—
Blunt and severe, as Manly in the play,
Downright replies—Like, Madam do you say?
The picture bears this likeness, it is true,
The canvas painted is, and so are you.

Her Friars holy, Rome does *Fathers* call,
The appellation 's just, and suits them all:
With nymphs delighted to converse and pray,
Few have more daughters or more sons than they.

NATURAL POLITENESS.

Sauntering with merry Jack of late,
We spy'd an odd triumvirate;
Two, almost as the steeple tall,
The third, like Esop, crook d and small:
The tall their parting congees made,
The pigmy ne'er declin'd his head:
Says I, that dwarf no manners shows;
You err, cries Jack, he always *bows.*

Titius stands gazing for the clouded sun,
To be inform'd how fast his hours will run.
Ah, foolish Titius! art thou sound in mind,
To lose by seeking what thou seek'st to find?

From the French of M. St. Gelais.

One day behind my lady's back,
My lord attack'd her maid;
And stole a kiss, which she repaid,
And gave him smack for smack.
But with much freedom, Pray, said she,
Who kisses with the greatest glee;
Is it my lady?—Is it I?
'Tis you, no doubt, he made reply.
Why in good faith it must be true,
Resum'd the wanton dame,
For Tom, and John, and chaplain too,
All say the very same.

On a famous Physician being called out of Church.

Whilst holy prayers to heaven were made,
One soon was heard and answered too;
Save us from sudden death was said,
And straight from church Sir Leech withdrew.

The Topers.

Pale faces stand by, and our bright ones adore;
We look, like our wine, and you worse than our score.
Come, let 's light up our pimples; all art we outshine,
When the jolly god paints, then each stroke is divine;
Clean glasses our pencils, old claret our oil:
He that sits for his picture, must sit a good while.

The Prudent Maid.

Help me, Nature; help me Art;
Why should I deny my heart?
If a lover will pursue,
Like the wisest let me do;
I will fit him, if he 's true;
If he 's false, I 'll fit him too.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, No. 42, Walnut-Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, June* 28, 1806. [No. 25.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 11.

Ἄρχεο δ' εἰλίξης νῆας, ἔργα μιήσασθαι ἀτρυγετώνδε λίγεσθαι.

I DARE answer, that my reader expects from me every common-place, concerning *the Day;* and I am not sure that he will be disappointed. I have a predilection for those truths which every man has acknowledged, in his *Day*, and which it behoves all of us to acknowledge in ours.

The shortness of our *Day* (whatever may be the case with that of mine) is the subject of continual complaint; and yet, the observers of life and manners have found nothing calling more often upon them, either for admonition or for reproof, than the neglect in which it is passed; nor, assuredly, can the moralist ever wear a more benevolent mien, than when he thus takes his station, as it were, on our way-side, and charitably reminds every passenger, that the sun is travelling to the west.

Various are the arguments that are enforced from the rapidity of our career, and the unrelenting step of time. It has frequently been remarked, and every reader may remark it himself, that the shortness of life is dwelt upon, with equal energy, by him that calls us to pleasure, and by him that forbids our advances: 'Make much of precious time, while in your power,' is alike the cry of the gayest and of the severest moralist. The one, with the writer from whom I have borrowed the sentiment which stands at the head of my paper, warns youth, while yet shines the morning, busily to gather flowers; the other bids it gather no flowers at all.

My design, to-day, is to amuse my reader with a singular example of that fertility of fancy which, it seems but prosing to say, belonged to Shakspeare, and which occurs in the collection of his numerous sonnets; a collection which scarcely enjoys, I think, the reputation it deserves, and which I shall take another opportunity of recommending to the close examination of those who delight in the strength, simplicity and harmony of language; and who see, with peculiar pleasure, the high degree in which the English language is susceptible of these beauties.

The observation, which at present I propose to illustrate respects the ingenious variety of arguments which the immortal bard arrays against those who would die childless; or, in the language he has elsewhere employed,

—lead their beauties to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

In calling to mind the numerous places in which, in addition to those that now fix my attention, he has adverted to this topic, I cannot forbear indulging a conjecture, that there was

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something in *his Day* which peculiarly recommended it to the pen. Shakspeare lived at that period of time in which the Romish faith was assailed, and more or less shaken. Now, celibacy, in the Roman church, though enjoined only on part of its members, is held up to the admiration of all; and it is highly probable that prejudices of this description might be long and obstinately cherished, even among the converts to the new doctrine. To popular opinions of this kind it is possible that Shakspeare more expressly addressed himself; and I insist on this, the rather because such an idea constitutes an additional recommendation of the subject before me. It deserves my attention, not only as one in which the poet instructs us to make use of our *day*, but in which we have an historical view of a *day* that is past. Such views will always engage my attention; the *day* of all times has my solicitude; the *day* that is gone, the *day* that is present, and the *day* that is to come; and, if my reader should be of opinion (in which perhaps he would not be wholly right) that such exhortations as the sonnets contain are altogether irrelevant to the *day* we see, it will at least gratify his curiosity, to learn what were elicited by those of which he so often hears and reads, *the golden days of good Queen Bess.*

I. The sonnets to which I allude are seventeen in number, and stand foremost in the collection. The first is addressed to Rose, and commences with a *concetto:*

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's *Rose* may never die;
But, as the riper should by time decrease,
His tender heir might bear his memory.

The lady is accused, admonished, and supplicated:

But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial fuel,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel:—
Thou, that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy Spring,
Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
And, tender churl! mak'st waste in nigarding:—
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,—
To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

II. So much for the neglect of Spring, and the morning. In the second sonnet we are told of the advantage she possesses, who, in age, can present her child as the pledge of her youthful beauty; saying, *This fair child of mine shall show its amount, and apologise for me, in my decline:*

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then, being ask'd, where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless praise,
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer, *This fair child of mine*
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse;
Proving his beauty by scccession thine:
This were to be new made when thou art old,
And *see* thy blood warm, when thou *feel'st* it cold.

III. The third is addressed *to the* other sex. *Fond*, in the seventh verse, means *foolish:*

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou view'st,
Now is the time that face should form another;
Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou do'st beguile the world, unbless some mother:
For where is she so fair, whose un-ear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self love, to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she, in thee,
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou, thro' windows of thine age, shalt see,
Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time:
But, if thou live, remember'd not to be,
Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV. Unthriftiness, niggardliness, and misuse, are the charges re-iterated in the following:

Unthrifty loveliness! why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth lend;
And being frank, she lends to those are free:
Then, beauteous niggard! why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?

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Profitless usurer! why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet can'st not live?
For, having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive:
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *audit* canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V. The fifth sonnet is full of imagery. The offspring of beauty is likened to the fragrant oils of vegetables. The vegetables, if distilled, even in winter live sweet, though not to the eye, yet in the substance of their sweetness:

Those hours that, with gentle work, did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
Will play the tyrants to the very same,
And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
For, never-resting Time leads Summer on
To hideous Winter, and confounds him there;
Sap checkt with frost, and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snow'd, and barenes every where:
Then, were not Summer's distillation left,
A liquid prisoner, pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was;
But flowers distill'd, tho' they with Winter meet,
Lose but their show, their substance still lives sweet.

VI. In the succeeding, the poet makes a direct application of the allegory. Here, we have a specimen of that play on words which Shakspeare learned from *his day*; but, also, that simplicity which he has left to ours:

Then let not Winter's rugged hand deface
In thee thy summer, e'er thou be distill'd:
Make sweet some phial; treasure thou some place
With beauty's treasure, e'er it be self-kill'd:
That use is not forbidden usury,
Which happies those that pay the willing loan;—
That 's for thyself to breed another thee
Or, ten times happier, be it ten for one:
Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
Then, what could Death do, if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?—
Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair,
To be Death's conquest, and make worms thine heir.

VII. The seventh sonnet will excite that smile which follows what is unexpectedly, and, in one sense, incongruously, introduced; but we are to admire it also, as an example of fine writing, and a triumph of the art. The poet adorns, elevates and recommends, a precept the most familiar, by the grandeur of his imagination and the splendor of his diction:

Lo! in the Orient, when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And, having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage:
But, when from high-most pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
Thy eyes ('fore-duteous) now converted are
From his low track, and look another way:
So thou, thyself out going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on dy'st, unless thou *get a son.*

VIII. The eighth sonnet will not obtain the chief applause. The poet labours with his idea. His argument, however, is, that it is *married* sounds from which result music, and all its sweetness; and that a single individual is but a single inharmonious note:

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
Why lov'st thou that, which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
By unions married, do offend thy ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds,
In singleness, the parts that thou should'st bear:
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering;
Resembling, sire and child, and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing;
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, Thou, *single*, will prove *none.*

IX. In the ninth, the appeal is made to the charity of the fair auditor. One of the thoughts is exceedingly pretty. The *world*, says the poet, will be *thy* widow,

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——and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind;
while
—every private widow well may keep,
By *children's eyes*, her husband's shape in mind.—

The first verse,—

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,

has a charming simplicity and smoothness:

It is for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a mateless wife:
The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
That thou no form of thee hast left behind;
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes, her husband's shape in mind:
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it:
No love towards others in that bosom sits,
That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

X. A different tone is assumed in the sonnet that follows. It is amatory as well as preceptive, and the expression is rapid and animated. The poet adjures, as well by love, as by self-love:

For shame! deny that thou bear'st love to any,
Who for thyself art so unprovident;
Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
But, that thou none lov'st, is most evident:
For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous hate,
That, 'gainst thyself, thou stick'st not to conspire,
Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
Which to repair should by thy chief desire.
Oh change thy thoughts, that I may change my mind!
Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind;
Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove:
Make thee another self, for love of me,
That beauty still may live, in thine, or thee.

XI. Self-regard, public spirit, and vanity, are attempted to be stirred in the eleventh. *To keep for store*, is *to keep to breed:*

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st
In one of thine, from that which thou departest;
And that fresh blood, which youngly thou bestow'st,
Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth convertest:
Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescore years would make the world away!
Let those, whom Nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee more,
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish:
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

XII. In the next sonnet, the argument would be trite in the extreme, were it not for the ground taken in the concluding couplet:

And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save *breed*, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

This, indeed, in its peculiar form, is Shakspeare's favourite idea.—The images in the former part of the poem are of the ordinary kind:

When I do count the clock that *tells the* time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And Summer's green, all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier, with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go:
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow:
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes thee hence.

XIII. In the following, offspring is represented as furnishing a continuity of life. Here the metaphor of inheritance is introduced, and the language of the law employed. In conclusion, the question is urged as a matter of common prudence:

Oh that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live;
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give;

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So should that beauty, which you hold in lease,
Find no determination: then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear:
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour, might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of Winter's day,
And barren rage of Death's eternal cold?
Oh, none but unthrifts!—dear, my love, you know
You had a father; let your son say so!

XIV. In another, the argument is identified with a lofty compliment. The poet is an astrologer; and he reads, not in the stars, but in the eyes of his mistress, that, if she do not *convert herself to store*, truth and beauty and herself will fail at once:

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet methinks I have astronomy;
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality:
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind;
Or say, with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict, that I in heaven find:
But, from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And (constant stars) in them I read such art,
As Truth and Beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert:
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is Truth's and Beauty's doom and date.

XV. The fifteenth is not an exhortation, but an apology. The poet does not *persuade* his mistress to bear children, but gives a reason why she should do so. As a composition, this sonnet is inferior to none of the rest. The premises from which the deduction is made, are described with a stateliness of verse, and diction, appropriate to their character:

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge state presenteth nought but shows,
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheared and check'd even by the self-same sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap; at height decrease;
And wear their brave state out of memory:
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night:
And all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

XVI. The sixteenth and seventeenth sonnets are distinguished by happy allusions to the poet's verse. Both have an extraordinary share of beauty. The diction is truly Shakspearian:

Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish, would bear you living flow'rs.

The whole sonnet is striking:

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
And fortify yourself, in your decay,
With means more blessed than my barren rhime?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours;
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish, would bear you living flow'rs,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of Life that life repair,
Which this (Time's pencil, or my pupil-pen)
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men:
To give away yourself, keeps yourself still;
And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill.

XVII. Perhaps none contains a more ingenious thought than the seventeenth and last of these little poems. I will offer no other observation:

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Tho' yet, heav'n knows, it is but as a tomb,
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts:
If I could write the beauties of your eyes,
And, in fresh numbers, number all your graces,
The age to come would say, *This poet lies;*
Such heav'nly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces:
So should my papers (yellow'd with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song:
But, were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my rhime.

I shall not apologise for having trifled thus, among the wild-flowers of Avon: their hues are cheerful, and their odours sweet: besides, I hope my reader, like myself, is not unwilling to

—steal from care one *summer's Day.*

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For the Port Folio.

POETICAL INQUIRIES.

No. 2.

ON THE POETRY OF THE ARABS.

THE Moällakat, or rather the Seven Arabian Poems of that description, and known in Europe by that name, have already been mentioned as the intended objects of our first Inquiries; but, before we turn to these compositions, it will be neither disagreeable nor useless to consider, in general, the poetry of the Arabs. Sir William Jones, whose zeal in the cause of Asiatic literature has secured to him an illustrious memory, besides furnishing us, on the present occasion, with a translation of the Moällakat, in which form alone we propose to consider it, has left us an Essay on the Poetry of the Eastern Nations, of which, from so much as relates to the poetry of the Arabs, we shall borrow largely, in the present paper. Sir William argues, *à priori*, for the excellence of Arabian poetry, which he deduces from soil, climate, and manners.

'Arabia, I mean that part of it which we call the Happy, and which the Asiatics know by the name of Yemen, seems to be the only country in the world, in which we can properly lay the scene of pastoral poetry; because no nation, at this day, can vie with the Arabians, in the delightfulness of their climate, and the simplicity of their manners. There is a valley, indeed, to the north of Indostan, called Cashmir, which, according to an account written by a native of it, is a perfect garden, exceedingly fruitful, and watered by a thousand rivulets: but, when its inhabitants were subdued by the stratagem of a Mogul prince, they lost their happiness with their liberty, and Arabia retained its old title, without any rival to dispute it. These are not the fancies of a poet: the beauties of Yemen are proved by the concurrent testimony of all travellers, by the descriptions of it in all the writings of Asia, and by the nature and situation of the country itself, which lies between the eleventh and fifteenth degrees of northern latitude, under a serene sky, and exposed to the most favourable influence of the sun; it is enclosed on one side by vast rocks, and deserts, and defended on the other by a tempestuous sea, so that it seems to have been designed by Providence for the most secure, as well as the most beautiful, region of the East.

'Its principal cities are Sanaa, usually considered as its metropolis; Zebid, a commercial town, that lies in a large plain near the sea of Omman; and Aden, surrounded with pleasant gardens and woods, which is situated eleven degrees from the equator, and seventy-six from the Fortunate Islands, or Canaries, where the geographers of Asia fix their first meridian. It is observable that Aden, in the eastern dialects, is precisely the same word with Eden, which we apply to the garden of paradise: it has two senses, according to a slight difference in its pronunciation; its first meaning is *a settled abode;* its second, *delight, softness,* or *tranquillity:* the word Eden had, probably, one of these senses in the sacred *text,* though we use it as a proper *name.* We may also observe in this place, that Yemen itself takes its name from a word which signifies *verdure* and *felicity;* for in those sultry climates the freshness of the shade, and the coolness of water, are ideas almost inseparable from that of happiness; and this may be a reason why most of the oriental nations agree in a tradition concerning a delightful spot, where the first inhabitants of the earth were placed before their fall. The ancients, who gave the name of Eudaimon, or Happy, to this country, either meant to translate the word Yemen, or, more probably, only alluded to the valuable spice-trees, and balsamic plants that grow in it, and, without speaking poetically, give a real perfume to the air.'

Beautiful objects in nature present beautiful topics to the mind; and whatever is delightful to the senses produces the beautiful when described. But the Arabs are not conversant with beauty only; they are also acquainted with the sublime; with rocks, precipices, deserts, and lions. Now, it is certain,

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that the *sublime* and the *beautiful*, in *diction*, spring from the sublime and the beautiful in *imagery*. Words convey the ideas of things; and words are sublime, or beautiful, only when they convey the ideas of things sublime, or beautiful. It is the object that gives the diction.

'If we allow,' continues Sir William, 'the natural objects with which the Arabs are perpetually conversant to be *sublime* and *beautiful*, our next step must be to confess that their comparisons, metaphors, and allegories, are so likewise; for an allegory is a string of metaphors, a metaphor is a short simile, and the finest similes are drawn from natural objects. It is true, that many of the Eastern figures are common to other nations; but some of them receive a propriety from the manners of the Arabians, who dwell in plains and woods, which would be lost if they came from the inhabitants of cities: thus, the *dew of liberality* and the *odour of reputation*, are metaphors used by most people; but they are wonderfully proper in the mouths of those who have so much need of being refreshed by *the dews*, and who gratify their sense of smelling with the *sweetest odours* in the world. Again, it is very usual, in all countries, to make frequent allusions to the brightness of the celestial luminaries, which give their light to all; but the metaphors taken from them have an additional beauty, if we consider them as made by a nation who pass most of their nights in the open air, or in tents, and consequently see the moon and stars in their greatest splendour. This way of considering their poetical figures will give many of them a grace, which they would not have in our languages: so, when they compare *the foreheads of their mistresses to the morning, their locks to the night, their faces to the sun, to the moon, or the blossoms of jasmine; their cheeks to roses or ripe fruit, their teeth to pearls, hail-stones, and snow-drops; their eyes to the flowers of the narcissus, their curled hair to black scorpions, and to hyacinths; their lips to rubies or wine, the form of their breasts to pomegranates, and the colour of them to snow; their shape to that of a pine tree, and their stature to that of a cypress, a palm tree, or a javelin*, &c. these comparisons, many of which would seem forced in our idioms, have undoubtedly a great delicacy in theirs, and affect their minds in a peculiar manner; yet upon the whole their similes are very just and striking; as that of *the blue eyes of a fine woman bathed in tears, to violets dropping with dew*, and that of *a warrior, advancing at the head of his army, to an eagle sailing through the air, and piercing the clouds with his wings*.'

With respect to the influence of manners on the poetry of Arabia, Sir William expresses himself thus: 'Here I must be understood to speak of those Arabians who, like the old Nomades, dwell constantly in their tents, and remove from place to place according to the seasons; for the inhabitants of the cities, who traffic with the merchants of Europe, in spices, perfumes, and coffee, must have lost a great deal of their ancient simplicity: the others have, certainly, retained it; and, except when their tribes are engaged in war, spend their days in watering their flocks and camels, or in repeating their native songs, which they pour out almost extempore, professing a contempt for the stately pillars and solemn buildings of the cities, compared with the natural charms of the country, and the coolness of their tents: thus they pass their lives in the highest pleasure of which they have any conception, in the contemplation of the most delightful objects, and in the enjoyment of perpetual spring; for we may apply to part of Arabia that elegant couplet of Waller, in his poem of the Summer-Island,

The gentle Spring, that but salutes us here,
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.'

In a subsequent passage, this writer considers the strong inclination of the Arabs for amatory verse, and presents us with the general features of their compositions:

'As the Arabians are such admirers of beauty, and as they enjoy such ease and leisure, they must naturally be

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susceptible of that passion which is the true spring and source of agreeable poetry; and we find, indeed, that *love* has a greater share in their poems than any other passion: it seems to be always uppermost in their minds, and there is hardly an elegy, a panegyric, or even a satire, in their language, which does not begin with the complaints of an unfortunate, or the exultations of a successful, lover. It sometimes happens, that the young men of one tribe are in love with the damsels of another;' and, as the tents are frequently removed on a sudden, the lovers are often separated in the progress of the courtship: hence all the Arabic poems open in this manner; the author bewails the sudden departure of his mistress, Hinda, Maia, Zeineb, or Azza, and describes her beauty, comparing her to a wanton fawn, that plays among the aromatic shrubs; his friends endeavour to comfort him, but he refuses consolation; he declares his resolution of visiting his beloved, though the way to her tribe lie through a dreadful wilderness, or even through a den of lions; here, he commonly gives a description of the horse, or camel, upon which he designs to go, and thence passes, by an easy transition, to the principal subject of his poem, whether it be the praise of his own tribe, or a satire on the timidity of his friends, who refuse to attend him in his expedition; though very frequently the piece turns wholly upon love.'

In our next number, we shall further examine, under some new aspects, the genius of the poetry of the Arabs.

For the Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. J. Osborn of the city of New-York who is not a mere bookseller, but a man of letters and taste, has lately done excellent service to the cause of pure morals and elegant literature, by republishing a work which has recently appeared in England, entitled "The Fashionable World Displayed." This little volume, which, in a very brief period, run through five editions, appeared first under the fictitious name of *Theophilus Christian*, but it now presents us with the real name of the author, John Owen, who, whether we regard the moral or the literary merit of his book, had no sufficient cause for concealment, for "he is armed so strong in honesty" that he *may come out* with the confidence of a champion. The dedication to the most accomplished and examplary prelate in the British empire, is so justly and so elegantly expressed, that we will transcribe it for the admiration of the reader. "To the right reverend Beilby Proteus, D. D. Lord Bishop of London, not more distinguished by his eloquence as a preacher, his vigilance as a prelate, his sanctity as a Christian, and his various accomplishments as a scholar and a man, than by his indefatigable exertions to detect the errors, rebuke the follies, and reform the vices of the Fashionable World, the following attempt to benefit that part of society, by means too frequently employed to corrupt it, is respectfully inscribed," &c.

The style of this work is a *continued* irony, and is as successful a specimen of that figure, as has appeared since the publication of Dean Swift's admirable "Argument against abolishing Christianity." In the guise of a sort of geographical treatise, it describes the situation, boundaries, climate, seasons, government, laws, religion and morality, education, manners, language, dress and amusements of the Fashionable World. Though this Fashionable World is limited to the west end of London, and though, therefore, much of the satire is local, still there are numerous passages that, in the phrase of Almanac makers may serve without any essential variation, for the 'meridian of the United States.'

To give the reader an idea of the entertainment he may expect from this volume, we shall transcribe a passage or two in which the writer's correct sentiments and playful style are very well displayed:

"The individuals who compose the Fashionable World are not absolute wanderers, like the tribes of Arabia,

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nor are they regular settlers, like the convicts at Botany Bay; but moveable and migratory in a certain degree, and to a certain degree permanent and stationary, they live among the inhabitants of the parent country, neither absolutely mixing with them, nor yet actually separated from them.

"This paradoxical state of the people renders it not a little difficult to reduce their territory within the rules of geographical description. They have, it is true, their *degrees* and their *circles*; but these terms are used by people of Fashion in a sense so different from that which geographers have assigned them, that they afford no sort of assistance to the topographical inquirer. It is, I presume, on this account, that in all the improvements which have been made upon the globe, nothing has been done towards settling the meridien of Fashion; and though the Laplanders, the Hottentots, and the Esquimaux, have places assigned them, no more notice is taken of the people of Fashion than if they either did not exist, or were not worthy of being mentioned.

"The only expedient, therefore, to which a writer can resort, in this dearth of geographical materials, is that of designating the territory of Fashion by the ordinary names of those places through which it passes. And this is, *in fact*, strictly conformable to that usage which prevails in the language and communication of the people themselves: for London, Tunbridge, Bath, Weymouth, &c. are, in their mouths, names for little else than the lands and societies of Fashion which they respectively contain.

"Now, the portion of each place to which Fashion lays claim is neither definite as to its dimensions, nor fixed as to its locality. In London, a small proportion of the whole is Fashionable; in Bath, the proportion is greater: and in some watering-places of the latest creation, Fashion puts in her demand for nearly the whole. The locality of its domains is also contingent and mutable. Various circumstances concur in determining when a portion of ground shall become Fashionable, and when it shall cease to be such. The only rule of any steadiness with which I am acquainted, and which chiefly relates to the metropolis, is that which prescribes a *western* latitude:* if this be excepted, (which indeed admits of no relaxation) events of very little moment decide all the rest. If, for example, a duchess, or the wife of some bourgeois-gentilhomme, who has purchased the privileges of the order, should open a suite of rooms for elegant society in any new quarter, the soil is considered to receive a sort of consecration by such a circumstance; and an indefinite portion of the vicinity is added to the territory of Fashion. If, on the other hand, a shop be opened, a sign hung out, or any symptom of business be shown, in a quarter that has hitherto been a stranger to every sound but the rattling of carriages, the thunder of knockers, and the vociferation of coachmen and servants, it is ten to one but the privileges of Fashion are withdrawn from that place; and the whole range of buildings is gradually given up to those who are either needy enough to keep shops, or vulgar enough to endure them. Now, it happens as a consequence from this adoption of new soil and disfranchisement of old, that the territory of Fashion is extremely irregular and interrupted. A traveller, determined to pursue its windings, would soon be involved in a most mysterious labyrinth; his track would be crossed by portions of country which throw him repeatedly out of his beat: insomuch that his progress would resemble that of a naturalist, who, in tracing the course of a mineral through the bowels of the earth, encounters various breaks and intersections, and often finds the corresponding parts of the same stratum unaccountably separated from each other.

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* For the geographical solecism of "a western *latitude*," the author has only to plead that the people of whom he treats acknowledge no points of the compass but those of *east* and *west*, and that the term longitude has scarcely any place in their language.

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"It would be only fatiguing the reader to say more upon the topographical part of my subject. It is obvious, from what has been stated, that the regions of Fashion, considered as a whole, are rather numerous than compact: and indeed, such difference of opinion subsists among the people themselves upon the territories which are entitled to that name, that no correct judgment can be pronounced upon a question of so much controversy. Thus much, however, may be affirmed, that there is scarcely a market-town in the kingdom in which some portion of land is not invested with Fashionable privileges, and designated by such terms as mark the wish of the inhabitants to have it considered as forming a part and parcel of the demesnes of Fashion.

"The *Climate* of Fashion is almost entirely factitious and artificial; and consequently differs in many material respects from the natural temperature of those respective places over which its jurisdiction extends. Though changes from heat to cold, and vice versa, are very common among these people, yet heat may be said to be the prevailing character of the climate. They appear to me to have but two seasons in the year; these they call, in conformity to common language rather than to just calculation, Winter and Summer. Of summer little is known; for it seems to be a rule among this people to disband and disperse at the approach of it, and not to rally or reunite till the winter has fairly commenced. Though, therefore, they exist somehow* or somewhere during the summer months, they wish it to be considered that they do not exist under their Fashionable character. They wash themselves in the sea, drink laxative waters, lose a little money at billiards, or catch a few colds at public rooms; but all these things they do as individuals, and wholly out of their corporate capacity as members of the community of Fashion. So that in their mode of disposing of the summer, they invert the standing rule of most other animals; they choose the fair season for their torpid state, and show no signs of life but during the winter. It is not easy to say exactly when the winter *begins* in the Fashionable World; an inhabitant of Bath would have one mode of reckoning, and an inhabitant of London another. To do justice to the subject, the commencement of winter ought to be regulated by the former of these places, and the close of it by the latter. Supposing, therefore, that it begins some time in November, there can be no difficulty in setting its duration; for the 4th of June is, by a tacit yet binding ordinance, considered as a limit over which a Fashionable winter can never pass.

"There are many circumstances in which the climate of fashion stands peculiarly distinguished from every other. It has already been intimated that heat is its prevailing characteristic:

* This somehow and somewhere existence of people of Fashion, might lead a stranger to suppose that they have no permanent dwelling-place. He must, however, be told, that while they are thus migrating from place to place without comfort and without respect, many of them are actually turning their backs upon the conveniences of a family mansion, and the influence of a dependent tenantry. This disposition to emigration in persons of distinction has been so admirably noticed in a late elegant and interesting work, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of transcribing the passage:

"That there exists at present amongst us a lamentable want of rural philosophy, or of that wisdom which teaches a man at once to enjoy and to improve a life of retirement, is, I think, a point too obvious to be contested. Whence is it else that the ancient mansions of our nobility and gentry, notwithstanding all the attractions of rural beauty, and every elegance of accommodation, can no longer retain their owners, who, *at the approach of winter, pour into the metropolis, and even in the summer months wander to the sea-coast, or to some other place of Fashionable resort?* This unsettled humour, in the midst of such advantages, plainly argues much inward disorder, and points out the need as well as the excellency of that discipline which can inspire a pure taste of nature, furnish occupation in the peaceful labours of husbandry, and, what is nobler still, open the sources of moral and intellectual enjoyment."—*Preface to Rural Philosophy, by* ELY BATES, *Esq.* p. 9.

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it is, moreover, not a little remarkable, that this heat is at its highest point in the winter season; and that the inhabitants often perspire more freely when the snow is upon the ground than they do in the dog-days. The truth is, that, as was before said, the climate is wholly created by artificial circumstances, and the natural temperature of the air is completely done away. The sort of communication which these people keep up with each other is considered to require a species of apparatus which fills their atmosphere with an immoderate degree of phlogiston. Besides this, they are notoriously fond of assembling in insufferable crowds; and travellers have assured us, that they have often witnessed from ten to twelve hundred persons suffocating each other within a space which would scarcely have afforded convenient accommodation for a dozen families. And this may enable us in some measure to account for the little benefit which modish invalids are said to derive from their frequent removals to the healthiest spots in the universe. The original object of such a prescription was doubtless to change the air; and certainly no expedient could be better imagined for bracing a constitution relaxed by too intense application to the business of a Fashionable life. But the usages of the order render a change of air to any salutary purpose utterly impracticable: for the weakest members of the community consider themselves bound to kindle a flame wherever they go: and thus they breathe the same phlogisticated air all over the world.

"They profess to adopt the ordinary divisions of time; and talk like other people of *Day* and *Night:* but their mode of computing each is so vague and unnatural, that inhabitants of the same meridien with themselves scarcely understand what they mean by the terms. A great part of this difficulty may possibly arise from the very small portion of solar light with which they are visited. For certain it is, that no people upon earth have less benefit from the light of the sun than the people of Fashion; so that, if it were not for torches, candles, and Argand lamps, they would scarcely ever see each others' faces."

From this extract the reader will see the extent and energy of the author's powers. This book, combining in such agreeable alliance the *utile* and the *dulce*, we strongly recommend to the attention of the public.

It is very neatly and correctly printed by Messrs. Hopkins and Seymour, and its price is so moderate as to levy no onerous tax even upon a small fortune.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

[The ensuing article, which the lover of Anecdote will not pass over, is extracted from "The Secret History of the Court and Cabinet of St. Cloud." All who love to laugh at the mummery of superstition, and the credulity of a devotee, will relish the legend of the shoulder-bone of St. John the Baptist.]

Paris, August 1805.

MY LORD,

THOUGH all the Buonapartes were great favourites with Pius VII, Madame Lætitia, their mother, had a visible preference. In her apartments he seemed most pleased to meet the *family parties*, as they were called, because to them, except the Buonapartes, none but a few select favourites were invited; a distinction as much wished for and envied as any other court honour. After the Pope had fixed the evening he would appear among them, Duroc made out a list, under the dictates of Napoleone, of the chosen few destined to partake of the blessing of his Holiness's presence; this list was merely pro forma, or as a compliment, laid before him; and after his *tacit* approbation, the individuals were informed, from the first chamberlain's office, that they would be honoured with admittance at such an hour, to such a company, and in such an apartment. The dress in which they were to appear was also prescribed. The parties usually met at six o'clock in the evening: on the Pope's entrance, all persons of

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both sexes kneeled to receive his blessing. Tea, ice, liqueurs, and confectionary, were then served. In the place of honour were three elevated elbow chairs, and his Holiness was seated between the Emperor and Empress, and seldom spoke to any one, to whom Napoleone did not previously address the word. The exploits of Buonaparte, particularly his campaigns in Egypt, were the chief subjects of conversation. Before eight o'clock the Pope always retired; distributing his blessing to the kneeling audience, as on his entry. When he was gone, card-tables were brought in, and play was permitted. Duroc received his master's orders, how to distribute the places at the different tables; what games were to be played, and the amount of the sums to be staked. These were usually trifling and small, compared to what is daily risked in our fashionable circles.

Often, after the Pope had returned to his own rooms, Madame Lætitia Buonaparte was admitted to assist at his private prayers. This lady, whose intrigues and gallantry are proverbial in Corsica, has, now that she is old, as is generally the case, turned devotee, and is surrounded by hypocrites and impostors, who, under the mask of sanctity, deceive and plunder her. Her anti-chambers are always full of priests: and her closet and bed-room are crowded with relics, which she collected during her journey to Italy last year. She might, if she chose, establish a Catholic museum, and furnish it with a more curious collection, in its sort, than any of our other museums contain. Of all the saints in our calendar, there is not one, of any notoriety, who has not supplied her with a finger, a toe, or some other part; or with a piece of a shirt, a handkerchief, a sandal, or a winding-sheet. Even a bit of a pair of breeches, said to have belonged to St. Maturin, whom many think was a sans-culotte, obtain her adoration on certain occasions. As none of her children have yet arrived at the same height of faith as herself, she has, in her will, bequeathed to the Pope all her relics, together with eight hundred and seventy-nine prayer-books, and four hundred and forty-six bibles, either in manuscript or of different editions. Her favourite breviary, used only on great solemnities, was presented to her by Cardinal Maury at Rome, and belonged, as it is said, formerly to St. François, whose commentary, written with his own hand, fill the margins; though many, who with me adore him as a saint, doubt whether he could either read or write.

Not long ago she made, as she thought, an exceedingly valuable acquisition. A priest arrived direct from the holy city of Jerusalem, well recommended by the inhabitants of the convents there, with whom he pretended to have passed his youth. After prostrating himself before the Pope, he waited on Madame Lætitia Buonaparte. He told her that he had brought with him from Syria the famous relic, the shoulder-bone of St. John the Baptist; but that being in want of money for his voyage, he borrowed upon it, from a Grecian Bishop in Montenegro, two hundred Louis d'ors. This sum, with one hundred Louis d'ors besides, was immediately given him; and within three months, for a large sum in addition to those advanced, this precious relic was in Madame Lætitia's possession.

Notwithstanding this lady's care, not to engage in her service any person of either sex, who cannot produce, not a certificate of *civism* from the municipality, as was formerly the case, but a certificate of Christianity, and a billet of confession signed by the curate of the parish, she had often been robbed, and the robbers had made particularly free with those relics which were set in gold or in diamonds. She accused her daughter, the Princess Borghese, who often rallies the devotion of her mamma, and who is more an *amateur* of the living than of the dead, of having played her these tricks. The princess informed Napoleone of her mother's losses, as well as of her own innocence, and asked him to apply to the police to find out the thief, who no doubt was one

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of the pious rogues who almost devoured their mother.

On the next day Napoleone invited Madame Lætitia to dinner, and Fouché had orders to make a strict search, during her absence, among the persons composing her household. Though he on this occasion did not find what he was looking for, he made a discovery, which very much mortified Madame Lætitia.

Her first chambermaid, Rosina Gaglini, possessed both her esteem and confidence, and had been sent for purposely from Ajaccio in Corsica, on account of her general renown for great piety, and a report that she was an exclusive favourite with the Virgin Mary, by whose interference she had even performed, it was said, some miracles; such as restoring stolen goods, runaway cattle, lost children, and procuring prizes in the lottery. Rosina was as relic mad as her mistress; and, as she had no means to procure them otherwise, she determined to partake of her lady's, by cutting off a small part of each relic, of Madame Lætitia's principal saints. These precious morceaux she placed in a box, upon which she kneeled to say her prayers during the day; and which, for a mortification, served her as a pillow during the night. Upon each of the sacred bits she had affixed a label, with the name of the saint it belonged to, which occasioned the disclosure.

When Madame Lætitia heard of this pious theft, she insisted on having the culprit immediately and severely punished; and, though the Princess Borghese, as the innocent cause of poor Rosina's misfortune, interfered, and Rosina herself promised never more to plunder saints, she was without mercy turned away; and even denied money sufficient to carry her back to Corsica. Had she made free with Madame Lætitia's plate or wardrobe, there is no doubt but that she had been forgiven; but to presume to share with her those sacred supports on her way to paradise was a more unpardonable act, with a devotee, than to steal from a lover the portrait of an adored mistress.

In the meantime the police was upon the alert, to discover the person whom they suspected of having stolen the relics for the diamonds, and not the diamonds for the relics. Among our fashionable and new saints, surprising as you may think it, Madame de Genlis holds a distinguished place; and she too is an *amateur*, and collector of relics in proportion to her means; and with her were found those missed by Madame Lætitia. Being asked to give up the name of him from whom she had purchased them, she mentioned Abbé Saladin, the pretended priest from Jerusalem. He in his turn was questioned, and by his answers gave rise to suspicion that he himself was the thief. The person of whom he pretended to have bought them was not to be found, nor was any one of such a description remembered to have been seen any where. On being carried to prison, he claimed the protection of Madame Lætitia, and produced a letter, in which this lady had promised him a bishopric either in France or in Italy. When she was informed of his situation, she applied to her son Napoleone for his liberty; urging, that a priest, who from Jerusalem had brought with him to Europe such an extraordinary relic as the shoulder of St. John, could not be culpable.

Abbé Saladin had been examined by Real; who concluded, from the accent and perfection with which he spoke the French language, that he was some French adventurer, who had imposed on the credulity and superstition of Madame Lætitia; and therefore threatened him with the rack if he did not confess the truth. He continued however in his story, and was going to be released, upon an order from the Emperor, when a gens-d'armes recognised him, as a person who eight years before had, under the name of Lanoue, been condemned for theft and forgery to the galleys; from whence he had made his escape. Finding himself discovered, he avowed every thing. He said he had served in Egypt, in the guides of Buonaparte, but deserted to the Turks, and turned Mussulman, but afterwards

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returned to the bosom of the church at Jerusalem. There he persuaded the friars, that he had been a priest, and obtained the certificates which introduced him to the Pope, and to the Emperor's mother; from whom he had received twelve thousand livres, 500l. for part of the jaw-bone of a whale, which he had sold her for the shoulder-bone of a saint. As the police believes the certificates he has produced to be also forged, he is detained in prison, until an answer arrives from our consul in Syria.

Madame Lætitia did not resign without tears the relic he had sold her; and there is reason to believe that many other pieces of her collections, worshipped by her as remains of saints, are equally genuine as this shoulder-bone of St. John.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming;
Constancy is not for me:
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

There are many persons of weak intellects, who place great value on very frivolous accomplishments. A stranger came to Lacedæmon to see the city, who had acquired the habit of standing a long time on one leg. Exhibiting this trick to a Spartan, he told him vauntingly, 'you could not preserve that posture so long.' 'I know that,' replied the Lacedæmonian, 'but a goose can.'

A Lover likened to a Clock, from Petrarch.

Dear Laura, I'm a clock—a clock—you cry,
Yes, and for one sweet kiss I'll tell thee why;
My *thoughts*, and often busy Fancy steals
O'er all thy glowing beauties, are *the wheels*;
This *heart* that loves—ah! could I say how well
It loves its fair enchantress! is *the bell*,
On which the god of love, propitious power,
Strikes with his dart each gay *revolving hour*;
And thy Perfection, that inflames my soul,
Is the dear *mainspring*, that directs the whole.

HYPERBOLE.

Aristotle describes this figure of speech as peculiar to persons under the influence of anger, or young people, who relate every thing with exaggeration. An acquaintance of mine, says the shrewd Chevreau, feeling indignation at the vaunts of wealth, uttered by a man, whose poverty he well knew, exclaimed in anger, 'Here, this man says he has a large house, encircled with an extensive wood, when I am certain that a tortoise would walk over his house in ten minutes, and that he has not wood enough to make a tooth pick.'

The Pious Penitent.

Une femme se confessa;
Le confesseur, à la sourdine,
Derrière l'autel la troussa
Pour lui donne la discipline.
L'épouse, non loin de là caché,
De miséricorde touché,
Offrit pour elle dos et fesse.
La femme y consentit d'abord;
Je sens, dit-elle, ma foiblesse,
Mon mari, sans doute, est plus fort;
Sus donc, mon père, touchez fort;
Car je suis grande pécheresse!

IMITATED.

The lady finish'd her confessions;
The priest, brimful of wrath and zeal,
Resolv'd to punish her transgressions,
To make the lady's body feel.
Behind the altar dragg'd he then
The lady, and propos'd to strip her;
The husband, tenderest of men,
Could not indure the priest should whip her.
Strait from his hiding place he sped,
And plac'd himself quick in her stead,
The obedient wife soon gave him place,
And, with a very piteous face,
When, on her husband's back, each stroke
Proclaim'd the whipper not in joke.
Exclaim'd, sir priest, spare not your labour;
Let your hard blows wipe out my sin,
My husband, you, and every neighbour,
Know what a sinner I have been.

Upon the question, says Menage, why women have no beards, I have seen several copies of verses written not philosophically, but giving humourous solutions. I insert the following Latin one as a good specimen and a severe sarcasm upon the eternal volubility of the female tongue:

Quam benè prospiciens generi natura loquaci,
Cavit ut imberbis fœmina quæque foret:
Nimirum linguam compescere nescia, radi,
Illæ sis posset fœmina nulla genis.

IMITATED.

Nature, regardful of the *babbling race*,
Planted no beard upon a woman's face;
Not Packwood's razors though the very best,
Could shave a chin that *never is at rest*.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Reflections on the unequal distribution of riches" have a tinge both of spleen and Jacobinism. Let the author reflect that there are many sordid wretches, equally dull and worthless, who, although they can contemplate the *nummos in arca*, have no eyes to discern the splendid rainbow of imagination, and the liberal horizon of life. The union of the widest wealth with the narrowest spirit is no uncommon connection.

Milo, forbear to call him blest,
Who *only boasts a large estate*,
Should all the treasures of *the west*
Meet and conspire to make him great!
Let a broad stream with golden sands
Shining through all his meadows roll,
He 's *but a wretch with all his lands*
That always *wears a narrow soul.*

Let our ingenious correspondent pause and ask himself, whether he would exchange his *gold of genius* for that *yellow dirt* which is heaped up by Gripus.

"Alexis Alonzo," the Walpole wit, is, we think, sometimes too reckless of his *poetical* department. He can make fine verses himself, but he judiciously prefers the making of money. As to many of his rhyming correspondents, he rejects, with sufficient reason, most of their poetical proffers. Many a sorrowing scribbler repeats,

O crudelis *Alexi*, nihil mea carmina curas?

And, perhaps, to continue the Virgilian allusion, some wag might exclaim to the disappointed wooer of the woodland Muse,

Ah Corydon! Corydon! quæ te dementia cepit!
Semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est
Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit *Alexin*.

Which, though, God knows, we are not poetical, may be thus rudely paraphrased,

Ah! ploughboy bard, while slow, with addled brain,
In yawning mood, you tag the incondite strain,
Your lingering cart reluctant tugs its hay,
And *Walpole saddens at the long delay*.
Ah, if the *mountain* Muse thy dreams invade,
With dell and dingle, grotto, grove and glade,
Try *t'other press*, relieve thy *labouring* mind,
Though *Thomas** flout thee, *Charter*† will be kind.

"Quidam," who we believe is a Scot, would oblige us by collecting and arranging anecdotes of some of the literary portion of his countrymen.

To "A Gleaner" we are much indebted for his judicious hints and classical quotations. We wish to hear from him again, and request that he will be more prodigal of his *paper*, and more copious in his instructions.

W. our poetical friend in the north, is very earnestly requested to send us the *whole series* of his manuscripts. We are enchanted with his version of a brilliant passage from the Song of Solomon. When he shall have filled up his outline, and forwarded us the result, we shall then find much to say on the very superior style in which he paints the passion of the Hebrew prince.

To our friend O. at New-York, we shall pay particular attention. The Ode to the river Sampit has not been surpassed by any lyric strain that has ever appeared in America. We shall soon comply with every tittle of his request; and, meanwhile, *again* express our anxiety that he would confide to us certain manuscripts long since promised.

The downright style of "Luke Linger" reminds us of a passage in some play:—I can keep counsel, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence!

"The character of a notorious Fop" is very similar to that of Osrick in Hamlet:—'A glass gazing superserviceable finical rogue, of very soft society and great shewing. Indeed, to speak feeling of him, he is the very card or calendar of gentry—He has got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries him through and through the most fixed and winnowed opinions. Do but blow him to his trial, the bubble is out.'

"Z." has not one literary feature in his character. He may make an excellent joiner, but he cannot *dovetail* a paragraph. "He hath never fed on the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were, he hath not drunk ink, his intellect is not replenished; he is *only* an animal, only sensible in the *duller parts*."

Stanzas written in the Bay of Biscay, foam and swell like its waves. Addison humourously observes of this *maritime* poetry:

'Storms at sea are so frequently described by the ancient poets, and copied by the moderns, that, whenever I find the winds begin to rise in a new heroic poem, I generally skip a leaf or two, until I come into fair weather.'

"Letus" is better versed in the laws of the stage than in the law of the land, but we believe that he could obtest the powers of justice with success, whenever he thought proper to intermit an invocation to the muse.

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* The classical editor of The Farmers' Museum.

† One of the printers of a Jacobinical paper at Walpole, N. H.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

YOU will no doubt recognize, in a part of the following Fable, the favourite theme of the eastern poets, the loves of the Rose and the Nightingale. I believe I am not mistaken in supposing it to be one of those poetical ideas which any one may avail himself of.

Yours, &c.

S——

The Fairy, the Rose, and the Nightingale.

A FABLE.

A ROSE while yet 'twas early morn,
Was glowing on her dewy thorn.
The smallest of the elfin kind
That thro' the garden flowers wind,
Beheld where, like another day,
She op'd in morning on the spray,
Amid her orient leaflets flew,
And sipt his fill of scented dew;
"Sweet blossom," then he softly cry'd,
With voice that mid the petals died,
"Sweet blossom, for this draught divine,
"Some splendid present shall be thine,
"Thou art so far all flowers before,
"That 'twould be vain to deck thee more,
"But when the shades of night appear,
"To blend the ugly and the fair,
"That thy bright charms may still be seen,
"And thou still reign of flowers the queen,
"My lamp I'll bring, the glow-worm bright,
"And hang amid thy leaves its light."
The rose receiv'd, with modest bend,
The promise of her fairy friend,
Who brought at twilight's tranquil hour
The lanthorn of her little bower,
That threw its threadlike beams around,
And shed a radiance on the ground;
A Nightingale, who warbled nigh,
'Midst darksome boughs, with greedy eye
Beheld the glitt'ring prize that hung
With diamond light her leaves among,
And straight in lays that lull'd the grove,
Carol'd a tender tale of love.
Soft flower, her breast withstands not long
The varying music of his song;
But soon what pangs assail'd that breast!
For scarce the nuptial kiss he prest,
But tore from its supporting spray
The Fairy's gift, and hopt away.
O Rose, it was thy lot to prove
The lowest Vice may feign like Love,
Nor is such sorrow thine alone;
Full many a maid thy fate has known,
Whom fortune (by the hand of heaven,
With unveiled eyes a moment given,
Her blind-groped favourites to behold)
Has lent the gorgeous light of gold,
That virtue's charms with beauty join'd
Might wide be seen and win mankind;
But ah! that light's resplendent dawn,
Interest the heartless slave has drawn,
Who sings Love's soul-enthralling lay,
To revel in the golden ray.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I was about to prepare for your paper a translation of the 22d Ode of the 1st Book of Horace; but observing myself anticipated by an elegant translation of it in the number of last week, I shall trouble you with the conclusion only; trusting that you will institute no comparisons.

Place me, ye gods, on flooded plains;
Or where infectious noon tide ever reigns,
Hope and nature's grave—
Earth and Heaven incessant glowing,
Not a breeze its breath bestowing,
Not a rivulet its wave.
From the startled desart waking
Still the song shall flow to thee;
Sweetly smiling, sweetly speaking
Lalage!

LOBIUS.

Philadelphia, April 9, 1806.

EPIGRAMS.

On Lord Nelson's attack of the Danes.

Two-thirds of Cæsar's boasted fame,
Thou, Nelson, must resign—
To *come* and *see* was P——'s claim,
To *conquer* only thine.

Gay Celia late, in waggery, took
Young Philip's notes away.
The deacon, robb'd of heart and book,
What could he more than pray?

As you had pilfer'd, wily maid,
You should have preach'd the sermon:
His words had prov'd, by you convey'd,
Like dew upon mount Hermon.

Against such force were no defence;
You doubly might surprise,
With thunder of his eloquence
And lightning of your eyes.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. I.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, July 5,* 1806. [No. 26.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE DAY.

BY DAVID DIARY.

No. 12.

Expende Annibalem.

JUVENAL.

'THE tendency of measures, taken by a neutral state, for its own interest, which [measures] are not forbidden by the law of nations, is not a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture.'—Such is one of the '*clear* and *just* positions' of the National Intelligencer, preceding an attempt at 'a *calm* and *correct* review of some principal circumstances in the history of the conduct of Great-Britain, towards neutrals, during the last fourteen years;' and, by the assistance of which *calm and correct review*, 'it is desired, to animate the American people to a perseverance in right, and to dissuade our British friends from all repetitions of wrong.'

I will subsequently review the calm and correct reviewer; but, in the first instance, I propose to pay a more than *cursory* attention, to the clear and just position that I have been at the pains to transcribe.

This position is conversant in three topics of inquiry; the rights of neutrals, the rights of belligerents, and the law of nations. With respect to the law of nations, I must observe, that it is for information only, and not for decisions, that I look into Grotius, Puffendorf, or Vattel. The law of nations means, either the practice, or the rights, of nations; the practice I hold to be obligatory upon none; the rights, upon all. But, if the rights of nations be obligatory upon all; if every nation may lawfully be required to respect, to give place to, the rights of another, and if there be no inequality in this respect; if, in short, the belligerent and the neutral stand on the same ground; then, what becomes of the '*clear* and *just* position?'—'The tendency of measures, taken by a *neutral* state, for *its own interest*, is not a just cause of *complaint*, or of *quarrel*, or of *rupture*.'—I confess, that I have some doubts of the justice of this clear and just position; I confess, that it does appear to me in the shape of a possible case, that measures, or the tendency of measures, may be a just cause of the soft efforts of *complaint*, the warmth of *quarrel*, or even the violence of *rupture*; but, setting hypothesis aside, and taking it as we find it, what becomes of it, clear and just as it is?

The rights of all nations, and of nations in all conditions, are of equal validity; and, therefore, the validity of the rights of a belligerent is equal to that of the rights of a neutral: it follows, that if the tendency of measures, taken by a neutral state, for its own interest, is not a just cause of complaint, of quarrel, or of rupture, then, by the strictest necessity, 'The tendency of

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measures, taken by a *belligerent* state, for its own interest, is not a just cause of *complaint*, or, of *quarrel*, or of *rupture*.' The question therefore is, what *cause* of *rupture*, *quarrel*, or *complaint*, can America allege against Great Britain?—Great Britain is a *state*, a *state belligerent*; a *state belligerent* has equal rights with a *state neutral*; and, to dispense, therefore, with a needless adjective, the position is, that 'the tendency of measures, taken by a state, for its own interest, is not a just cause of complaint. What just cause of complaint, then, is there against Great Britain? We have, to be sure, a very important clause, prescribing, that the measures taken by the state, must be such as are *for its own interest*; but, is Great Britain to be charged with taking measures that are not *for its own interest?* or, does the 'law of nations' invest, in foreign states, 'a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture,' when a state takes measures not *for its own interest?*

For the sake of simplification, I have forborne to repeat that other clause of the position, by which it is provided, that the measures, the tendency of which is no just cause of complaint, &c. must be such as 'are not forbidden by the law of nations.' My view of the law of nations is already before my reader; and, according to this, the clause is not essential: a measure forbidden by the law of nations must be one contravening the natural or conventional rights of nations; and, that a measure, against which there is no just cause of complaint, must be of this description, it cannot, I think, be necessary to premise.

But, as I have hinted, I am far from allowing, that this *clear* and *just* position is so *just* as it is *clear*. I deny that the tendency of measures, taken by a neutral *or belligerent* state, for its own interest, though not forbidden by the law of nations, *cannot be* a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture. I deny it, whether my denial go to favour the arguments of Great Britain or of America. *Fiat justitia, ruat cælum.* I can see, indeed, that the assertion of it is made with a view to the support of American pretensions; but, I take a higher and a better ground: I deny it, in the name of universal reason.

The argument of the reviewer is one of that unfortunate class, which proves too much. By its assertion, it is intended to be made out, that no acts, no pursuits (acts and pursuits consistent with the natural or conventional rights of America) can furnish just cause of *complaint*, or of *quarrel*, or of *rupture*, to Great Britain; and I have shown, that, admitting this, it must follow, that no acts, no pursuits, consistent with the natural or conventional rights of Great Britain, can furnish just cause of *complaint*, of *quarrel*, or of *rupture*, to America. But, both the one and the other of these propositions are false. *Whenever the acts or pursuits of any country, however consistent with the natural or conventional rights of that country, interfere with the acts or pursuits of another country, consistent with the natural or conventional rights of that other country, there is just cause of complaint, and there may be just cause of quarrel, and of rupture.*

Among the natural rights of nations, are *neutral rights*; and I hope I shall be allowed to add, that there are also *belligerent rights*. The rights of a belligerent are those of taking all measures that can overthrow, or tend to overthrow, his enemy. These are the lawful, the moral, the unimpeachable rights of war; the rights of a belligerent; and the rights of a belligerent, we have seen, are as sacred as those of a neutral. But, is it not easily supposable, that these rights, sacred as they are, may interfere with others no less sacred? in other words, that the rights of a belligerent may clash with those of a neutral? I will give a familiar example. I find that, during market-hours, chains are stretched across those streets which open on the market-place. By the use of these chains, much convenience is afforded to the dealers and frequenters of the market. To stretch them across the street, therefore, is an unimpeachable market-right. On the other hand, I also have a right, alike unimpeach-

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able, to spur my palfrey, at all hours, upon my lawful business, through every street of this good city, without let or hindrance. Is it not obvious then, that the market-right, however unimpeachable, clashes with the passenger's right, equally unimpeachable? and does not this clash, of rights equally unimpeachable, occur throughout the whole social system? and is not the *control* of such rights alike the object of the reign of violence and of the reign of law?

I delay no longer to assume, as an incontrovertible position, that *the rights of a belligerent are those of taking all measures that can overthrow, or tend to overthrow, his enemy.* Such measures, I might say, cannot but belong to the class so favourably treated by the reviewer; they must be measures, considered at least, *for the interest* of the state by which they are taken; and the state, I presume, is to be allowed another little right, that of judging of its own interest. But, neither these *measures*, nor the *tendency* of these measures, according to the argument put into my hands, *can be a just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture.*

Willing, however, to have a better argument then this, and believing myself not hardly pushed for it, I venture to detain the question still from rest. Among the natural rights of a neutral, that of a free commerce is, at the least, as indisputable as the rest. A neutral has a natural right to sail to what port he will, to carry what goods he will, uncoerced, unquestioned, by any man: in a word, to the unmolested enjoyment of all his natural prerogatives. But, so have I, to spur my palfrey, from one end of Third-street, to the other. The passage of me and my palfrey, however, is incompatible with the market-right; and the right of a neutral may be incompatible with the right of a belligerent.

In this state of the argument, I shall take leave to make, what I think, a leading remark. Those who talk of the rights of neutrals are in danger of falling into the same error with those who, some time since, talked of the rights of man, unalienable and imprescriptible. God forbid that I should discredit in man, or in neutral nations, the existence of rights, unalienable and imprescriptible! but, the sophism consists in this, that it is forgotten, that all the rights of one cannot be allowed, to the prejudice of all the rights of another. Pursued under this delusion, the practical consequence can only be, the violation of rights on this side, for the undue gratification of those on that. The claim of neutral rights, therefore, may be carried to such an extent, as to rank, in theory among the errors, and in practice among the crimes, of the age in which we live.

Now, what is that neutral right of America, which Great Britain attempts to control? precisely that on the indefeasible nature of which I have insisted, her free commerce. And, why does Great Britain attempt to control it? because it interferes with her *belligerent right*, the belligerent right of overthrowing her enemy. Nothing can be more clear than the neutral right; but is that right more clear than the belligerent?

The question here reduces itself, I think, to a very narrow compass. We find two rights, equally just in their origin, but incompatible in their exercise. Are we at a loss for a determination? Can we be so rash as to say, that because they are equally just in their origin, therefore they must be equally just in every subsequent view? This is sophistry. Our judgment is to be guided, not by any view of a part of the circumstances, but by that of the whole. It is the whole of the circumstances that make the case. The original justice is but a part.

The truth is, that were we to proceed upon abstract principles, we should never make an end. They weigh the same on either side. Says the one, unless I control the commerce of the neutral (that commerce benefiting my enemy), I surrender a part of my belligerent rights; a surrender which cannot be reconciled with common sense, and which would bring into disrepute my understanding. Says the other, unless I persist in a free commerce (that

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commerce benefiting myself), I surrender a part of my neutral rights, &c. &c. Each, too, contends, that its measures, and the tendency of its measures, are *for its own interest*, and therefore no just cause of complaint, or of quarrel, or of rupture.

In such an extremity, what is to be done? I know of no appeal, except to affection, to accommodation, or to force. Affection would command the belligerent to abandon, not his right, but the exercise of his right, in favour of the neutral, or the neutral, in favour of the belligerent. Accommodation, mutual sacrifices; and force, give *all* to the strongest.

Thus far, I have been at issue with the principle of the reviewer; with his *clear* and *just* position: I am now to meet his facts; his *calm* and *correct* review. How far the review is *correct*, and how far it is to his purpose, we shall not be long without discerning; its calmness requires some previous explanation. If calmness consist in the use of *holiday and lady terms*, such as *our British friends*, and *kinder nations*, the reviewer has the heart of a lamb, and his ink is without gall; but, if, to be calm, a man must be dispassionate, if his feelings should be *in equilibrio;* then the review and the reviewer are any thing but calm. It is not enough that he expresses, or breathes, every thing disadvantageous to the character of Great Britain, as it respects her conduct toward America, but he volunteers his decision upon that toward France, in the great question of the origin of the war of the French revolution. A decision of no manner of importance, as it respects the neutral rights of America; but of much, as it discovers to us his own temper.

The review contains the recapitulation of certain acts, done by Great Britain, in the exercise of the real or pretended rights of a belligerent; real, as I maintain, on the principle I have already laid down; pretended, as it must be the object of the reviewer to show.

From all benefit, however, of my doctrine of belligerent rights, I first formally and solemnly exclude the British act of impressing, on board American vessels; and I am decidedly of opinion, that every person engaged in the perpetration, or attempt at perpetration of, that act, ought to be made amenable to the American tribunals, on a charge, according to circumstances, of *assault*, or of *assault and battery*. Nothing but the want of force, to put the law into execution, can be assigned for its neglect. The offence is definite, and undeniable.

I separate the act of impressing from that of controling neutral trade, whether by blockade, suspension, detention, or capture; and, while I support the second, I pass the most unqualified condemnation on the first. That I may place this question on grounds satisfactory to myself, on grounds which, in my own judgment, cannot be shaken; I shall state the arguments on which I rely, and which are not always those of the reviewer.

'Our injuries,' under this head, says the reviewer, 'are incessant, and infinitely vexatious.'—Of this there cannot be a doubt; and the only remedy *is in* the total abolition of the practice.

I. 'Black men, who could not be mistaken for British subjects, have been impressed out of our vessels.'—Black men may be British subjects. The jet of the argument is, that they 'have been impressed out of *our* vessels.'

II. —'Also, men of various foreign nations, whose pronunciation proved they were not British.' Many British subjects have a foreign language for their native tongue; many others can speak a foreign language and affect a foreign accent. I do not mean to deny, that British officers commit irregularities; but, the jet of the argument is, that these men 'have been impressed out of *our* vessels.'

III. 'Our own citizens, with written protections, have been impressed out of *our own* vessels, in a foreign port.'—'Foreign seamen, with foreign protections, from their own neutral governments, have been pressed from on board *our* vessels.'—'British officers undertake to pronounce upon the insufficiency of our official protections, which are not counterfeit: they say, they are issued

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upon wrong ground, or insufficient evidence. If so, it lies with the British government, to treat with ours for remedy; not with a British naval officer, to pronounce upon a certificate of our collectors, issued on lawful evidence. If there is an evil, or a wrong, we ought to be ready to correct it; but an officer of the British navy cannot annul the acts of our civil officers, on prescribed and formal evidence. Let a British officer do what he may, lawfully, we are to respect his commission, and seek redress of his government. So of our officers.'—This is all very right; but certain observations present themselves, evincing, that to dwell on abuses is to weaken the argument. Our business is with the act itself, in its purest form; for, if the act be sufferable, its abuses are very excusable.

'Our own citizens, with written protections, have been impressed.' Lower down, it is charged, that 'natives of foreign countries [not British], naturalized in America, have been impressed;' but natives of foreign countries, *naturalized in America*, are, I presume, our own citizens; so that this is no additional grievance. 'Foreign seamen, with foreign protections, have been impressed,' and 'British officers undertake to pronounce upon the insufficiency of *our* official protections,' and, generally, I suspect, of *all* protections. Now, on the other hand, it appears, on the face of the record, that there are such things as *counterfeit* protections, and does any man suppose, that there are not official protections, 'issued upon wrong ground, or insufficient evidence? On the one side, it is intolerable that a foreign officer should not pay the most unqualified respect to the official acts of an independent state; on the other, I believe that the papers, purporting to be *seamen's protections*, too often deserve, from their intrinsic character, no respect at all. British officers must *cease* to *impress*, or they must impress according to their *judgment*, and they *will* impress according to their *pleasure*.

IV. Examples of peculiar hardship are nugatory.—1. 'Seamen have been impressed out of vessels in distress by leak, though turned away from a near blockaded port, and though they had protections.'—2. 'Vessels, manifestly short-handed, have been weakened more by impressment.'—3. 'Seamen have been impressed within our own jurisdiction.'—4. 'Impressed Americans have been brought into our ports in British ships, and forcibly carried away by them.'— 5. 'Our neutral seamen have been induced sometimes, and sometimes impressed, into the service of Great Britain, when she was at war with our allies, or with powers with which we were at peace.'—6. 'The mere and strict right of search for enemies' goods, and contraband of war, and for military enemies, is often used to effect impressments of seamen from American vessels.'—7. 'Impressments are often accompanied by rudeness and violence, and abuse of our country, nation, and government, from the officers of the British crown.'—Not a title of this adds any thing to the strength of the case, which must be derived *à priori*, and not from any particular facts. 1. It is impossible to be accountable for the brutality of *petty pelting officers*, who *wield Jove's thunder*. It is equally impossible to calculate on the degree in which those who are injured will sometimes magnify the story of their wrongs. As to the rest, it involves the question of protections, which we have already discussed, and that of the right of blockade, which is not before us. 2. If the act of impressing be right, then the 'manifest' short-handedness of the vessel is beneath consideration. A short-handed British frigate, or a British frigate in behalf of a short-handed British navy, may impress from a short-handed American. 3. It is silly to talk of Americans impressed 'within our own jurisdiction.' The deck of an American ship, unless when in a foreign port, is *always* 'within our own jurisdiction.' 4. That impressed Americans, brought into our ports, should be carried away again, and that, if they will not go voluntarily, they should be carried away forcibly, are but natural consequences. 5. That 'our neutral seamen'

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should sometimes be *induced* to enter the service of Great Britain, when she is at war, cannot be much more reprehensible, that the British *belligerent* seamen are sometimes induced to enter the service and the employ of America; and that they are sometimes *impressed*, when she is at war, &c. is no aggravation of the evil, because, 'neutral seamen' do not fall faster than others amid the enemy's shot, nor suffer more in his prisons. 6. If the act of impressing be right, that it is often effected through the medium of the right of search, &c. is not worth a moment's attention. 7. That *impressing* should be accompanied by *rudeness*, and *violence*, is no more than I always conjectured; and that *rudeness*, and *violence*, should be accompanied by *abuse*, is a fact which, though set in the emphatic place of the reviewer's array, ought not to exceed our most moderate calculation. Even the reviewer himself, who, so far from being *rude* and *violent*, is *calm* and *correct*, is not a little *abusive*, as we shall yet see.

V. But, if these arguments be weak, there is one, employed by the reviewer and by others, against which I must altogether protest.—'British seamen, under a written contract to perform a lawful peace-voyage, in an American vessel, have been impressed.'—'A commander of a British ship of war has no right to break a legitimate contract for service, and money, in a neutral ship.'—'Nor has such British officer a right to impress a British passenger from an American ship, in which, and to the captain of which, he is under a contract, as a passenger, for money.'—I have brought together these several propositions, because they have but one principle, that of the denial of a right to break in upon the terms of a contract between a British subject and the master of an American ship. Now, in point of fact, the question on the contract is altogether of a subordinate character. The true point to be settled is, whether Great Britain claim, and other nations acknowledge, such a right of property, in the persons of those born her subjects, as shall authorise her to seize them, wherever they are to be found. If she have, then she may seize them on the decks of American ships, as well as in all other places; if she have not, (and I contend that she has not) then she ought not to attempt, and ought not to be suffered, to impress on board an American vessel; but, what is said of the contract is gross nonsense: for, if the right be allowed, the contract is superseded. It is by the validity of the right that we must try the validity of the contract. If the right exist, the British subject is not in condition to make the contract; the contract from the beginning is null; and the American captain, who acts upon it, acts at the risk of seeing the man, with whom he contracts, rendered utterly unable to perform his part of the obligation: the man is not a free agent. 'A British commander,' says the reviewer, 'has no right to break a legitimate contract for service, and money, in a neutral ship;' but, here, it is assumed that the contract is legitimate, while the British officer, if he act upon any *principle* at all, acts upon this, that *the contract is not* legitimate; that the seaman, or passenger, being a British subject, has no power to enter into such a contract as shall preclude his services to his country. If this principle be just, a British commander has the same right to break this contract, &c. as a magistrate has to break a contract for service and money, entered into by an apprentice, or to annul, that is, to declare null, a marriage, entered into, while a previous marriage-contract is still in force. All that the reviewer has deduced from the incontested position, that 'the passenger-trade is lawful,' is answered by what I have now said; and not less so, the ridiculous argument lately offered in another newspaper, where an attempt is made, to set the contract of seamen to perform the voyage, and the contract of the captain with the shipper, to deliver his freight to the consignee, upon the same footing; and to infer, that to break the contract of the seamen, is the same as for the captain to break that by which he is engaged. Not a thought is given to this essential difference, that, in the

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one case, the contract is broken by him who is a party to that contract, and in the other, by him who is no party, who has never consented to be bound by it, and who does no more than still refuse; who says, that he has paramount rights, which the contract can neither abrogate nor alter.

But, has a government, over its subjects, these paramount rights? Has it this property in their persons? Can it compel them to return within its jurisdiction? or, can it stretch its jurisdiction as far as they can fly?—However enormous such pretensions may appear, as viewed under this aspect, I believe it will be found that they are not unjust, and that the present argument must not be suffered to depend upon the notion that they ought not to exist. We cannot but recollect, that in every case, in which the *protection* of his government is concerned, the subject contends for its jurisdiction, for its interest in his person, and its disposal of his fortunes. In how many cases, in a foreign country, does not a subject make this appeal? Nor is the principle less acknowledged in the case of offenders, whose subjection is never supposed to be diminished by their distance from the limits of their governments, but who, on this ground alone, are exposed to the coercion of the law, from governments which they have never offended; and, by dint of that coercion, delivered, as subjects, to their parent state. The paramount rights, therefore, of a government over its subjects must be acknowledged; but what is incontrovertible is, the absence of every right, in virtue of which it can stretch its jurisdiction, not over the persons of its subjects, but over the jurisdictions of another government. It is herein, and not in written, counterfeit, or official protections, granted on wrong grounds or right, on insufficient evidence, or sufficient; but herein consists the true protection of every man, in an American vessel. In an American vessel, be he a native of what shore he may, he is within the American jurisdiction, he is subject to its laws, he is entitled to its *protection;* a protection in which it cannot fail, or which it cannot withhold, but either through baseness, or weakness, or folly.—The contract, therefore, is good; and the British officer, that is, the British goverment, has no right to seize a British subject, found on board an American vessel; not because it has no right to do that which is contrary to the terms of a contract by which it is not bound; not because it has no right to seize and enforce the services of its subjects; but, because it can have no jurisdiction, otherwise than so far as it shall be allowed by convention, on the land, or on the waters, or in the vessels of subjects, of any other government.

VI. What I have here said, nevertheless, must not be made to cover the unwarrantable 'position, that no lawfully-contracted seaman, or passenger, *British*, American, or foreign, can be impressed while on board of, or taken from, an American ship, and sea captain, even within the proper jurisdiction of Great Britain.' To be within the proper jurisdiction of Great Britain, the American ship must be within some one of her ports, harbours, or waters; and to say, that a government has no jurisdiction over its own subjects, within its own jurisdiction, is too monstrous! No private contract can destroy the right of a government to exercise this jurisdiction. In what previous instance, was any man so insane as to dispute the right of a government to coerce its own subjects, within its own ports, harbours, and waters? Will the reviewer allow an English sheriff's officer, to arrest an English debtor, or an English police-officer to seize an English culprit, on board an American vessel, in an English harbour, although the debt should not be due to an American captain, nor the culprit charged with murdering an American seaman? If he will, he must allow the competence of the British government to exercise in a similar manner all its other acts of jurisdiction. He has no business with the legality or illegality of the impress-service; that is for the British nation to consider, and not the foreigners who visit it. The arrest of a debtor, and

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the impress of a sailor, or passenger, are equally acts of the crown: in the one case legalised, and in the other tolerated; and, if an American vessel be justly within reach of the crown in the first instance, it is equally so in the second.

VII. I make no answer to many other inconsiderate observations of the reviewer; but hasten to join him, where we cordially agree, in the general position:—'But the law, and reason, and policy, on the whole subject, are, That there can be no impressment of seamen, or passengers, on board American vesels;' with the exception, I add, of British seamen, or passengers, the vessel being within the British jurisdiction.

I have been thus strict in my analysis of the arguments of the review, even where I approve of the conclusion, for two reasons; first, because, as I have already intimated, I would commit the truth to the world, unincumbered with the weight of sophistry, which is a companion of no recommendation; and secondly, because I wish to convince my reader, that all regulations in this case are futile; that it is the principle which is wrong; and that all arguments, drawn from the practice are unworthy of consideration.

The right of the American government to all the prerogatives of jurisdiction, is a broad, firm and manly ground. I would not have it narrowed, weakened, nor disgraced. I would stand upon it, without shrinking, and without fear. If America be too weak to resist, her hopes can only be in the mercy of the strong; but, if she have arm, and nerve, and heart, here is a post she must not leave. She will never have done justice to herself, till, disdaining to issue her paper-protections (protections of which she must herself be ashamed) she can point to her flag, and say, that is her *seaman's protection.*

It was my intention to oppose to the arguments of the reviewer, on the subject of impressing, the words of the more solid, because less complex, ones of a recent English writer, the author of a pamphlet in which every thing desired by America is defended. My paper, however, is already of considerable length, and my design may be relinquished. I have not the pamphlet at hand; but, if my memory does not deceive me, the writer and myself are agreed, with respect to this topic, except in one particular. I believe, that he rejects the right of Great Britain to impress, on board American ships, under an apprehension that her jurisdiction over her subjects is lost by their removal; whereas, I prefer the principle, that she can have no jurisdiction, nor, except by sufferance, can do any act, within the jurisdiction of another government. I have shown, I think, that the first argument is not altogether beyond the reach of controversy, a disadvantage to which the latter does not appear to me to be exposed.

On what regards, then, the *persons* on board American ships, the reviewer and myself are, in the main, of one opinion. On blockade, and whatever regards the *trade* of neutrals, we differ *widely. In* truth, when the *cursory review* fell into my hands, I was preparing to open myself to my reader on the present general state of public affairs, my view of which commands me to describe the cause of Britain as that of every nation, except France herself; and to dissuade every people from a temper, hostile or even neutral, to her interests. I speak of France as aiming at universal monarchy, and of Great Britain, as counteracting that aim, a task in which she may be emphatically said, to 'make a stand, not for herself *only*, but for the whole world.' The object of the reviewer, meanwhile, is to represent Great Britain as the agressor, as well against France as against the United States; to vilify her character; to spread, in America, what France so industriously spreads in Europe, the cry of commercial monopoly, and the 'tyranny of the seas;' to raise a counter-alarm, of 'universal blockade,' and of British universal dominion. I have judged it advisable, therefore, to lay aside the paper I had intended for *this day*, till I shall have replied to the reviewer.

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For the Port Folio.

REVIEW.

The Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth.

(Concluded, from page 330.)

THE expulsion of the Medici happened on the ninth day of November, 1496. In 1496, the cardinal being then twenty-one years of age, the brothers made an attempt to regain their authority in the city of Florence. The Florentines, still anxious to recover the sovereignty of Pisa, were at this time involved in hostilities both with France and the emperor Maximilian, and distracted at home, by discordant opinions, and the inflammatory harangues of the monk Savonarola. Conceiving the opportunity to be favourable, the Medici projected an attack upon the city, in conjunction with their kinsman, Virginio Orsino. But, Virginio found the Florentines prepared; no attack was made; and, after plundering, for some time, the villages, for the sustenance of his troops, he abandoned the cause, joining the standard of the French, who were then on the point of being expelled from the kingdom of Naples. The Cardinal de' Medici, and his brother Giuliano, were now obliged to retire from Bologna, and seek shelter within the territories of Milan.

In the year 1501, at which time the Cardinal was in his twenty-seventh year, a fourth ineffectual attempt was made by the Medici. Piero applied to Cæsar Borgia, and Giuliano to Louis XII; but, both these personages had other views than the restoration of the descendants of Cosmo.

The names, that are more eminently conspicuous in this part of the history of the Medici, are Lodovico Sforza and Cæsar Borgia. Lodovico Sforza was the uncle of the rightful duke of Milan; and Cæsar Borgia, a cardinal, the second son of Pope Alexander VI; being one of several children born to him before he embraced the ecclesiastical life. The election of Alexander VI is represented, by our author, as the signal for flight, to such of the cardinals as had opposed his election; but, it appears also to have been the signal for the commencement of the cruelest woes in Italy.

History, so fruitful in tales of affliction, scarcely presents a more striking object of compassion than the unhappy Isabella. She saw her husband stripped of his dukedom; she saw him poisoned by the usurper: while he lay at the point of death, Charles VIII, his near relation (then on his march against Alfonsus, her father), indulged him with an interview, at which she threw herself 'at the feet of the monarch, to entreat his interference on behalf of her husband, and his forbearance towards her father and family; but the importunities of a daughter, a wife, and a mother, were lost on the depraved mind of Charles, and served only to excite the unfeeling remarks of his barbarian attendants.' After her husband's death, which soon followed, she 'was driven from the court of Milan, and obliged to take refuge in an obscure and sickly cell of the castle of Pavia. In 1499, Louis XII entered Milan, as sovereign, amid the acclamations of the people; but, amid these acclamations, the rightful duke (the son of Gian-Galeazzo and Isabella) fell into his hands, and he tore him from his mother, 'and sent him into a monastery in France; while Isabella herself, having witnessed the destruction of her husband and her children at Milan, returned to Naples, to behold that of her whole family!' When Louis took possession of Naples, she 'saw the completion of her ruin, in that of her royal relations.'

The ruin Mr. Roscoe here speaks of was that, however, of her princely estate. If she possessed the character we are taught to believe, and which we are fond of attributing to the unfortunate, we may conclude, that sorrow, long before, had set her above the reach of ruin such as this. She must have suffered too much, to be capable of suffering more. Her uncle, the dethroned sovereign of Naples, disgusted with the cares and dangers to which he had been exposed, sought for nothing but tranquillity; 'Louis acceded to his request, and an annual income of thirty thousand ducats, with the title of Duke of Anjou, secured to him opulence and repose during the remainder of his days.' May we not hope that Isabella, too, enjoyed all that repose which can reach her who has been plundered, or deprived, of all that is the wealth of life?

It is for the delight of the innocent, and the consolation of the oppressed, that the same page of history, which relates the maternal afflictions of Isabella, relates also the miserable death of Lodovico Sforza. We say the delight and the consolation; for that is a false philosophy which would teach us to view, with equal eye, the evils which the wicked suffer, and the evils which they inflict. As to Sforza, he perished, as he had lived, in the perpetration of mischief. 'There seems to exist in some persons,' says Mr. Roscoe, 'such a propensity to evil, as induces them to overlook the plainest dictates of their own interests, if they happen to be, as they generally are, in unison with morality and good faith.' This observation is a very just one; for nothing can be more certain, than that there are men who, in their propensity to evil, overlook the plainest dictates of their own interests: nor does it seem even very difficult to account for this, without having recourse, as is the practice with some readers, to the supposition of natural bias. It is our habits, which we can control, more than our natural bias, which we cannot, that deserve our attention; and are

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commonly the seat of our errors. We are the creatures of habit; and, if a man acquire the habit of pursuing all his objects by the bye-ways of fraud, treachery, and chicane, it is no more wonderful that he should constantly use them, than it is, that the direct, honest, and open man, should be constantly direct, honest, and open. Both act by habit. We have seldom leisure to lay schemes of action, when the time of action comes; and, if we do lay schemes, to be performed according to some new plan of conduct, we commonly execute them wretchedly. The honest man finds it difficult, upon set occasions, to play the part of a rogue; as, for instance, to lie, or do a feat of legerdemain; and it is equally difficult to play, in spite of custom, the part of an honest man; so that, in a thousand instances, both the one and the other maintain their separate characters, through the mere difficulty of assuming its opposite; and difficulty always induces a disinclination to what is new, and an indolent continuance in what is old.—Thus much for the general importance of habits!

But, persons of this propensity to evil will overlook the plainest dictates of their own interest!—And, is it suspected that honest men are the only fools upon this earth?

Of the character of Alexander VI, and of his son, Mr. Roscoe, with the most laudable love of truth, is, in some points, the defender: the murder of the duke of Gandia he believes to be falsely attributed to the latter.

Our limits forbid us to pursue further the interesting particulars of this very excellent work; and we shall conclude our review with some observations on its general merits.

Mr. Roscoe's industry in research is sufficiently manifest; and, though, in the extracts we have made, the notes and references have been omitted, as unessential to our peculiar purpose, we should do injustice to the author, if we left it open to the reader to imagine, that the facts related are without the indispensible sanction of continual and precise notices of the authorities on which they are given. In point of arrangement, so essential a consideration in historical composition, Mr. R. is also entitled to our applause.

As a correct English writer, Mr. R's reputation is not unfounded; yet some errors have fallen under our observation, such as are the proper characteristics only of those of the humblest pretensions. It must be confessed, however, that correctness of language is the rarest qualification to be met with in any author; and that Mr. Roscoe, comparatively faultless, stands in an honorable rank.

Of Mr. Roscoe's style we cannot speak with equal pleasure. He is, at times, clear and unaffected; but, in many instances, he is an imitator, and not a skilful imitator, of Gibbon. He copies the structure of his periods, and too often runs into his obscurities. That Gibbon's style has its beauties, nobody can be more ready to acknowledge than ourselves; but, to say nothing of the faults of that writer himself, its influence upon many of his successors is deeply to be lamented. Its music is frequently beyond their efforts; its splendor they caricature with tinsel; it is its confusion, and neglect of precision, in which alone they commonly rival their pattern.

We might select many passages, more decidedly marked by the manner and faults of Gibbon; but the following, which occurs in the first page of the second volume, will show the vice into which Mr. R. is capable of falling. It comprehends one of his arguments, in defence of the character of Lucretia Borgia:

'Amidst the licentiousness that characterised the age in which she lived, the most flagrant charges acquire a probability which they could not in another period obtain; and among the vices of the times, calumny and falsehood have in general been at least as active as the rest.' Vol. II, 1.

What is the precise meaning of this sentence? In the first member, the author may wish to say, that 'Amidst the licentiousness *such as* that *which* characterised the age *in* which she lived, the most flagrant charges acquire a probability (that is, *receive a credit*) which they could not in another period obtain;' for it is one feature of a licentious age, to delight in, and receive with eagerness, the calumny that is invented: and this may agree with what follows, that, 'among the vices of the times, calumny and falsehood have in general been at least as active as the rest.'—We believe, however, that the intended meaning is as follows: 'Amidst the licentiousness which characterises the age in which she lived, the most flagrant charges acquire a probability which they could not in *the history of* another period obtain;' that is, that the mind, amidst a general picture of licentiousness, is prone to receive, with unusual credulity, every component feature.—But, in this case, the connection between the two propositions contained in the sentence, and united by the aid of the conjunction, is not so apparent. It is, indeed, altogether a distinct subject for reflection, that 'among the vices of the times, calumny and falsehood have, in general, been at least as active as the rest.'

Nor is the language of this second proposition less ambiguous than that of the first. After reading, '*Amidst the licentiousness* that characterised *the age* in which she lived,' the mind naturally regards, as the same thing,—'*among the vices* of *the times*;' and, accordingly, by '*the* times' is understood, '*those* times.' When, however, we have

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proceeded further, and found, that 'among the vices of the times, calumny and falsehood *have*, in general, *been* at least,' &c. our notion of the sense changes, and we take '*the* times' for '*the present* times;' and when, upon reflection, we perceive that the writer means neither the one nor the other, but, in spite of the definite article, 'times,' indefinitely; when we find, that he means to say, 'among the vices of any given age, period, or time, calumny and falsehood have, in general, been at least as active as the rest;' though we admit the justice and value of the thought, we perceive distinctly the carelessness, or the affectation, of the phrase.

As an investigator of historical truth, we believe Mr. R's zeal, talents, and integrity, to be most fully entitled to our esteem; but, as a philosopher, we not only deny his conclusions, but sometimes suspect his capacity. His prejudices are not on the side of princes; and that spirit of sarcasm, which was in some measure the parent of Gibbon's style, and which he employed against priests, is here employed against kings; but, with the least force, and most aukward grace, imaginable. Because a king, in compliance with the prejudices of the multitude, consented to touch for the cure of the Evil, and thus affected to attempt what he could not do, Mr. R. in defiance of all logic, infers, that kings neglect what they can do; and, on another occasion, willing, no doubt, to demonstrate that kings, instead of curing evils, cause them, insinuates, if not asserts, that the *Mal de Naples*, or *Mal Franceze*, of which he has noticed the disputed origin, and of which the origin is still further disputed, originated in, or with, Charles VIII, on his expedition into Italy!

Of the merits of the present, and first, American edition, we can speak in favourable terms. The engravings place the merits of Mr. Edwin in a very respectable rank; and the typography, paper, &c. do great credit to the publisher. We have observed a few errors of the press; but none of that flagrant description which too commonly disgrace the printing of this country. *Montpensier*, the name of an ancient dukedom in France, is uniformly spelt *Mompensier*: this can hardly be attributable to the author; but there are some other points of orthography, considered *by us* as defects, of the proper owner of which we are more doubtful; among these, is, *visiter* for *visitor*. We have, also, *emperour*, and *governour*. We must not omit to say, that the Italian quotations are not always printed with accuracy; but, upon the whole, the imperfections of all kinds, that have presented themselves to us, in our slight perusal of this publication, are so trivial, as to leave us at full liberty to give it our warmest recommendation to the public.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

On the Style of Labruyere.

(*Concluded, from page* 365.)

This *quiet merit* presents to the mind a combination of very delicate ideas, capable, I think, of giving pleasure, in proportion as the taste is more susceptible, and more cultivated.

But, the greater effects in the art of writing, as in all the other arts, are produced by contrasts. It is the approximation, or the opposition, of sentiments and ideas, of forms and colours, which, mutually setting off each other, spread over a composition variety, motion, and life; and, perhaps, no writer has better understood, or better employed, this secret, than Labruyere. Many of his thoughts owe all their effect to contrast:— 'There have been many young women 'who possessed virtue, sanctity, and fer- 'vor, and felt a call to a holy life; but 'who were not rich enough to enter a rich 'abbey, and make vows of poverty.'—This latter trait, so happily reserved for the conclusion of the sentence, to give the more force to the contrast, will not escape those who are pleased with observing, in the productions of art, the process of the artist. Instead of what we find, read, 'who were 'not rich enough to make vows of poverty, in a rich abbey;' and see, how much this trifling transposition, though perhaps more favourable to the harmony, weakens the effect, of the phrase! These are the artifices which the ancients sought so diligently, and which the moderns too much neglect: when we meet with examples in our fine writers, they appear, rather the effect of instinct than of reflection.

A beautiful expression has been cited from Florus, where he describes to us Scipio, yet an infant, who *grew for the ruin of Africa: Qui in exitium Africæ crescit.* This suppositious connection between two facts, naturally independent of each other, charms the imagination, and fixes the mind. Similar effects may be perceived from the following thought of Labruyere: 'While Orontes increases, with his years, his funds and his revenues, the daughter of some other family is born and reared, grows and is embellished by nature, and enters her sixteenth year: fifty himself, he demands her, young, beautiful, and sensible, in marriage; and this man, without birth, without wit, and without the least merit, is preferred to all his rivals.'

If, by a single extract, I desired to convey, at once, an idea of the great talents of Labruyere, and a striking example of the force of these contrasts in style, I would cite the following apologue, which contains the most eloquent of satires on the insolent and scandalous luxury of upstarts:— 'Neither

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the troubles, Zenobia, that distract your empire, nor the war, which, ever since the death of the king your husband, you prosecute manfully against a powerful nation, has diminished any thing of your magnificence. You have preferred, to every other region, the banks of the Euphrates, on which to raise a superb edifice: the air is temperate, and the situation cheerful; a sacred wood shelters it on the west side; the gods of Syria, who sometimes dwell upon the earth, could not have chosen a more beautiful abode. The surrounding country is covered with men, who hew, or who cut, who go, and who come, who roll, or who draw, the timber of Libanus, and brass, and porphyry: cranes and other machines groan in the air, and inspire with hope those who travel toward Arabia, that, on their return to their homes, they shall see this palace finished, and in that splendor to which you wish it to reach, before it be inhabited by yourself, and the princes, your children. Spare nothing, mighty queen! lavish gold, and task the art of the most admirable workmen! Let the Phidias and Zeuxes of your age display all their skill upon your ceilings and your stair-cases: trace out vast and delicious gardens, the charms of which shall be such as not to let it be believed that they are of the hand of man: exhaust treasure and industry upon this incomparable work; and when, Zenobia, you shall have given it your last hand, one of the shepherds who inhabit the neighbouring sands of Palmyra, grown rich out of the tolls of your rivers, shall one day purchase, for ready money, this royal house, to embellish it, and render it more worthy of him and of his fortunes.'

If we examine with attention all the details of this beautiful picture, we shall see that it is prepared, disposed, and graduated, with infinite art, to produce a grand effect. How much dignity in the opening! how much importance bestowed on the project of this palace! how many circumstances brought together, to raise its magnificence and beauty! and, when the imagination is completely filled with the grandeur of the object, the author brings a *shepherd*, enriched *by the tolls of your rivers*, who buys, *for ready money*, this *royal house*, to *embellish it, and render it more worthy of him!*

It is very extraordinary, that a man, who has enriched the French language with so many new turns, and who made the art of writing so profound a study, should so often have left his style disfigured by negligence, and even by the faults which are charged upon the most inferior writers. His language is frequently embarassed; and he uses vicious constructions, and incorrect, and obsolete, expressions. It is visible, that he had still more imagination than taste; and that he sought rather for subtle and energetic turns, than for the harmony of periods.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me;
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

My friend Benserade, says Mons. Menage, had a witty and very singular method of expressing himself on every occasion. We were one day conversing on poetry, and he, commending his favourite bard, Adam Menusier, observed that no person since his time appeared capable of imitating him. Sir, says Benserade, the fellow climbed mount Parnassus with a ladder, and, when he had ascended, he drew it up after him.

I know not, says Menage, a greater pest in society than a babbler. I remember an epigram I made on the son of an apothecary who was an everlasting talker:

Filius albani Philodemus Pharmacopolæ
Instar mortani tinnet sine fere paterni.

IMITATED.

Young Clyster's tongue, in noise abounding,
Like his paternal mortar rings.
In mixing heterogeneous things,
His pestle tongue is ever sounding.

The grateful Widow.

A pious lady had sent up her petition and made her offerings to St. Rabboni, supplicating the conversion of her husband. A few days after, the good man made his exit. The pious widow exclaimed, in a fervent tone, What an excellent and gracious saint is Rabboni! he even gives us more than we pray for.

The Duke d'Usez was considered a very good courtier, though a weak man. He was gentleman usher to the Queen. One day she asked the Duke what time of day it was? What time your majesty pleases. At another time, the Queen asked him when he expected his wife, the Duchess, to be brought to bed? Whenever your majesty pleases.

A canon of —— being very ill, the bishop of his diocese had disposed of his prebend. On his recovery from his illness, he absented himself more than the usual period of his visiting his diocesan. On being asked by some of his

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friends the reasons of his conduct, the clerical wag replied, with the utmost gravity, that he was afraid the bishop might be angry with him for not dying the year before.

Father S——, says M. Menage, was happy in his turn for French rhymes; and I am sorry that the following verses of his to the King, asking him for a vacant benefice, did not succeed, as the living was already given away:

Nous avons, grand heros, deux desseins differens,
Vous de vaincre vingt rois et moi vingt concurrens;
Mais l'un de ces desseins est mieux conduit que l'autre:
Que cependant tout étoit bien,
Si vous me repondiez du mien,
Comme je vous reponds du votre!

IMITATED.

Most valiant sire, from rival kings to snatch
The sword of empire is your vast ambition;
From rival monks a benefice to catch
Is mine, as signified by this petition:
Tho' different our aims, yet ne'er the less
One point to each a common wish secures,
Pledge but yourself, great sir, for my success
With the same zeal that I would pledge for yours.

The above verses remind me of others, addressed by an eminent counsellor to a very pretty woman his client:

Si je ne gagne mon procès,
Vous ne gagnerez pas le vôtre:
Vous n'aurez pas un bon succès,
Si je ne gagne mon procès.
Vous avez chez moi libre accès,
J'en demande chez vous un autre:
Si je ne gagne mon procès
Vous ne gagnerez pas le vôtre.

IMITATED.

If what I ask, I cannot gain,
You also, ma'am, must plead in vain;
If I must lose the cause I plead,
Vain are your wishes to succeed:
Since you can see me, when you chuse,
My visits you should not refuse;
If what I claim you still deny,
You can no more succeed than I.

A gentleman lately complimented a lady on her improved appearance. "You are guilty of flattery," said the lady. "Not so," replied the gentleman, "for I vow you are as *plump* as a *partridge*." "At first," rejoined the lady, "I thought you guilty of flattery only, but now I find you actually make *game* of me."

Anacreon has addressed two Odes to the Swallow, the latter of which, arranged as the XV, agreeably to the Vatican MSS. Mr. Moore has most beautifully translated. The images in this highly finished version are as graceful as the Cupids of the schools of Italy:

Once in each revolving year,
Gentle bird! we find thee here.
When Nature wears her summer vest,
Thou com'st to weave thy simple nest;
But when the chilling winter lowers
Again thou seek'st the genial bowers
Of Memphis, or the shores of Nile,
Where sunny hours of verdure smile;
And thus thy wing of freedom roves,
Alas! unlike the plumed loves,
That linger in this hopeless breast,
And never, never change their nest!
Still every year, and all the year,
A flight of loves engender here;
And some their infant plumage try,
And on a tender winglet fly;
While in the shell, impregn'd with fires,
Cluster a thousand more desires;
Some from their tiny prisons peeping,
And some in formless embryo sleeping.
My bosom, like the vernal groves,
Resounds with little warbling Loves;
One urchin imps the other's feather,
Then twin desires they wing together,
And still as they have learn'd to soar,
The wanton babies teem with more,
But is there then no kindly art
To chase these Cupids from my heart,
No, no! I fear, alas! I fear
They will for ever nestle here.

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

BY THE HON. C. J. FOX.

In Death's terrific icy arms
The brave illustrious Nelson lies;
He's free from care and war's alarms,
Sees not our tears, nor hears our sighs.
Cold is the heart where valour reign'd,
Mute is the tongue that joy inspir'd,
Still is the arm that conquest gain'd,
And dim the eye that glory fir'd.
Too mean for him a world like this!
He's landed on that happy shore,
Where all the brave partake of bliss,
And heroes meet, to part no more.

Whenever, says the sensible Huet, I receive lettters late in the evening, or very near the time of dining, I lay them by for another opportunity. Letters, in general, convey more bad news than good; so that, on reading them either at night, or at noon, I am sure to spoil my appetite, or my repose.

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The original of the following lines may be found in Metastasio. Dr. Aikin has translated this Italian *morceau* with his usual excellence.

Gentle zephyr, as you fly,
Should you meet my lovely fair,
Softly whisper "you're a sigh,"
But do not tell whose sigh you are.

Limpid streamlet, should my dear
Cross your current as you flow,
Murmuring tell her "you're a tear,"
But not whose eyes had swoln you so.

An Assignation.—A celebrated actor, at Paris, lately received the following *billet doux* from a fine woman:—

"I have taken the grated box, No. 15, at the Theatre Français, for the night after to-morrow. If you will do me the favour to promise me "*Une Heure de Marriage*," and "*Le Secret*," &c.

The note unfortunately fell into the hand of the actor's wife, who sent back the following answer:—

"Madame, my husband is very much fatigued with playing "*Une Heure de Marriage*." You will see, of course, the first representation of *Rendez-vous Manqué;* but he promises you *Un Quart d'Heure de Silence*."

EPIGRAM FROM THE GREEK OF SAPPHO.

To an illiterate and unpoetical woman.

Unknown, unheeded, shalt thou die,
And no memorial shall proclaim
That once, beneath this upper sky
Thou hadst a being and a name.

For never to the Muse's bowers
Didst thou with glowing heart repair,
Nor ever intertwine the flowers
That Fancy strews unnumber'd there.

Doom'd o'er that dreary realm alone,
Shunn'd by each gentle shade, to go,
Nor friend shall sooth, nor parent own,
The child of sloth, the Muse's foe.

Ben Jonson's charming Anacreontic, "Drink to me only," is said to bear a strong resemblance to an epigram of Meleager, of which the following is a pretty close translation.

Farewel to wine—yet if thou bid me sip,
Present the cup more honour'd from thy lip,
Pour'd by thy hand to rosy draughts I fly,
And cast away my stern sobriety;
For, as I drink, soft raptures tell my soul,
That Julia left a kiss within the bowl.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

From our Cambrian correspondent P. we should be very happy to hear frequently. His manuscript we will very cheerfully inspect. "We have heard good words go along with its name."

The limitations, which S. deems necessary in satire, are too narrow. Pope asks his friend with great propriety,

And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown
Because the deed he forged was not my own?
Must never *patriot* declaim at gin,
Unless, good man, he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?
And each blasphemer, quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man but God?

The fashionable style of our juvenile declaimers is exactly described by Petronius Arbiter:

Mellitos verborum globulos et omnia quasi papavere et sesamo sparsa. Qui inter hæc nutriuntur, non magis sapere possunt, quam bene olere qui in culina habitant.

The contrast between Ranger and Cacafogo reminds us of the following stanzas. We believe that, in the anomalous phrase book of Human Nature, we may find the pride of poverty as well as the *pride of* wealth:

Irus, tho' wanting gold and lands,
Lives cheerful, easy, and content,
Corvus, unblest with twenty hands
Employed to count his yearly rent!
Ye *Bank Directors!* tell me which
Of these you think possesses more;
One, with his poverty, is rich,
And one, with all his wealth, is poor.

Though Cowley has defined wit only by negatives, yet we are better satisfied with his poem than with that of "X." on the same subject. After all that has been advanced upon this copious theme, wit was never more justly described than in the ensuing simile:

True wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine.
Genius like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gift abounds,
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

Original letters from Dr. Smollet will always claim a conspicuous place in this Miscellany. We believe that the Historical Society of Massachusetts possess some fragments of the Doctor's correspondence, which have never been published. Their corresponding Secretary will greatly oblige the editor, by transmitting attested copies from these interesting originals.

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Interesting Literary Memoirs and brief Biographies from the French, who are singularly successful in this charming walk of composition, will always command our attention and insure the applause of the public.

N. N. in his walks on the banks of the St. Laurence, at this genial season, may, with his powers of vision, discern all those brilliant forms "that glitter in the Muse's ray."

We shall be happy to hear again from Mr. I, the admirer of the Italian lady, who, with a head more *mathematically proportioned* than most of her sex, gazes at the *heavenly bodies*, and regards the figures of geometry with more delight than the figures of the milliner.

To the respectable Mr. R. who is an excellent classic, we exclaim with Horace:

age, dic *Latinum*
Barbite carmen.

C's opinion of the peculiar genius of Anacreon Moore is not perfectly correct. Of *Mr.* Moore it may be truly said,

Liberum et Musas, Veneremque, et illi
Semper hærentem puerum canebat.

The hint from O. is taken; but we believe he is not ignorant that we have a sovereign contempt for the *vulgus infidum*. With a slight alteration of the Duke's words in Measure for Measure, the editor of this paper can, with truth, exclaim

——I *shun* the *people*,
And do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *aves* vehement,
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion
That does affect it.

"Flavia" would be more in character if she appeared to us in the guise of a good cook, than of a bad writer. If we know any thing of the nature of her genius, she is much better qualified to turn a beef-steak than a long period. We chuse to contemplate her not in the studious cloister, but in the smoaky kitchen.

There with many a sigh,
She turns the pancake, and she moulds the pie;
Melts into sauces rich the savoury ham;
From the crush'd berry strains the lucid jam;
Bids brandied cherries, by infusion slow,
Imbibe new flavour, and their own forego,
While, still responsive to each mournful moan,
The saucepan simmers in a softer tone.

"Young Robin" is quite callow, and his note as weak and twittering as might be expected from so unfledged a songster. It is impossible for us to exclaim, like the Boy in The Children in the Wood,

Sweetest bird that ever flew,
Whistle, *Robin*, loodle too.

The Translator of Moore's Greek Ode has, in more than one instance, caught the cadence of Parnell in his far-famed anacreontic.

"When spring came on with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul, and charm the sight."

"Valerius" has ceased to strike the strings of the Horatian lyre, and yet

neque tibias
Euterpe cohibet, nec Polyhymnia
Lesboüm refugit tendere barbiton.

A Masonic Ode, descriptive of Evening, the production of the Revd. J. M. Harris, an amiable man, and ingenious poet, merits an acknowledgment, in particular for the beauty of the ensuing simile.

The sun has declined, and the shadows of night
Far on to the westward extend now their sway:
The world is in darkness, but we are in light,
More resplendent than that which illumin'd the day.
Thus favoured of God, those in Goshen who dwelt
Had light in their dwellings, and light in their mind,
While o'er Egypt was darkness, which might have been felt,
From Nature obscur'd, and from Intellect blind.

Our prospect of a personal interview with M. which *in the distance* appeared bright and clear, is, by an accidental cloud, at present, obscured. But we anticipate giving him the rendezvous in winter, when, with a voice of no fictitious gaiety, we will welcome the wanderer, and exclaim to the Thaliarchus of our household,

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Large reponens, atque benignius
Deprome *quadrimum* Sabinâ
merum diotâ.

"The Day" appears to be enjoyed by the public. From no groveling splenetic have we heard a malevolent phrase against its temperature, nor do the Coffee-house critics exclaim, This is a *dull* Day, or a *damn'd* Day.

This is the final number of the first volume of our NEW SERIES. The success, with which it has been crowned, has exceeded the expectations of the Editor. After a silence of five years, he intends, in the next Port Folio, to give an account of his stewardship; to detail something of the past, and anticipate something of the future. Meanwhile, to his laborious associates, fatigued with six months' care, and oppressed by midsummer heat, he exclaims, with the sanguine Teucer of HORACE,

Nunc vino pellite curas,
Cras INGENS ITERABIMUS AEQUOR.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

Oh that thou wert as my brother, that sucked the breasts of my mother! when I should find thee without, I would kiss thee; yea, I should not be despised!

I would lead thee, and bring thee into my mother's house, who would instruct me: I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine, of the juice of my pomegranate: his left hand should be under my head, and his right hand should embrace me. I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my love, until he please!

Sol. Song, Chap. 8.

Oh that thou wert like him, who drew
Life from the same maternal breast;
No crimson should my cheek imbue,
When I thy lips in secret prest!

Home I'd persuade thee to return,
With me domestic bliss to prove;
And, from my mother, I would learn,
To keep thee, all the lore of love.

Thy lip should rich delicious wine,
My own pomegranate-vintage, taste;
On thy left hand my head recline,
And thy right arm enfold my waist.

When such a heaven of bliss we share,
Should sleep exhausted nature seize,
Maids of Jerusalem, forbear,
To wake my love, until he please!

What stranger, from the wilderness,
Comes leaning on her love?—the maid,
Whom once I wak'd, with chaste caress,
Beneath the citron's spreading shade!

Within that consecrated grove,
Thy parent first embraced her child;
There first, the pledge of virtuous love,
Gazed on her mother's face, and smil'd.

Set me a bracelet on thine arm,
And on thy heart my image lay;
The spell shall drive, with potent charm,
The fiend of jealousy away.

The cruel fiend, greedy as death,
No art can soothe, no flattery tame,
Whose eyes are burning coals, whose breath,
A scorching, all-devouring flame.

Love ever pure and constant burns,
No floods can quench his heavenly light,
Nor Wealth corrupt him, for he spurns
The sordid miscreant from his sight.

*To *****, on bidding Good Night.*

Wilt thou, inhuman girl! depart,
Nor this auspicious moment prize?—
For ever would my dancing heart,
Sport in the sunbeam of thine eyes!

Let us embrace the present hours;
Seize the coy damsels as they fly!
Strew'd in thy path, life's fragrant flow'rs,
With time, shall wither, droop, and die.

The spring of life invites to love;
The voice of Nature cries—"Obey!
"Your present golden hours improve,
"Nor linger till a distant day!

"The joys which youth, and health, inspire,
"To fond, to faithful, friendship give;
"When age extinguishes desire,
"My children, 'tis too late to live!"

When hope beguiles my weary hours,
Illusive phantoms cheat my view;
My fair enchantress, thine are powers,
To make ideal pleasures true!

Sweet girl, thou would'st not quench the flame,
My breast no longer can conceal;
Thou would'st not *all* my passion blame,
If thou could'st half its transports feel!

CAVALIER.

EPIGRAMS.

To a Voluminous Writer.

Think not, friend Quill, applause to gain
Because so much you write,
What says the old proverbial strain!
"A lark is worth a kite."

Who seeks to please all men, each way,
And not himself offend;
He must begin his work to day,
But God knows when he'll end.

A Prodigy indeed.

To Cato once a frighted Roman flew;
The night before a rat had gnaw'd his shoe,
Terrible omen, by the gods decreed!
Chear up, my friend, said Cato, mind not that
Though if, instead, your shoe had gnaw'd the rat,
It would have been a prodigy indeed.

On the Coat of Arms of a certain Brutal Nobleman.

The coat exactly well his manners suits;
How near akin the master and the brutes!
His qualities were ne'er so well exprest,
Wolves his supporters, and a *bear* his crest.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and published (for the Editor) by John Watts, N. E. Corner of Second in Dock Street, Philadelphia, where former Volumes may be had.

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